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THE

WORKS OF

EDM. SPENSER

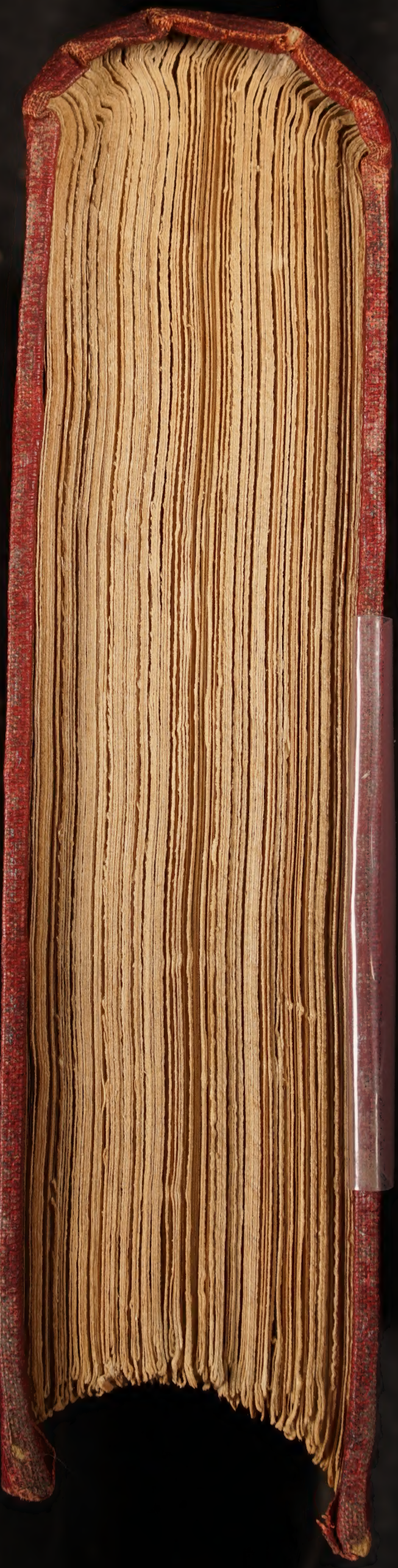
EDITED BY

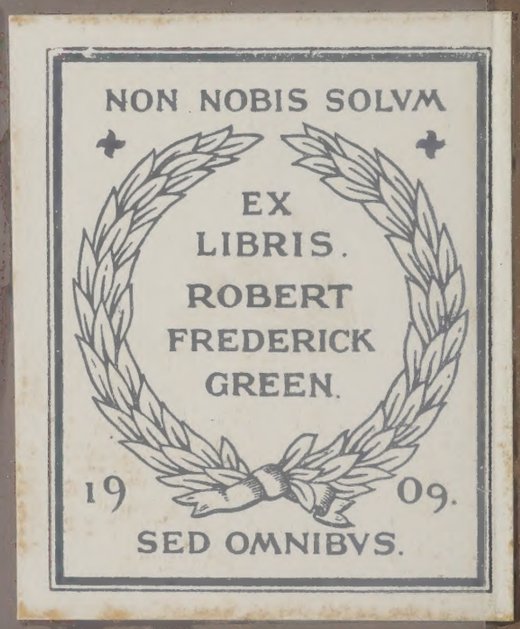
J. PAYNE COLLIER

VOL. IV

BELL AND DALDY

1862

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THE

WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

THE WORKS OF

Edmund Spenser

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

VOL. IV.

LONDON
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET
1862

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

BOOK V.

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE :— Page

Canto XI. 1

Canto XII. 24

BOOK VI.

THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE 39

Canto I. 42

Canto II. 58

Canto III. 76

Canto IV. 94

Canto V. 109

Canto VI. 123

Canto VII 138

Canto VIII. 157

Canto IX. 175

Canto X. 191

Canto XI. 208

Canto XII. 226

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE: which, both for forme and matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the FAERIE QUEENE, under THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE :—

Canto VI. 241

Canto VII. 262

Canto VIII., unperfite 285

MISCELLANIES.

COMPLAINTS: containing ſundry ſmall Poemes of the Worlds Page
Vanitie 289
Printer to the Reader 291
The Ruines of Time 293
The Teares of the Muſes 323
Virgils Gnat 351
Proſopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale 381
The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay 436
Muiopotmos, or The Fate of the Butterflie . . . 453

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
Belge unto her right.

I.

IT often fals, in courſe of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong;
But Juſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right:
As by ſad Belge ſeemes; whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

2.

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belge now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,[a]
And laid his Seneſchall low on the ground,
And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle unſound:
Yet, ſith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did him ſelfe encourage and take better cheare.

3.

Natheleſſe him ſelfe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the Caſtle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the Caſtle gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

4.

The Prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to devize,
But, opening ſtreight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And aſked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame?
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings juſtifie with his owne hand.

5.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,

---

[a] *A Champion, that had with his Champion fought.*] He ought to have given it, "A Champion, that had with his *Champions* fought," viz. the three knights mentioned C. x. St. 34 [vol. iii. p. 474]. UPTON.

As if he would have overrun him ſtreight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,[b]
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could have rive.

6.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thriſe multiplyde,
Beſides the double ſtrength which in them was:
For ſtil, when fit occaſion did betyde,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſyde,
From hand to hand; and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about,[c] that, ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

7.

Which uncouth uſe when as the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſlight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withſtand.

---

[b] *ſo dreadfully he drive.*] i. e. he *drove* or *drave*. Spenſer undoubtedly, as Church contends, uſes "drive" here as the paſt tenſe: he does the ſame in F. Q. B. i. C. ix. St. 38; vol. ii. p. 15. In the next line we have "rive" uſed for *riven*; but the folio 1611 gives the line thus:—

"That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could not rive."

Drayton, in his copy of this impreſſion, left the text unamended. C.

[c] *Could wield about.*] It may be doubted whether here we ought not to receive "wield" in the ſenſe of *wheel:* the giant could *wheel* about with ſuch artful nimbleneſs. According to the quarto edits. of "Richard III." A. iv. Sc. 4, Shakeſpeare ſpeaks of juſtice as "wheeling about;" but the folios have "*whirl'd* about." In the next ſtanza "wielding" ſeems to be uſed by Spenſer in its ordinary meaning. C.

One time, when he his weapon faynd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme as he it up did lift.

8.

Therewith all fraught with fury and diſdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight;
And ſodainely, t' avenge him ſelfe againe
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the ſad ſteele ſeizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe,[d] but ſomewhat ſhort did fall,
And lighting on his horſes head him quite did mall.

9.

Downe ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he him ſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him ſelfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have ſeene enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

10.

Eftſoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arrived on him neare,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twaine:

---

[d] *Uppon the childe.*] It was not unuſual, in romances, to apply the word *child* to Squires and others who had not yet been received into the order of knighthood: it was alſo given to knights, as here, and elſewhere to Prince Arthur. C.

But th' Adamantine ſhield[e] which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no paſſage yeeld unto his purpoſe vaine.

11.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with uncertaine ſway,
As if he would have tottered to one ſide:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan aſſay
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay,
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchets ſlight
Hath pruned from the native tree,[f] and cropped quight.

12.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band,[g] and blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his Gods, and fire to them did threat,[h]
And hell unto him ſelfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

13.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware
To ſave him ſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire;

---

[e] *But th' Adamantine ſhield.*] From Taſſo, C. vii. 82: "*Scudo di* lucidiſſimo *diamante.*" TODD.

[f] *from the native tree.*] *Natural.* See Canto vi. St. 27. CHURCH.

[g] *And curſt, and band.*] *Did curſe.* See F. Q. iii. vii. 39; iv. ix. 19. "*Bann,* interdictum, à *bannen,* interdicere," Wachter. UPTON.

[h] *and fire to them did threat.*] The folio of 1679 and Hughes's firſt edition, "*on* them." CHURCH.

For as he in his rage him overſtrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal ſteel quite throgh the body ſtrooke.

14.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Elſe ſhould he thriſe have needed for the nonce[i]
Them to have ſtricken, and thriſe to have ſlaine.
So now all three one ſenceleſſe lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths diſdaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the houſe of dole, his daies there to deplore.

15.

Which when the Lady from the Caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt her ſelfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people, both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the Citties wall
Uppon theſe warriours, greedy t' underſtand
To whether ſhould the victory befall,
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

16.

But Belge, with her ſonnes proſtrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples ſight,
Mongſt joyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele ſome wo,
Him thus beſpake: "O moſt redoubted Knight,
The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,

---

[i] *for the nonce.*] For the *occaſion*. "For the nonce," or *nones*, i. e. *for the once*, is a phraſe of perpetual occurrence from the earlieſt date in our literature. It is employed by Shakeſpeare in "1 Henry IV," A. i. Sc. 2, and in "1 Henry VI," A. ii. Sc. 4, as well as by many other writers. See alſo Gifford's "Ben Jonſon," iii. p. 218. C.

That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
And theſe weake impes[k] replanted by thy might,
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou ſavedſt thine ſtill to remaine?"

17.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying; "Deare Lady, deedes ought not be ſcand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the cauſes right:
That ſame is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay."

18.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd: "Ah! Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore caſe,
As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace."
"What is there elſe" (ſayd he) "left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not ſtand in dout."

19.

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There ſtands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared firſt on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame,[l]

---

[k] *And theſe weake impes*, &c.] Reſpecting the word "imp," both as a verb and as a ſubſtantive, ſee vol. i. p. 272: an "imp" is properly a *ſcion*, and to "imp" (A. S. *impan*) is to "ingraft." It is conſtantly employed figuratively by all poets. C.

[l] *To whom, for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame.*] Ought we not rather

He offred up for daily ſacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize,
The more t' aggrate his God[m] with ſuch his blouddy guize.

20.

" And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkaſſes that die
In ſacrifize unto that curſed feend;
Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw, nor kend,
That ever ſcap'd: for of a man, they ſay,
It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend,
Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails fraught with dire decay."

21.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great deſire that Monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne;
Which being ſhew'd, he gan him ſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monſter underneath the Altar lay:
There he that Idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

22.

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade

---

to read, " for endleſſe horrour *and* his ſhame?" The ſign for *and* was not unfrequently of old miſtaken and miſprinted " of." However, we do not upon mere conjecture alter the text of all editions. C.

[m] *The more t' aggrate his God.*] The more to *propitiate* his God. We have met with the ſame word in B. iii. C. vi. St. 50; vol. ii. p. 462, " that doth both gods and men aggrate," and conſidered no note neceſſary, the word itſelf furniſhing there its own meaning and etymology. Nearly the ſame may be ſaid of it in the preſent inſtance. C.

There forth iſſewd from under th' Altars ſmooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe as it had long lyen ſtill;
And her long taile and fethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

23.

An huge great Beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength:
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna baſe,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a Mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

24.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſſe;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what ſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A Dragons taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds where ſo it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

25.

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Unto that Monſter, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,[n]
Made kill her ſelfe for very hearts deſpight
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight

[n] *The father of that fatall progeny.*] He calls the progeny of Oedipus *fatal*, as if Providence had marked them out for extraordinary puniſhments on account of his inceſtuous marriage. UPTON.

Could ever looſe but ſuffred deadly doole:
So alſo did this Monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one which came unto her ſchoole,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a foole.

26.

She comming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince with ſhield ſo blazing bright
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That backe ſhe would have turnd for great affright;
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forſt her turne againe in her deſpight
To ſave her ſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay;
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her way.

27.

Tho, when ſhe ſaw that ſhe was forſt to fight,
She flew at him like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:°
Strongly he ſtrove out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend;
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28.

With that aloude ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeaches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple, wherein ſhe was plaſt,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt:
Tho with her huge long taile ſhe at him ſtrooke,

° *the hand that did it hend.*] i. e. ſtrictly the hand that did it *take.* (See vol. ii. p. 108); but here we muſt, for the ſake of the rhyme, receive "hend" as *hold* or *ſuſtain.* C.

That made him ſtagger and ſtand halfe agaſt
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour ſhooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29.

As when the Maſt of ſome well timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whileſt ſtill ſhe ſtands, as ſtoniſht and forlorne:[P]
So was he ſtound with ſtroke of her huge taile;
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrooke, that without faile
He joynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

30.

Then gan ſhe cry much louder than afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And Belge ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound thereof ſhe feard.
But then the feend her ſelfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreſeene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew.

31.

But, as ſhe preſt on him with heavy ſway,
Under her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To iſſue forth; the which, once being bruſt,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt ugly filth; and poyſon therewith ruſht,

P *as ſtoniſht and forlorne.*] All old impreſſions make "as ſtoniſht" two ſeparate words; but in ſome modern impreſſions they are united, *aſtoniſht*. It may deſerve remark that in "England's Parnaſſus," 1600, a very ill printed book, "as ſtoniſht" is altered to *aſtoniſht*, p. 462. C.

That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke.
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake or thinke.

32.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make:[q]
Whom when he ſaw on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame daunger drad.

33.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo joyouſly come forth,
She gan rejoyce and ſhew triumphant chere,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that Monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd ſo coſtly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathely ſoyle.

34.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan ſhout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and joyous carrols ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreetes along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To ſee the man, whoſe everlaſting praiſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

---

[q] *would nigh awhaped make.*] We have had "awhape" already, B. iv. C. 7. St. 5 (vol. iii. p. 195) in the ſame ſenſe that it here bears, viz. *terrified*. Chaucer uſes "awhaped," and Lydgate couples it with *amate* —"*awhaped* and amate." C.

35.

There he with Belgæ[r] did awhile remaine
Making great feaſt and joyous merriment,
Untill he had her ſettled in her raine
With ſafe aſſuraunce and eſtabliſhment:
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgæ and to all the reſt;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him addreſt;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did reſt.

36.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchiſement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

37.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The uſe of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When firſt to Faery court he ſaw her wend,
Unto his ſoveraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

38.

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan:

---

[r] *There he with Belgæ.*] Here again (ſee vol. iii. p. 467) Spenſer reverts to the diphthong in the name of Belgæ or Belge. We have had a third variety, *Belgee*, in the Argument of C. 10. C.

" Haile, good Sir Sergis, trueſt Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occaſion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſurvive?"
To whom he thus: " She liveth ſure and ſound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

39.

" For ſhe preſuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promiſt, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the ſalvage Ilands ſyde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where ſhe, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her impriſoned hath, and her life often ſought.

40.

" And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him juſtifie, and prove her cleare
Of all thoſe crimes that he gainſt her doth reare,
She death ſhall ſure aby."[s] Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved ſore that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and uſage bad.

41.

Then thus replide: " Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,

---

[s] *She death ſhall ſure aby.*] This line is defective in the 4to. 1596: it wants two ſyllables which are ſupplied in all ſubſequent impreſſions, and " She death ſhall by" is amended to " She death ſhall ſure aby." The ſenſe is preciſely the ſame, while the meaſure is amended. C.

That have her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witneſſe unto me, ye heavens, that know[t]
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from compliſhing the faith which I did owe.

42.

" But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide?"
" Ten daies," (quoth he) " he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to aſſiſt her ſide:
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,[u]
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte."

43.

" Now turne againe," (Sir Artegall then ſayd)
" For, if I live till thoſe ten daies have end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall have ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend."
So backeward he attone with him did wend:
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array;
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

44.

To which as they approcht the cauſe to know,

---

[t] *ye heavens, that know.*] " Know" is *knew* in every old impreſſion; but the rhyme ſhows that " know" is right, and " know" was ſubſtituted by Upton and adopted by various ſubſequent editors. C.

[u] *which to the ſea accoſte.*] Meaning, ſhores which run *by the ſide* of the ſea. We ſhall hereafter find Spenſer uſing the active participle " accoaſting," as applied to the accompanying flight of a hawk: ſee F. Q. B. vi. C. ii. C.

They ſaw a Knight[x] in daungerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,[y]
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

45.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſkue her from their rude violence;
And like a Lion wood[z] amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which the pallid death findes no defence;
But all in vaine: their numbers are ſo great,
That naught may boot to baniſhe them from thence;
For ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

46.

And now they doe ſo ſharpely him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,

---

[x] *They ſaw a Knight*, &c.] The Knight is Henry of Navarre; the *rude rout*, his rebellious ſubjects; the *Lady*, France, or the Genius of France, hight Flourdelis, St. 49. UPTON.

[y] *amid their rakehell bands.*] A very common epithet to indicate the loweſt degree of wickedneſs and vulgarity, ſometimes ſpelt only *rakel*. We may take this opportunity of ſaying that the etymology of our word *rake*, for a diſorderly perſon, is preciſely the ſame as the etymology of *roiſter*, which has cauſed ſome trouble to the makers of our dictionaries, who have nevertheleſs not arrived at any ſatisfactory concluſion. "Roiſter" is from the Lat. *raſtrum*, a rake: ſo the Fr. *ruſtre*. Todd's notion that to "roiſter" is from the Icelandic *hriſter*, is no more to be ſupported than Richardſon's derivation of it from *ræſan*, to ruſh. The connection between a "rakehell" and a *roiſter* is evident. C.

[z] *And like a Lion wood.*] It is ſcarcely neceſſary to remark here that "wood" is *mad* or *wild:* ſee vol. ii. p. 398. Inſtances are innumerable: the Knight (i. e. Henry IV.) goes among his enemies like a raging or mad lion. C.

Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſave;[a]
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with endles ſhame.

47.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule;[b] untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,[c]
Like ſcattred chaffe the which the wind away doth fan.

48.

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſaving him from daungerous deſpaire
Of thoſe which ſought his life for to empaire:
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occaſion of his late misfare,

---

[a] *Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſave.*] The circumſtance of Henry of Navarre throwing away his ſhield certainly alludes to his leaving Proteſtantiſm, and turning Roman Catholic. CHURCH.

[b] *Back to recule.*] *Retire.* So in Roger Aſcham's "Toxophilus," edit. 1571, fol. 20, b. "When Hector and the Troyans woulde haue ſet fyre on the Greke ſhippes, Teucer with his bowe made them *recule* backe againe." TODD. It is the ſame word as "recoil," which Spenſer employs for *retire*, vol. ii. p. 28, and again in the laſt ſtanza of the preſent Canto. Lord Surrey ſpelt it *recuyle*, and we ſhall hereafter ſee that our poet followed his example, with the difference merely of a letter—*i* for *y*. C.

[c] *they diffuſed ran.*] *Diſperſed* or *diſordered.* TODD. Etymologically it, of courſe, means *poured abroad.* C.

And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo nere.

49.

To whom he thus: " My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late miſchiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore:
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with thoſe caytives ſaw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me ſhe have forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50.

" But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight
To be my love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which ſhe hath me ever ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

51.

" And now he hath this troupe of villains ſent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom my ſelfe I long in vaine have bent
To reſcue her, and daily meanes aſſay;
Yet reſcue her thence by no meanes I may,
For they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedileſſe."

52.

" But why have ye" (ſaid Artegall) " forborne
Your owne good ſhield in daungerous diſmay?

That is the greateſt ſhame and fouleſt ſcorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To looſe the badge that ſhould his deedes diſplay."
To whom Sir Burbon, bluſhing halfe for ſhame:
" That ſhall I unto you" (quoth he) " bewray,
Leaſt ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

53.

" True is that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcroſſe;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe[d]
His deare Redeemers badge upon the boſſe:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith Grandtorto ſelfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54.

" But for that many did that ſhield envie,
And cruell enemies increaſed more,
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie ſcutchin, being battered ſore,
I layd aſide, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned;
Yet can I not my love have nathemore,
For ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detayned,

---

[d] *in which he did endoſſe.*] *Engrave,* or *write on the back.* Fr. *endoſſer.* So, as Mr. Church has obſerved, in " Colin Clouts come home again,"—

" Her name in every tree I will *endoſſe.*"

The word was alſo anciently uſed for *putting on the back.* Thus, in " The Knight of the Sea," 4to. 1600, p. 145. Of certain knights; " they no ſooner eſpyed the morninges miſtreſſe, with diſheueled treſſes, to mount her iuorie chariot, but they *endoſſed* on their armours." Todd. Ben Jonſon and Milton ſpell it *endorſe,* agreeably to the Latin etymology, but Spenſer was governed by the rhyme. C.

And with corruptfull brybes[e] is to untruth miſ-
trayned."

55.

To whom thus Artegall: "Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtreight mote you conſtraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is, your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote diſhonour yield."

56.

"Not ſo," (quoth he) "for yet, when time doth ſerve,
My former ſhield I may reſume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to ſwerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as neceſſitie doth it conſtraine."
"Fie on ſuch forgerie!" (ſayd Artegall)
"Under one hood to ſhadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fouly may befall!"

57.

"Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt"
(Said Burbon) "to aſſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants which have me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earſt did wyte[f]
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,

---

[e] *And with corruptfull brybes.*] The ſecond and third folios read *corrupted*. Todd.

[f] *albe he earſt did wyte.*] i. e. although he firſt *blamed* or *reproved* the wavering mind of Burbon. We have met with the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe in vol. ii. pp. 309, 422. See alſo vol. i. p. 61. C.

And buckling him eftſoones unto the fight,
Did ſet upon thoſe troupes with all his powre and might.

58.

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themſelves did muſter,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luſter,
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre;
Both man and beaſt doe fly, and ſuccour doe inquyre.

59.

But when as overblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale.
The raſkall manie ſoone they overthrew;
But the two knights themſelves their captains did ſubdew.

60.

At laſt they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight
To ſave themſelves, and ſcattered were abrode.
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſorie for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many jewells dight;
But that thoſe villens through their uſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

61.

But Burbon, ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Unto her ran with greedie great deſyre,

And catching her faſt by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But ſhe backſtarting with diſdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:[g]
Whom when thoſe knights ſo froward and forlore[h]
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded ſore.

62.

Sayd Artegall: "What foule diſgrace is this
To ſo faire Ladie, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemiſht is,
With ſo foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth ſo pretious or deare
As prayſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whoſe goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth ſhine more cleare?

63.

"Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a ſtrangers love, ſo lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falſhood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is ſold,
And honour with indignitie debaſed!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."

---

[g] *for prayer nor for meed.*] So all the editions. Spenſer, no doubt, gave *hire* or *hyre;* the rhyme requires it. CHURCH. Todd juſtifies "meed" on the ground that it rhymes with "ſteed" and "weed;" but that is to make this ſtanza differ from every other in the poem. With theſe notes we leave the text unaltered. C.

[h] *ſo froward and forlore.*] This is the emendation of the firſt folio, to which every ſubſequent edition has [rightly] conformed. The 4to. 1596 reads *forward.* See a ſimilar miſtake, F. Q. vi. x. 24. TODD.

64.

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find;
But hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as ſhe amated weare:
Which Burbon ſeeing her againe aſſayd;
And claſping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gaineſayd:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.[h]

65.

Nathleſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſkall many with unpitied ſpoyle;
Ne ceaſſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he drove quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But Artegall, ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching faſt, required ſpeed.

---

[i] *nor well nor ill apayd.*] Nor well nor ill *contented* or *ſatisfied*, as in vol. ii. p. 314. "Amated," above, is of courſe *confounded:* ſee vol. iii. p. 216. C.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield:[a]
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaieth him in field.

1.

SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No love ſo laſting then, that may enduren long.[b]

---

[a] *Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,*
And blames for changing ſhield.] Theſe lines ſhould have been part of the Argument of the preceding Canto: to this they have no relation. CHURCH. Sir Burbon had not *changed* his ſhield, but thrown the fragments of it away: ſee Sts. 46 and 54 of the preceding Canto. C.

[b] *That may enduren long.*] This emendation, made by the firſt folio, is followed by all the editions, except that of 1751, which reads, with Spenſer's own, *endure*. TODD. The meaſure ſerves to ſhow that the laſt letter of "enduren" had accidentally dropped out in the preſs, and ſuch, doubtleſs, was the fact. C.

2.

Witneſſe may Burbon be; whom all the bands
Which may a Knight aſſure had ſurely bound,
Untill the love of Lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſs and unſound:
And witneſſe be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cauſe faire Belge did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now Grantorto, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outragiouſneſſe.

3.

Gainſt whom Sir Artegall, long having ſince
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forſlackt: but now time drawing ny
To him aſſynd her high beheaſt to doo,
To the ſea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete if ſhipping readie he mote there deſcry.

4.

Tho when they came to the ſea coaſt they found
A ſhip all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound
To paſſe them over where them liſt to tell.
The winde and weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall;
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

5.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh unto the ſhore they drew
That foot of man might ſound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the ſea did forth iſſew

Though darts from ſhore and ſtones they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in vew,
Did win the ſhore; whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly like doves whom th' Eagle doth affray.[c]

6.

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
Did forth deſcend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in ſight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By thoſe which earſt did fly away for feare,
Of their arrival: wherewith troubled ſore
He all his forces ſtraight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to have encountred ere they left the ſhore:

7.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus ſternely did upon them ſet,
And bruſht and battred them[d] without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them overthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay ſcattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the ſeede after the ſowers hand.

---

[c] *whom th' Eagle doth affray.*] Shakeſpeare has the ſame ſimile in "Coriolanus," A. v. Sc. 5:—"like an eagle in a dove-cote." C.

[d] *And bruſht and battred them.*] i. e. "*bruiſed* and battered them:" the word "bruſh" was of old pronounced *brooſh*, and we not unfrequently find it printed for *bruiſe*, with which the ear confounded it. There are two places in Shakeſpeare where, it ſhould ſeem, this confuſion was made by the old printer; viz. in "2 Henry VI." (edit. Collier, 1858, iv. 107) and in "Troilus and Creſſida" (Ibid. iv. 582), where "bruiſe" is miſprinted *bruſh*, and "bruiſes" *bruſhes*. The ſame thing has occurred here in Spenſer; for we are unqueſtionably to underſtand "bruſht and battred" as *bruis'd* and battered. C.

8.

Till Artegall him ſeeing ſo to rage
Willd him to ſtay, and ſigne of truce did make:
To which all harkning did a while aſſwage
Their forces furie, and their terror ſlake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him that not for ſuch ſlaughters ſake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cauſe with him in ſingle fight:

9.

And willed him for to reclayme with ſpeed
His ſcattred people, ere they all were ſlaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which meſſage when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So ſounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10.

That night Sir Artegall did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given ſtreight commaundement
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine;
Which none durſt breake, though many would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare.

11.

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay

His chearefull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full ſad and hart full ſore,
Weening her lifes laſt howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor heare nor ſee.

12.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on her ſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day;
And with dull countenance and with doleful ſpright
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midſt of deadly feare.

13.

Like as a tender Roſe in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When Artegall ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day.

14.

Who came at length with proud preſumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare;
And on his head a ſteele cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,

Whoſe ſteale was yron ſtudded,[e] but not long,
With which he wont to fight to juſtifie his wrong:

15.

Of ſtature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great ſkill in ſingle fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance ſterne,
That could have frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;[f]
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

16.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like ſight,[g]
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about to be in readie plight.

17.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;

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[e] *Whoſe ſteale was yron ſtudded.*] Whoſe *handle* was ſtudded with iron: it is ſpelt "ſteale" by Palgrave, but ſometimes *ſtele* and *ſtale*. Richardſon refers to Chaucer, and properly derives it from A. S. *ſtele*. In edits. after the 4to. 1596 it is ſpelt *ſteele* in Spenſer. C.

[f] *when he did gerne.*] It has been doubted whether "gerne" is here to be taken as *girn*, the metatheſis of *grin*, or as *yawn*, from the A. S. *geonan*. Church was for the former, and Upton and Todd for the latter. Either way the ſenſe is very intelligible, but we incline to *girn*, ſpelt "gerne" for the ſake of the rhyme. Grantorto was not likely to *yawn* at ſuch a time; yet juſt afterwards we have "grinning." C.

[g] *that oft had ſeene like ſight.*] "Sight" is *fight* in the 4to. 1596 only, from the uſual miſtake of the *f* for long *ſ*. C.

And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage where as moſt they ment:
But with ſuch force[h] and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

18.

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceleſſe ſpeed:
As when a ſkilfull Marriner doth reed
A ſtorme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his mainſheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

19.

So did the Faerie knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield:[i]
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did overlade.

20.

Yet when as fit advantage he did ſpy,

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[h] *But with ſuch force.*] So Spenſer's own edition reads: the folios, "But with *ſure* force." CHURCH. Drayton amended *ſure* to "ſuch" in his copy of the folio 1611. C.

[i] *his head from ſhame to ſhield.*] Such is the text in all copies, and we repeat it; but Drayton amended "ſhame" to *harme*, which ſeems preferable on ſome accounts; and perhaps the compoſitor caught "ſhame" from the next line, where it is, of courſe, moſt proper. C.

The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to ſmite him mortally,
Under his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence guſhing grievouſly
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did ſticke ſo faſt
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraſt.

22.

Long while he tug'd and ſtrove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathleſſe, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield undoe;
Which Artegall perceiving ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield did it forgoe;
And whiles he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

23.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt
He ſtroke him with Chryſaor[k] on the hed,

[k] *He ſtroke him with Chryſaor.*] *Chryſaor*, the ſword of Arthegall, was broken by Radigund. See Canto v. St. 21 [vol. iii. p. 380]. Theſe ſlips of the memory are very excuſable in a poem of ſuch uncommon length and beauty. CHURCH.

That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore aghaſt
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſted.
Againe, whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to eaſe him of his paine.

24.

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for joy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe;
And running all with greedie joyfulneſſe
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall;
And eke her champions glorie ſounded over all.

25.

Who ſtreight her leading with meete majeſtie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne:
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heavie payne;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left that durſt her once have diſobayd.

26.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His ſtudie was true Juſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that ſame yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent
To ſearch out thoſe that uſd to rob and ſteale,

Or did rebell gainſt lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous puniſhment.

27.

But ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of Juſtice he was forſt to ſtay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redreſſe:
But envies cloud ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavineſſe.

28.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre upon the ſtrand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way ſide being together ſet;
Two grieſly creatures: and to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly caſes.

29.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke aſkew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung looſe and loathſomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,[1]
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red:
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:

[1] *that all her teeth arew.*] i. e. all her teeth on or in a *row*. In vol. ii. p. 450 we have ſeen "in a rew" uſed for "in a *row*." It may ſeem ſtrange that the hag's teeth ſhould preſent any appearance of regularity, but the poet means all the teeth ſhe had. C.

And as ſhe ſpake therewith ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more the leſs ſhe ſed.

30.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never waſht
In all her life, with long nayles over raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which ſhe ſcracht
Her curſed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a ſnake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed and gnawed hungrily,[m]
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might deſcry
The bloudie gore and poyſon dropping lothſomely.

31.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whoſe nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever ſhe ſees doen prays-worthily;
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo that makes her eat her gall;
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dyeat.

32.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby and gayned a great ſtake.

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[m] *and gnawed hungrily.*] So Spenſer's own edition reads: the folios, *hungerly*. CHURCH. Shakeſpeare uſes *hungerly*. C.

33.

The other nothing better was then ſhee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
But in bad maner they did diſagree,
For what ſo Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what ever evill ſhe conceived,
Did ſpred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all ſhe ſought was mens good name to have bereaved.

34.

For what ſoever good by any ſayd
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtreightwayes invent
How to deprave or ſlaunderouſly upbrayd,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

35.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great joy to publiſh it to many,
That every matter worſe was for her melling:[n]
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe; for her ſelfe ſhe onely vext,
But this ſame both her ſelfe and others eke perplext.

36.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth diſtort,

[n] *worſe was for her melling.*] "Melling" is *meddling*, as we have already ſeen in vol. i. p. 186. "Mell" is, perhaps, not to be conſidered as *meddle* miſpronounced, but as derived from the Fr. *mêler*. C.

Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue, full ſharpe and ſhort,
Appear'd like aſpis ſting that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom ſo ſhe wils:
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe litle ſpinnes, but ſpils;[o]
And faynes to weave falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good which others had diſprad.

37.

Theſe two now had themſelves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainſt Sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares Irena thrall:
Beſides, unto themſelves they gotten had
A monſter, which the Blatant beaſt men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

38.

Such were theſe Hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt:
Who when they nigh approching had eſpyde
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two ſhepheards curres had ſcryde[p]
A ravenous Wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flockes:
And Envie firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her breſt and forhead knockes.

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[o] *ſhe litle ſpinnes, but ſpils.*] "Spill" and *ſpoil* are the ſame word, from A. S. *ſpillan*. In the next line "faynes" means *delights:* ſhe is *rejoiced* "to weave falſe tales." C.

[p] *ſhepheards curres had ſcryde.*] Had *deſcried:* we know of no other author who uſes this abbreviation of the word. "Scry," it is true, occurs in the "Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions," 1578, Sign. Iiiij, but there it means *deſcribe*:—

"I neede no ſcribe to *ſcry* my care in reſtleſſe rigor ſpread:
They that beholde my chaunged cheere already judge me dead." C.

39.

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throws it moſt deſpightfully:
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chawd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead
But that ſome life remayned ſecretly;
And as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.[q]

40.

Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And fouly rayle with all ſhe could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abuſion, both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Juſtice lent,
Had ſtayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having ſurpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

41.

Thereto the Blatant beaſt, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay

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[q] *Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.*] This perſonage is introduced chewing of a toad, F. Q. i. iv. 30 [vol. i. p. 237]. Here a moſt beautiful uſe is made of her chewing the ſerpent. It may be objected that Spenſer drew the thought of Envy throwing her ſnake at Artegall from Alecto's attack upon Amata, Virg. Æn. vii. 346; but Spenſer's application of this thought is ſurely a ſtronger effort of invention than the thought itſelf. The rancour, both of Envy and of her ſnake, could not have been expreſſed by more ſignificant ſtrokes. Although the ſnake was her conſtant food, yet ſhe was tempted to part with her only ſuſtenance, while ſhe could render it an inſtrument of injuring another; and although the ſnake, by being thus conſtantly fed upon, was nearly dead, *ſome life*, as he finely ſays, *remaining ſecretly*, yet its natural malignity enabled it to bite with violence. T. Warton. Such, indeed, was its malignity, that the mark of the bite of Envy's ſerpent was long indelible. C.

With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore thoſe hags them ſelves did paine
To ſharpen him, and their owne curſed tongs did ſtraine.

42.

And ſtill among moſt bitter wordes they ſpake,
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt unrighteous, moſt untrew,
That they the mildeſt man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the ſting which in her vile tongue grew
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe.
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

43.

But Talus, hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him that well deſerved,
Would her have chaſtiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preſerved,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerved:
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt; yet he for nought would ſwerve
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE.

1.

THE waies, through which my weary ſteps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wyde,
And ſprinckled with ſuch ſweet variety
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and chears my dulled ſpright.

2.

Such ſecret comfort and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred imps, that on Parnaſſo dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threaſures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,[a]

[a] *Into the mindes of mortall men doe well.*] i. e. do *pour* or make *flow:* as in "1 Henry IV," A. iii. Sc. 1, where "ſwelling heavens" has always hitherto been the corruption, inſtead of "*welling* heavens," an emendation which nobody has been able to diſpute: ſee Collier's Shakeſpeare, 1858, vol. iii. p. 375. C.

And goodly fury into them infuſe,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies where never foote did uſe,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muſe.

3.

Revele to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſilver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdaine;
Since it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furſt
From heavenly ſeedes of bounty ſoveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

4.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the blooſme of comely courteſie;
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And ſpreds it ſelfe through all civilitie:
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies miſdeeme.

5.

But, in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eies of them that pas,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynd
The wiſeſt ſight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertues ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward ſhows, but inward thoughts defynd.

6.

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, O ſoveraine Lady Queene?
In whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet ſo from low to high uplifted is your fame.[b]

7.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soveraine,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe doe it returne againe.
So from the Ocean all rivers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King:
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well[c]
Into the reſt which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courteſies excell.

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[b] *uplifted is your fame.*] Jortin ſuggeſted that "name" in the preceding line ought to be *fame*, in order that two lines, immediately following each other, ſhould not end with the ſame word, and in the ſame ſenſe. It appears, on the authority of Drayton, in his folio 1611, that it is "name" in the ſecond line that ought to be amended to *fame*. We adopt his correction without heſitation. C.

[c] *all goodly vertues well*] Here again, as in the ſecond ſtanza of this introduction, "well" is to be underſtood as to *pour:* all virtues *flowed* from the Queen to her courtiers. C.

CANTO I.

Calidore ſaves from Maleffort
A Damzell uſed vylde:
Doth vanquiſh Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

1.

OF Court, it ſeemes, men Courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt uſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill converſation:
Right ſo in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

2.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom, it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away.[a]

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[a] *did ſteale mens hearts away.*] See 2 Sam. xv. 6: "So Abſalom *ſtole the hearts* of the men of Iſrael." See likewiſe Spenſer's elegy called "Aſtrophel," by whom he means Sir P. Sidney:—

"That all mens *harts* with ſecret raviſhment
"He *ſtole away*." UPTON.

Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

3.

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire uſage and conditions ſound,[b]
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely uſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th' evill to embaſe;
For he loathd leaſing and baſe flattery,
And loved ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

4.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a ſight,
They knew them ſelves, and both their perſons rad;
When Calidore thus firſt: "Haile, nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living ſpright!

5.

"Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,

[b] *For his faire uſage and conditions ſound.*] Such is the text of every ancient impreſſion; but in his folio 1611 Drayton converted "uſage" into *viſage:* if it be a miſprint, it is the ſame as that met with in "Troilus and Creſſida," A. iv. Sc. 2; and Spenſer's meaning may have been to deſcribe the handſome countenance of Calidore, in connection with his "ſound conditions" or excellent natural diſpoſition. However, we are not diſpoſed to depart from the old intelligible word "uſage," which may have reference to the manners and deportment of the hero of this part of the F. Q. C.

In order as it did to him arize.
" Now, happy man," (ſayd then Sir Calidore)
" Which have, ſo goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for evermore.

6.

" But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies untryde,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde."
" What is that queſt," (quoth then Sir Artegall)
" That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?"

7.

" The Blattant Beaſt" (quoth he) " I doe purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
Till I him overtake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace."
" What is that Blattant Beaſt?" (then he replide.)
" It is a Monſter bred of helliſhe race,"
(Then anſwered he) " which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe deſtroyd.

8.

" Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darkeſome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was foſtred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent
To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men,[c]

[c] *of wretched men.*] The ſecond and third folios read, " of *wicked* men." Todd. It muſt have been a mere miſprint. C.

Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

9.

" Then, ſince the ſalvage Iſland I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, " I ſuch a Beaſt did ſee,
The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to have,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree;
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure:
But I, that knew my ſelfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure."

10.

" That ſurely is that Beaſt" (ſaide Calidore)
" Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
To heare theſe tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had;
Yet now ſome hope your words unto me add."
" Now God you ſpeed," (quoth then Sir Artegall)
" And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted ſeverall.

11.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, ſeeing him from farre, with piteous ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaide,
But firſt him loſde, and afterwards thus to him ſaide.

12.

" Unhappy Squire! what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?

What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this ſhamefull place?"
To whom he anſwered thus: "My hapleſſe caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
Unto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13.

"Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtreight, there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
Which doth obſerve a cuſtome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady paſſe along
That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way,
By reaſon of the ſtreight, and rocks among)
But they that Ladies lockes doe ſhave away,
And that knights berd, for toll which they for paſſage pay."

14.

"A ſhamefull uſe as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
And for what cauſe? tell, if thou have it knowne."
Sayd then that Squire; "The Lady, which doth owne
This Caſtle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his love by all the meanes ſhe might.

15.

"His name is Crudor; who, through high diſdaine
And proud deſpight of his ſelfe pleaſing mynd,
Refuſed hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle ſhe for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd:
Which to provide ſhe hath this Caſtle dight,

And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worſe deſpight.

16.

" He, this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome
Did ſet uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes againſt him hand to reare.
Me firſt he tooke unhable to withſtond,
And whiles he her purſued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I ſurely whether her he yet have fond."

17.

Thus whiles they ſpake they heard a ruefull ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreight way gheſt
That it was ſhe the which for helpe did ſeeke.
Tho looking up unto the cry to leſt,[d]
They ſaw that Carle from farre, with hand unbleſt
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

18.

Which haynous ſight when Calidore beheld,
Eftſoones he looſd that Squire, and ſo him left
With hearts diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo injurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde:
" Leave, faytor, quickely that miſgotten weft[e]

---

[d] *unto the cry to leſt.*] To *liſt* or *hearken* to the cry; the ſpelling altered for the rhyme. C.

[e] *that miſgotten weft.*] " Weft" is *waif*, or what has been left *aſtray:* ſee vol. iii. pp. 33, 106. C.

To him that hath it better juſtifyde,
And turne thee ſoone to him of whom thou art defyde."

19.

Who hearkning to that voice him ſelfe upreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſterne count'naunce thus unto him ſpake:
"Art thou the caytive that defyeſt me?
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me free."

20.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as unſtayd,
And oft recuile[f] to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight:
But Calidore, that was well ſkild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

21.

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall drive a Mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his ready courſe,
So ſoone as paſſage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore:
When once he felt his foeman to relent,
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore;
Who as he ſtill decayd ſo he encreaſed more.

---

[f] *And oft recuile.*] i. e. *recoil*, or *draw back*. On p. 17 of this vol. Spenſer has ſpelt "recuile" *recule:* ſee alſo the note. C.

22.

The heavy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
Whenas the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where, if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge uſed to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him haſtilie.

23.

They, from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him ſo faſt,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carkaſſe tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut; whileſt Calidore
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

24.

With that the reſt the which the Caſtle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of ſommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away.[g]
Thence paſſing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett, who with uncomely ſhame[h]

---

[g] *the bryzes bruſh away.*] The "breeze" or "brize" is the *gadfly*; from A. S. *brioſa*. It occurs twice in Shakeſpeare as *brize*. C.

[h] *who with uncomely ſhame.*] We do not alter the text here, becauſe the meaning may be that ſhe ſaluted him with unbecoming ſhame; but the expreſſion is a little ſingular, and Drayton, in the margin of the folio 1611, once his property, leads us to ſuppoſe that the language of the poet has been miſrepreſented. The Lady was in a vio-

Gan him ſalute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

25.

" Falſe traytor Knight!" (ſaid ſhe) " no Knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall,
Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe unmand,
And ſpoile my ſelfe that can not thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon underſtand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
And if none do, yet ſhame ſhal thee with ſhame requight."

26.

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwer'd thus: " Not unto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemiſh, for it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe that doe deſerve the ſame;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

27.

" Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
To all that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye ſeeke t' obtaine."
Wherewith all full of wrath ſhe thus replyde:
" Vile recreant! know that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doeſt my love deride,
Who ſcornes thy ydle ſcoffe, and bids thee be defyde."

---

lent paſſion, as is evident from what ſhe ſays, and Drayton alters " ſhame" to *flame:* her rage was certainly " uncomely," and the old printer may eaſily have miſread *ſh* for *fl*. We, therefore, place ſome confidence in the emendation, but not ſo much as to warrant us in excluding what may unqueſtionably have been written by Spenſer. C.

28.

"To take defiaunce at a Ladies word"
(Quoth he) "I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
"Cowherd!" (quoth ſhe) "were not that thou wouldſt fly
Ere he doe come,[i] he ſhould be ſoone in place."
"If I doe ſo," (ſayd he) "then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to diſgrace
With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to deface."

29.

With that a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſt,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them paſt,
Bad him to flie with all the ſpeed he could
To Crudor; and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reſkue her againſt a Knight,
Who through ſtrong powre had now her ſelf in hould,
Having late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might:

30.

The Dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight;
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did him ſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

---

[i] *Ere he doe come.*] All ſubſequent editions follow this emendation made in the firſt folio. Spenſer's own edition reads, "Ere *thou* doe come," &c. TODD.

31.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Brought aunſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread
He would her ſuccour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet[k] as a faithfull band.

32.

Thereof full blyth the Lady ſtreight became,
And gan t' augment her bitterneſſe much more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull ſeeme therefore:
And having ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when as a Knight
He ſpide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

33.

Well weend he ſtreight that he ſhould be the ſame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne ſtayd to aſke if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middeſt of the plaine
With ſo fell fury and diſpiteous forſe,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

---

[k] *He ſent to her his baſenet.*] *Baſnyt,* helmet or headpiece; from the French *baſſinet*. See Gloſſ. to G. Douglas's Virgil. CHURCH. The etymology ſeems to be the Fr. *baſſin*, a bowl, of which "baſinet" is the diminutive: it means a ſmall and light helmet. C.

34.

But Calidore uproſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenceleſſe ſound;[1]
Yet would he not him hurt although he might,
For ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood uppon the Caſtle wall,
She deem'd him ſure to have bene dead on ground;
And made ſuch piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

35.

Nathleſſe at length him ſelfe he did upreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe; as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he reſted ſtill:
But, when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke off luſkiſhneſſe;[m] and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horſebacke would enſew.

36.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for mayſtery of might;
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,

---

[1] *lay faſt in ſenceleſſe ſound.*] i. e. in ſenſeleſs *ſwoon:* in vol. ii. p. 426 we ſee *ſwoon* ſpelt "ſownd." This word, of old, was ſubjected to various arbitrary modes of ſpelling. C.

[m] *He ſhooke off luſkiſhneſſe.*] *Sluggiſhneſs, inactivity.* So in Warner's "Albions England," edit. 1596, p. 147, where Venus pretends to Vulcan, concerning Mars,

"He is my foe; frend thou not him, nor forge him armes, but let
"Him *luſke* at home vnhonored, &c."

That is, let him continue at home inactive, like a ſluggard, without honour. Todd. T. Wilſon, in his "Rhetorique," 1553, fo. 66 b, uſes *luſk* as a ſubſtantive: "What *luſkes* they are, how unthriftely they live, how they doe nothing from daie to daie but eate, drinke, and ſleepe!" C.

And both inflam'd with furious deſpight;
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

37.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe:
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had potſhares bene;[n] for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood,
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riven ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

38.

At length it chaunſt that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmoſt of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of ſight
And nimbler handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerlie,[o]
That made him ſtoupe to ground with meeke humilitie:

---

[n] *As they had potſhares bene.*] So Spenſer's own edition and the firſt folio read. This is the old ſpelling of *potſhard*. The ſecond and third folios have adopted *potſhards;* and Mr. Warton, in his Obſervations on Spenſer, illuſtrating the word *ſhare* in the ſenſe of *divide*, ſays, "Hence SHARD, *aliquid diviſum, exſectum*, as in POTSHARD, Pſal. ii. 9, and F. Q. vi. i. 37." Perhaps, however, the poet is juſtified in uſing *potſhare;* for, even at this day, we uſe *ploughſhare*. TODD. Shakeſpeare ("Romeo and Juliet," A. v. Sc. i.) uſes "ſhards" for pieces of broken pottery, tiles, &c. C.

[o] *ſmote him formerlie.*] "Formerlie" is *firſt:* that is, Calidore *firſt* ſmote him. See F. Q. ii. xii. 1 [vol. ii. p. 304], and below, C. iii. St. 38. CHURCH.

39.

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He, following that faire advantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling caſt;
And leaping to him light would have unlaſt
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, ſeeing in what daunger he was plaſt,
Cryde out; "Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not ſlay,
But ſave my life, which lot before your foot doth lay."

40.

With that his mortall hand a while he ſtayd;
And, having ſomewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſayd:
"And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
Strangers no more ſo rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and uſage ſterne,
The which ſhal nought to you but foule diſhonor yearne.[p]

41.

"For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as armes profeſſe,
However ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelneſſe.
In vaine he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learnd him ſelfe firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is frayle and full of fickleneſſe,
Subject to fortunes chance, ſtill chaunging new:
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

---

[p] *but foule diſhonor yearne.*] For *earn*, gain, procure. So he uſes the word, F. Q. vi. vii. 15. CHURCH. They are poſſibly the ſame word in a varied form: to "yearn" is to *long for*, and to "earn" is to *gain* what is longed for. See vol. iii. p. 252, where the folios read "yearne," and the 4to. *earne*. C.

42.

" Who will not mercie unto others ſhew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?[q]
To pay each with his owne is right and dew;
Yet ſince ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſave,
With theſe conditions which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereſo on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every ſtead and ſtound."

43.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly heare,
And promiſt to performe his precept well,
And whatſoever elſe he would requere.
So, ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his owne ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or compoſition;
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

44.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He up aroſe, however liefe or loth,
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowfull diſmay
The ſad Briana which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

---

[q] *Who will not mercie unto others ſhew,*
How can he mercie ever hope to have?] See James ii. 13: " For he ſhall have judgment without mercy that hath ſhewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth againſt judgment." Todd.

45.

Whereof ſhe now more glad then ſory earſt,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearſt
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her ſelfe ſhe did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull reſpect,
Her ſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love reſtord.

46.

So all returning to the Caſtle glad,
Moſt joyfully ſhe them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhow her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Caſtle for his paine,
And her ſelfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrouſly now chaung'd from that ſhe was afore.

47.

But Calidore himſelfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them ſtreight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong.
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and ſtrong;
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
A proud diſcourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
his ſtate and preſent plight.

1.

WHAT vertue is ſo fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight ſhould love,
As Curteſie; to beare themſelves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudeneſſe for not yeelding what they owe:
Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.[a]

2.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature ſelfe doth lend;
For ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater ſkill in mind,

---

[a] *Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.*] Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, alters "timely" to *truely;* but there is no ſufficient reaſon for the change. C.

Though they enforce themſelves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth beſt become and greateſt grace doth gaine:
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerve good thewes enforſt with paine.[b]

3.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whoſe every act and deed, that he did ſay,[c]
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares
And both the eyes[d] did ſteale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his firſt queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcryde,
Againſt an armed knight that did on horſebacke ryde.

4.

And them beſide a Ladie faire he ſaw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw
To weet the cauſe of ſo uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

---

[b] *good thewes enforſt with paine.*] Morals and manners acquired by practice and habit. UPTON. Spenſer (vol. ii. p. 2) has ſufficiently explained his meaning of "thewes" by the epithet "gentle" which he there applies to them. C.

[c] *Whoſe every act and deed, that he did ſay.*] Our text is that of the 4to. 1596; but the line ſtands thus in the folios 1609, 1611, &c:—

"Whoſe every deed, and *word* that he did ſay;"

which may be right, ſince acts and deeds cannot "ſay," excepting by implication: with this note we reprint the earlieſt text. C.

[d] *And both the eyes.*] The rhyme, if nothing elſe, here detects a tranſpoſition of "eares" and "eyes," the two words having been careleſsly miſplaced in all old copies. Drayton put the matter right in his folio 1611, and modern editors have uſually done the ſame. C.

5.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarſe did ſee
Yet ſeventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene,[e] belayd with ſilver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,[f]
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

6.

Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,[g]

---

[e] *Of Lincolne greene.*] It would be difficult to prove that a manufacture of green cloth ſubſiſted at Lincoln in the faery reign of Arthur. By the way, Skelton mentions this colour in "Elinor Ruming." It is alſo found in Drayton's "Polyolbion." T. Warton. Drayton, in his Paſtorals ["Shepherds' Garland," 4to. 1593], has alſo drawn the ſhepherd's miſtreſs *Daffadil* in a dreſs of this kind:—

"She's in a frock of *Lincolne green*,
"Which colour likes her ſight."

See alſo this garb noticed in Ritſon's edition of "Robin Hood," vol. i. p. xxxviii. &c. Todd. Similar authorities are innumerable, but Drayton was not guilty of the impropriety, perhaps rather hypercritically, pointed out by T. Warton. C.

[f] *with aglets ſprad.*] Fr. *aiguillette*, a point, or tag of a lace. Spenſer uſes the French ſpelling, F. Q. ii. iii. 26. The French have an herb denominated "*aiguillettes* de dames, ladies *laces*." See Cotgrave in v. *Aiguillette*. Todd. In Shakeſpeare it is alſo ſpelt "aglet:" Edit. Collier 1858, ii. 464, the page-reference in the index being, incorrectly, 461. C.

[g] *Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne.*] So Chaucer has dreſſed Sir Thopas:—

"His *ſhoon* of *cordewane*,"

where Mr. Tyrwhitt points out the Fr. *Cordouan* as the original of this word, which means Spaniſh leather, ſo called from Corduba or Cordova. In an ancient Scottiſh ballad, cited by Mr. J. C. Walker in his very valuable "Hiſt. Eſſay on the Dreſs of the Iriſh," the ſame circumſtance is noted:—

"His *cockers* were of *cordievin*."

The word *cockers* or *cutikens* was uſed in Scotland, Mr. Walker informs us, for the *buſkin*. Todd. The words here cited as from "an antient Scottiſh ballad" are thoſe of Drayton in his "Shepherds' Garland," 1593:—

Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe boreſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſalvage hart
Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That firſt unto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

7.

Whom Calidore a while well having vewed,
At length beſpake; "What meanes this, gentle Swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?"[h]
"Certes," (ſaid he) "loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather then let my ſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.[i]

8.

"For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame" (then ſaid Sir Calidore)

"His mittens were of Bauzens ſkinne,
"His cockers were of Cordiwin,
"his hood of Meniveere." Sign. J 3. b.

It is ſtrange that Todd, who ſo often quotes Drayton, did not detect this circumſtance. C.

[h] *Which armes impugneth plaine.*] Calidore ſaw by his accoutrements that he was no knight: it was contrary, therefore, to the law of arms for him to fight any knight, or to undertake any chivalrous adventure. UPTON.

[i] *able to be wroken.*] i. e. able to be *revenged*, as in vol. i. p. 39. It is "wroke," for the rhyme ſake, in St. 13 of this Canto. C.

" For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterne uprore."

9.

" That ſhall I, ſooth," (ſaid he) " to you declare.
I, whoſe unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe ſpend my dayes and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſalvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunſt to meete this knight, who there lyes ſlaine,
Together with this Ladie, paſſing on the plaine.

10.

" The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſebacke was,
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horſe ſide did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpeare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

11.

" Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with uſage kind
He rather ſhould have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

12.

" Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned

His ſcornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he ſtreightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I, enforſt to beare, though to my paine,
Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart."

13.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him that firſt occaſion broke;
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Ladie, whether what he ſpoke
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

14.

Of all which when as ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:[k]
For, what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſave:
Againſt both which that knight wrought knightleſſe ſhame;
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

15.

"But, ſith that he is gone irrevocable,

[k] *but rather doe quite clame.*] *Releaſe* him, and *quit* him. *Quit claim* is releaſing an action that one perſon has againſt another, and likewiſe a quitting any claim or title to lands. "*Quiete clamare* is to quit claim or renounce all pretenſions of right and title." Jacob's "Law Dictionary." UPTON.

Pleaſe it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable
To drive you ſo on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead."
"Certes, Sir knight," (ſayd ſhe) "full loth I were
To rayſe a lyving blame againſt the dead;
But ſince it me corncernes my ſelfe to clere,
I will the truth diſcover as it chaunſt whylere.

16.

"This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunſt to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous ſpyes.
Faire was the Ladie, ſure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did ſhew all lovely courteſyes.

17.

"Whom when my knight did ſee ſo lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wiſh that he part of his ſpoyle might ſhare:
Whereto when as my preſence he did ſpy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave ſo ſuddenly,
He with ſtrong hand downe from his ſteed me throw'th,
And with preſumpteous powre againſt that knight ſtreight go'th.

18.

"Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies ſervice, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, ſtreight bids him dight
Himſelfe to yeeld his Love, or elſe to fight:

Whereat the other ſtarting up diſmayd,
Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he ſhould be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynſt all that it gaineſayd.

19.

" Yet ſince he was not preſently in plight
Her to defend, or his to juſtifie,
He him requeſted, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or ſtay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his ſpeare him ſmot;
From which to thinke to ſave himſelfe it booted not.

20.

" Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage ſaw,
Whileſt they together for the quarrey ſtrove,[1]
Into the covert did her ſelfe withdraw,
And cloſely hid her ſelfe within the grove.
My knight hers ſoone, as ſeemes, to daunger drove,
And left ſore wounded: but, when her he miſt,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, where ſo he wiſt
She hidden was, and ſought her ſo long as him liſt.

21.

" But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long ſearch and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind.
There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe

[1] *for the quarrey ſtrove.*] The *game*, or *prey*. See the note on F. Q. ii. xi. 43 [vol. ii. p. 301]. CHURCH.

Strove to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long;
But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

22.

" Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we ſhould fare he flat refuſed
To take me up (as this young man did ſee)
Upon his ſteed, for no juſt cauſe accuſed,
But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed,
Pounching me with the butt end of his ſpeare,
In vaine complayning to be ſo abuſed;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforſt my paine the more my plaints to heare.

23.

" So paſſed we till this young man us met;
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your ſight."
" Now ſure," (then ſaid Sir Calidore) " and right,
Me ſeemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault,[m]
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne aſſault."

24.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face ſo lovely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th' anſweres of his pregnant wit,
He prayſd it much, and much admyred it;
That ſure he weend him borne of noble blood,

---

[m] *of count'nance proud and hault.*] Shakeſpeare and Milton have uſed the ſame reduplication. See " Rich. III." A. ii. Sc. iii:—

" And the queen's ſons and brothers, *haught* and *proud*."

And Milton's Tranſl. of Pſalm lxxx. ver. 35:—

" And drov'ſt out nations *proud* and *haut*." TODD.

" Proud and hault" is not ſtrictly tautologous; ſince *hault* etymologically means *lofty*, and old poets ſpeak of " haughty towers." C.

With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe wordes, as to him ſeemed good.

25.

" Faire gentle ſwayne, and yet as ſtout as fayre,
That in theſe woods amongſt the Nymphs doſt wonne,
Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes ſonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I, certes, ſuch an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
Or ſurely borne of ſome Heroicke ſead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

26.

" But, ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell,
(Unleſſe thou in theſe woods thy ſelfe conceale
For love amongſt the woodie Gods to dwell)
I would thy ſelfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weale;
For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
I never ſaw in any greater hope appeare."

27.

To whom then thus the noble Youth: " May be,
Sir knight, that, by diſcovering my eſtate,
Harme may ariſe unweeting unto me;
Nathleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And loſt the crowne which ſhould my head by right adorne.

28.

" And Triſtram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives deſpeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon my right to maintaine:
After whoſe death his brother, ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And ſent me where him liſt inſtructed for to bee.

29.

" The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remove ſomewhere
Into ſome forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30.

" So, taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him adviz'd to ſend me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lioneſſe is hight,[n]
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning ſent me ſtreight

---

[n] *the fertile Lioneſſe is hight.*] The following, from R. Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," 1602, ſupported by the authority of Camden, will make clear this part of Spenſer's poem:—"The ſea, gradually encroaching on the ſhore, hath carried from Cornwall the whole tract of country formerly called Lioneſſe. The ſpace between the Land's End and the Iſles of Scilly, being about thirty miles, to this day retaineth that name in Corniſh." It is ſaid that ruins are ſtill to be ſeen below the waters which ſeparate the Scilly Iſles. C.

Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

31.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly ſpent,[o]
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In ydleſſe;[p] but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres[q]
In gentle thewes and ſuch like ſeemly leres:
Mongſt which my moſt delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the ſalvage chace, amongſt my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forreſt greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was ſeene.

32.

" Ne is there hauke[r] which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accoaſting low,

---

[o] *lewdly ſpent.*] *Fooliſhly.* CHURCH. More properly *ignorantly.* C.

[p] *In ydleſſe.*] Here Todd, and thoſe who have followed him, ruin the line by printing " In *ydleneſſe.*" It is to be obſerved that " convenient" is, and was pronounced as a word of four ſyllables. Prof. Child, in his Boſton edition, was careful to avoid this error, which could not fail to be detected by a correct ear. C.

[q] *with many noble feres.*] *Companions:* ſee vol. ii. p. 23. " Thewes" in the next line means *manners, qualities,* and *accompliſhments:* ſee vol. ii. p. 2. Shakeſpeare uſes it for *muſcular power.* C.

[r] *Ne is there hauke,* &c.] A knowledge of hunting and falconry was an eſſential requiſite in accompliſhing the character of a Knight. Of all the Knights of the " Round Table," Sir Triſtram poſſeſſed theſe qualifications in the moſt eminent degree. Sir Ewaine is mentioned, in the Romance " Court Mantel," as one " Qui tant ama *chiens* et OISEAUX," La Curne de S. Palaye, tom. ii. p. 62. The prize at a juſting in " La Morte d'Arthur" is " a faire maiden and a *jar-fawcon,*" B. iii. Ch. 20. This ſport was unknown to the Romans; and the firſt uſe of it is mentioned about the time of Alaric the Goth, by Julius Firmicus. It was imported into Europe from the Turks and other Eaſtern nations, where it became chiefly cultivated by the Engliſh. This diverſion was purſued to ſuch an extravagance in the reign of James I, that Sir Thomas Monſon, a famous falconer, was at the charge of a thouſand pounds in *goſhawks,* only for one flight: ſee Weldon's " Character and Court of K. James," 1650, p. 105. One of the claims at the Coronation, ſtill kept up, is to preſent the King, while at dinner in Weſtminſter Hall, with a pair of *falcons.* T. WARTON.

But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
And all her pray and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in theſe forreſts grow:
Onely the uſe of armes, which moſt I joy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwayne to know,
I have not taſted yet; yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong joynts to imploy.

33.

" Therefore, good Sir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to uſe them right;
The rather, ſince that fortune hath this day
Given to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

34.

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earſt he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide: " Faire chyld, the high deſire
To love of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not, certes, without blame denie,
But rather wiſh that ſome more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

35.

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Triſtram grew;
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaves ſmall

Long ſhut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmyling hew.

36.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Triſtram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to ſtart,
But wayt on him in every place and part.
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight.

37.

" Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt;
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my dread Soveraine, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchievement of her high beheſt
I ſhould no creature joyne unto mine ayde:
For thy I may not graunt that ye ſo greatly prayde.

38.

" But ſince this Ladie is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull ſtate,
To ſuccour her from daunger of diſmay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of ſuch new ſervice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth paſſed to his former payne.

39.

But Triſtram, then deſpoyling that dead knight

Of all thoſe goodly implements of prayſe,[s]
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright mettall ſhyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes:
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayſe
Upon the ſteed of her owne late dead knight;
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

40.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Triſtram ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another knight in his deſpiteous pryde:
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the graſſe in vermeill dyde.

41.

And there beſide him ſate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt unluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wype his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſorie ſight when Calidore did vew
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42.

Then ſpeaking to the Ladie thus he ſaid:
"Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd

---

[s] *implements of prayſe.*] So Spenſer's own edition reads. The folios, *ornaments*. Todd. They were both implements and ornaments. C.

This knight unarm'd with ſo unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of ſo foule deſpight."
The Ladie, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heavie words forth ſight:[t]

43.

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous knight,
(Whom Triſtram ſlew) them in that ſhadow found
Joying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reave
From him to whom ſhe was for ever bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

44.

When Calidore this ruefull ſtorie had
Well underſtood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could underſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd; to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a ſommer barge.

45.

Then gan Sir Calidore to gheſſe ſtreight way,
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he whom Triſtram earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid: "Dame, be no longer ſad;

---

[t] *few heavie words forth ſight.*] *Sight* here is the paſt tenſe of to *ſigh*. Todd printed it *ſigh't*, as in the folio 1611; but in the 4to. 1596 it ſtands, very intelligibly, as in our text. C.

For he, that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now him ſelfe in much more wretched plight:
Theſe eyes him ſaw upon the cold earth ſprad,
The meede of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought and to your loved knight.

46.

" Therefore, faire Lady, lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that diſpleaſure, and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deviſe for this your lovers ſmart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare."[u]

47.

Yet could ſhe not deviſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might convay him to ſome place;
For him to trouble ſhe it thought unfit,
That was a ſtraunger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus beſpake:
" Faire Lady, let it not you ſeeme diſgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

48.

So off he did his ſhield,[x] and downeward layd

---

[u] *In that ſad dreare.*] i. e. ſtate of drearineſs, drearihood, or dreariment. Richardſon correctly ſtates that "drear" is ſometimes uſed as a noun, but he gives no example of it. So again in St. 4 of the next Canto, where the epithet "doleful" is applied to it. C.

[x] *So off he did his ſhield.*] The heroes of antiquity uſed their ſhields oftentimes to carry off the wounded or dead from battle. There are inſtances of this cuſtom both in Homer and Virgil. So, in Milton, Satan when wounded is borne on the ſhields of his party from off the files of war. Sir Calidore puts his buckler to this ancient and no ignoble uſe. UPTON.

Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;[y]
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

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[y] *like to an hollow beare.*] i. e. hollow *bier* for a dead body: ſee alſo St. 4 of the enſuing Canto. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Valentinian," A. ii. Sc. 3, all editors have been puzzled by the word *beets*, when, in fact, it is nothing but *beers* or "biers" miſprinted. C.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home;
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saves Serena, whileſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

1.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet ſayd,[a]
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man[b] by nothing is ſo well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For ſeldome ſeene a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew with curteous manners met.

2.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;

---

[a] *True is, that whilome that good Poet ſayd*, &c.] Compare this beginning with F. Q. vi. vii. 1. But what *good poet* does he mean? Chaucer. See "Wife of Bathe's Tale," 1113. UPTON.

[b] *For a man.*] So Spenſer's own edition, and the firſt and ſecond folios; the reſt omit the article. TODD.

As well may be in Calidore deſcryde,
By late enſample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Caſtle where they had decreed:
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,[c]
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

3.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle light:
Yet was he courteous ſtill to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his ſonnes, Aladine.

4.

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
By a faire Lady and a ſtraunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo dolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth: "Ah, ſory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy?

5.

"Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the ſtate[d] of earthly things,

---

[c] *which that Caſtle ought.*] *Owned*, was the owner of. See F. Q. i. iv. 39 [vol. i. p. 240]. CHURCH.

[d] *So tickle is the ſtate.*] So *unſure* is the condition. The etymology of "tickle" is doubtful, and it may have ſome relation to *tittle*, meaning a point: the ſtate of things is "tickle," or depends upon a mere

That ere they come unto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort which we ſhould embrace:
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe."

6.

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare.
That to Sir Calidore was eaſie geare;[e]
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh'd and ſorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her penſive thought
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be brought:

7.

For ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affy
To a great pere; but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this freſh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
The luſty Aladine, though meaner borne

---

point. The word, in this ſenſe, is old in our language, and Chaucer has, "This world is now ful *tikel* ſikerly."—"Miller's Tale." Edit. Tyrw. v. 3428. Richardſon quotes the F. Q. C. viii. (meaning the *imperfect*, or *unperfite*, cantos of "Mutability,") where we read:—

"Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo *tickle*," &c. C.

[e] *That to Sir Calidore was eaſie geare.*] "Geare" generally means *inſtrument* or *furniture*, from A. S. *gearwian*, to prepare; but here we are to accept it in the ſenſe of *matter* or *affair*: "that to Sir Calidore was an eaſy *matter*." "For this gear" is a common old expreſſion, meaning for this *purpoſe*, *object* or *buſineſs*: it occurs ſeveral times in Shakeſpeare. C.

And of leſſe livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meaneſſe much, and make her th' others riches ſcorne.

8.

So, having both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckeleſſe glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle Aladine did earſt invade,
Being unarm'd and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How ſhe the blame might ſalve with coloured diſguize.

9.

But Calidore with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke,[f] and to put away
The penſive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening paſt till time of reſt;
When Calidore in ſeemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undreſt
Did ſleepe all night through weary travell of his queſt.

10.

But faire Priſcilla (ſo that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely ſleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe:
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe wacht him,
That of the deadly ſwound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpacht him,
And drove away the ſtound which mortally attacht him.

---

[f] *Fain'd her to frolicke.*] Deſired her to be cheerful. CHURCH.

11.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He alſo gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire Priſcilla by,
He deepely ſigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate in which ſhe ſtood;
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble blood:[g]
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

12.

Which ſhe perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt
How to ſave whole[h] her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were paſt.

13.

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull truſt;
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing juſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as Titans beames forth bruſt
Through the thicke clouds in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkeneſſe, duld with yron ruſt,
Calidore riſing up as freſh as day
Gan freſhly him addreſſe unto his former way.

---

[g] *and blam'd her noble blood.*] It ſeems generally agreed that to "blame" is from *blaſphemare*, which is, of courſe, from the Greek: here "blam'd her noble blood" means that ſhe ran the riſk of having her noble blood reproached or defamed by her conduct. C.

[h] *How to ſave whole.*] Some editions, without authority, read *ſalve*. Todd. Such is the caſe with the folio 1611, but the meaning, of courſe, is nearly the ſame. C.

14.

But firſt him ſeemed fit that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady, his faire lovely laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved ſpeach to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to overpaſſe:
Mongſt which he namely[i] did to him diſcourſe
Of former daies miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

15.

Of which occaſion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his diſadventures to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courteſie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To ſafeconduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

16.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: ſo after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the journey dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Fearleſſe who ought did thinke or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite:[k]
So, as they paſt together on their way,

---

[i] *Mongſt which he namely.*] *Particularly*, [*eſpecially*]; Lat. *nominatim*. CHURCH.

[k] *moſt cleare from wite.*] We have before had the verb to "wite" in the ſenſe of to *blame* or *reproach*; and in the firſt inſtance Spenſer has given it the A. S. termination *witen* or *witan* (vol. i. p. 61). Elſewhere (vol. ii. pp. 309, 422) it is *wite*; or, as we now ſpell it, *twite* or *twit*. In the caſe before us Spenſer makes "wite" a ſubſtantive. C.

He can devize[1] this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

17.

Streight to the carkaſſe of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this evill, who was ſlaine
The day before by juſt avengement
Of noble Triſtram, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame.
So forth he paſſed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came;
Moſt penſive man, through feare what of his childe
became.

18.

There he arriving boldly did preſent
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

19.

Moſt joyfull man her ſire was her to ſee,
And heare th' adventure of her late miſchaunce;
And thouſand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne leſſe the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Unto his firſt exploite he did him ſelfe apply.

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[1] *He can devize.*] The ſecond and third folios, and ſome modern editions, corruptly read "gan." Todd.

20.

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunſt to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert ſhade him ſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him ſelfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him ſpight;
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

21.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abaſht, but more him ſelfe thereby,
That he ſo rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him ſelfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his ſo raſh default,[m]
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

22.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He ſoone allayd that Knights conceiv'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leaſure,
And of adventures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

---

[m] *for his ſo raſh default.*] This and the next line end with the ſame word, the one a ſubſtantive, the other a verb. There is no ſufficient objection to this, but it may be noted that Drayton, in his folio 1611, altered the firſt "default" into *aſſault* with ſome plauſibility—"for his ſo raſh *aſſault*." C.

23.

Of which whileſt they diſcourſed both together,
The faire Serena[n] (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldneſſe of the gentle wether
And pleaſaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres diſtinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without ſuſpect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

24.

All ſodainely out of the forreſt nere
The Blatant Beaſt forth ruſhing unaware
Caught her, thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud[o] to ſhew her ſad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting up, like men diſmayde,
Ran after faſt to reſkue the diſtreſſed mayde.

25.

The Beaſt, with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have ſpoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and ſwift in chace,
Him overtooke in middeſt of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forſt to forgoe his pray there in the place,

---

[n] *The faire Serena.*] One of the old quartos has *Criſpina;* another, of the ſame date, *Serena:* ſo that the place was altered during the printing off the ſheets. UPTON. No 4to. 1596 that we have been able to inſpect has "Criſpina." C.

[o] *Crying aloud*, &c.] In Spenſer's own edition the words "in vaine" follow "Crying aloud;" but this hypermetrical foot is admitted only by the firſt folio and the edition of 1751. TODD.

And to betake him ſelfe to fearefull flight;
For he durſt not abide with Calidore to fight.

26.

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather ſpright,
But forſt him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh a ſunder braſt.

27.

And now by this Sir Calepine (ſo hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both ſides through grypt with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away,
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to ſtay.

28.

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſpright he did revoke againe
To her fraile manſion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteede her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands, ſoft footing her beſide;[P]

[P] *ſoft footing her beſide.*] The folio of 1679 and Hughes read, "ſoft footing," which no doubt is as Spenſer gave it. So in F. Q. vi. vii. 6, "*Soft footing* by his ſide." The poet's own edition and the other folios read *ſofting foot*. CHURCH. Drayton allowed "ſofting foot" to ſtand in the text; but we cannot believe that Spenſer ſo wrote, with the apt example before us, as quoted by Church. C.

Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſuraunce mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

29.

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In travelling on foote ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers ſyde
He chaunſt to ſpie a faire and ſtately place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guyde,
In hope there for his love ſome ſuccour to provyde.

30.

But, comming to the rivers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foote it was;
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whileſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deviſing what to doe, he nigh eſpyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place
With a faire Lady lincked by his ſyde,
The which themſelves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

31.

Whom Calepine ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie, in that his neede,
For ſafe conducting of his ſickely Dame
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his ſteed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
"Perdy, thou peaſant Knight mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

32.

"But, as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,

So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewiſe doe the ſame,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude ſpeach his Lady much diſpleaſed
Did him reprove, yet could him not reſtrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eaſed,
For pitty of his Dame whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

33.

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the river go'th,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie, unfit for Knight,
And, ſtrongly wading through the waves unuſed,
With ſpeare in th' one hand ſtayd him ſelfe upright,
With th' other ſtaide his Lady up with ſteddy might.

34.

And all the while that ſame diſcourteous Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight,
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim:
But when as Calepine came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeaches ſharpe and fell.

35.

" Unknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe thoſe armes forſake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,

Unleſſe thou dare, for thy deare Ladies ſake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To juſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight."

36.

The daſtard, that did heare him ſelfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall;
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him ſelfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

37.

But he, nought weighing what he ſayd or did,
Turned his ſteede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won: ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beſeeke.

38.

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nath'leſſe the Knight, now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan him entreat even with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

39.

"Full loth am I," (quoth he) "as now at earſt

When day is ſpent, and reſt us needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both whoſe ſides are pearſt
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghoſt;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch curteſie afford,
Unleſſe that I were thereunto enforſt.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford?"

40.

" His name," (quoth he) " if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſtearne
In all aſſaies to every errant Knight,
Becauſe of one that wrought him fowle deſpight."
" Ill ſeemes," (ſayd he) " if he ſo valiaunt be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight;
For ſeldome yet did living creature ſee
That curteſie and manhood ever diſagree.

41.

" But go thy waies to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-rome craves; yet would be loth t' aſſay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curteſie with rudeneſſe to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

42.

The groome went ſtreight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage which that Knight did move;
Who, ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,[q]

---

[q] *his demaund approve.*] In Spenſer's own edition this word is car-

But both himſelfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle uſage did reprove,
And earneſtly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

43.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did ſee,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44.

But all in vaine; for why no remedy[r]
He ſaw the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th' utmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her underneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe;
Whiles he him ſelfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

45.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as joyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous diſmay,
Twixt darkeneſſe dread and hope of living light,

---

ried down to the ſeventh line, and *reprove* brought up in its room. CHURCH. The obvious miſtake was corrected in all after impreſſions. C.

[r] *But all in vaine; for why no remedy.*] Here again modern editors have put a note of interrogation after "for why;" but it is not a queſtion, only a mode of expreſſing *becauſe*. C.

Uprear'd her head to ſee that chearefull ſight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile deſpight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there lenger ſtay, forth on his journey goth.

46.

He goth on foote all armed by her ſide,
Upſtaying ſtill her ſelfe uppon her ſteede,
Being unhable elſe alone to ride,
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extreameſt neede,
He chaunſt far off an armed Knight to ſpy
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeede;
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his miſery.

47.

Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine ſignes he plainly him deſcryde
To be the man that with ſuch ſcornfull pryde
Had him abuſde and ſhamed yeſterday;
Therefore, miſdoubting leaſt he ſhould miſguyde
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keepe him ſelfe ſo ſafely as he may.

48.

By this the other came in place likewiſe,
And couching cloſe his ſpeare, and all his powre
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand t' abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeaunce, or to make avoure[s]

---

[s] *or to make avoure.*] To make *avowry* is a law term; to make an acknowledgment, vindication, or confeſſion of his wrongful proceedings. Fr. *avouer*, to confeſs or acknowledge oneſelf in the wrong. UPTON.

Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but ſhun
The perill of his pride, or elſe be overrun.

49.

Yet he him ſtill purſew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will:
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To ſpare her Knight,[t] and reſt with reaſon pacifyde:

50.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſſe him purſew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a cloſe advantage vew'd,
He over raught him, having long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his ſpere
Strooke through his ſhoulder, that the blood enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appere.

51.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaſte him ſtill for all his Ladies cry;
Not ſatisfyde till on the fatall ground

---

[t] *To ſpare her Knight.*] There is much confuſion of perſons in this ſtanza: "he," in the firſt inſtance, of courſe, means the aſſailing knight, and "him," in the ſecond line, Sir Calepine, who endeavoured to avoid his adverſary's "bloudy will;" but when the lady ſpeaks and "to him cryde," ſhe addreſſes, not Sir Calepine, who had been laſt mentioned, but his enemy, whom ſhe beſought, as he ever was affianced to lady, to ſpare "her knight," Sir Calepine. C.

He ſaw his life powrd forth deſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reſkue wrought,
And ſaved from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a ſalvage man[a]
from Turpine reſkewed is;
And, whyleſt an Infant from a Beare
he ſaves, his love doth miſſe.

1.

LIKE as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Ladie left in pitifull affright:

2.

Till that, by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſalvage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,

---

[a] *a ſalvage man.*] This wild man reſembles, in ſome reſpects, the celebrated Orſon of romance: ſee particularly St. 6. However, romance is fond of exhibiting heroes of this kind. In "Palmerin of England," "the *ſalvage man*, with the ſkin of a beaſt made cloſe to his body," makes a very conſpicuous figure, Part i. Ch. xxxi; and afterwards we meet with "the *knight of the ſavage man*," Ch. xxxiii. et ſeq. TODD.

Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous ſhright,[b]
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne
To underſtand what there was to be donne:
There he this moſt diſcourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

3.

The ſalvage man, that never till this houre
Did taſte of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure,
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compaſſion of his evill plight,
Againſt his foe that did him ſo purſew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

4.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the uſe of warlike inſtruments,
Save ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite;
But naked, without needfull veſtiments
To clad his corpſe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeere,
No more then for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents:[c]

---

[b] *that Ladies loud and piteous ſhright.*] *Shriek.* From the participle "ſhright," which comes from *ſhrich*, Sax. to *ſhriek*. See Tyrwhitt's Gloſſ. Chaucer, and "The Nonnes Preeſtes Tale," ver. 15368, edit. Tyrwhitt:—

"But ſoverainly dame Pertelote *ſhright*
"Full louder than did Haſdruballes wif." TODD.

Chaucer, we apprehend, does not uſe "ſhright" as a noun. C.

[c] *the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents.*] *Ruſhes, bent-graſs.* So Fairfax, B. vi. 8, "The ſpringing *bent*." So named becauſe eaſily bent. UPTON. "Bents" do not mean *ruſhes* merely, but any long ſtalk of graſs; and Drayton, in his "Court of Fairy," (as cited by Richardſon,) makes "a bent both ſtiff and ſtrong" the ſpear of one of his pigmies. C.

For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.[d]

5.

He ſtayed not t' advize which way were beſt
His foe t' aſſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke, ſo ſtrong and hard
That forſt him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither ſpeare that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed that mote him much diſmay.
The ſalvage nation doth all dread deſpize:
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,[e]
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to looſe, or leave his enterprize.

7.

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;

---

[d] *He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.*] This is agreeable to romances: Orlando was invulnerable except in the ſoles of his feet; Ferrau, except in his navel. Who does not ſee that Orlando's ſtory is imitated from what is told of Achilles, and Ferrau's from what is told of Ajax? Upton. "Magicke leare" is, of courſe, magic *lore* or *learning*. C.

[e] *he griple hold did lay.*] Spenſer employs "griple" or *gripple* both as a ſubſtantive and as an adjective: as a ſubſtantive in F. Q. B. v. C. ii. St. 14 (vol. iii. p. 326), where he ſpeaks of "the griple ſtrong" of Artegal; and as an adjective here, and in B. i. C. iv. St. 31 (vol. i. p. 237), where he deſcribes Envy as ſurveying "heaps of gold with griple covetyſe." The ſenſe is obvious, and "gripe" and its derivatives are from the A. S. *gripan*. C.

For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no uſe of his long ſpeare
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpeare and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite forſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

8.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed,
(For he was ſwift as any Bucke in chace)
And, had he not in his extreameſt need
Bene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

9.

But, when the Salvage ſaw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled ſo faſt,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With ſpeede unto the place, whereas he laſt
Had left that couple nere their utmoſt caſt:
There he that knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the perill of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſſe of her rankling wound:

10.

For though ſhe were right glad ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no leſſe encombrance ſhe did ſee,
And perill, by this ſalvage man pretended,[f]

[f] *by this ſalvage man pretended.*] *Held forth to her view*, Lat. *prætendo*. The ſenſe is, For though, &c. yet now ſhe apprehended no leſs

Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no meanes to be defended,
By reaſon that her knight was wounded ſore:
Therefore her ſelfe ſhe wholy recommended
To Gods ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

11.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none, nor ſpeach,
But a ſoft murmure and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which nature did him teach
T' expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

12.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moved with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſalvage mood;
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by uſe well underſtood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched thought.

13.

Then taking up that Recreants ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;[g]

---

danger from this ſavage. CHURCH. Of old "pretend" and "pretence" were often uſed for *intend* and *intention*. C.

[g] *unto his wonning neare.*] "Wonning" is the active participle of *won* to *dwell*, but by Spenſer and many other writers it is uſed ſubſtantively. "Wonning" is as much a noun ſubſtantive as *dwelling*, but it is not generally ſo treated by lexicographers. C.

To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Farre in the forreſt, by a hollow glade
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy ſhade,
Where foot of living creature[h] never trode,
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wights abode.

14.

Thether he brought theſe unacquainted gueſts,
To whom faire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts;
But the bare ground with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed
Muſt be their bed; their pillow was unſowed:
And the frutes of the forreſt was their feaſt;
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne ever of wyld beaſt
Did taſte the bloud, obaying natures firſt beheaſt.

15.

Yet, howſoever baſe and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelves a while to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That having there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe unto the reſt.

16.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His beſt endevour and his daily paine

---

[h] *Where foot of living creature.*] "Where" is the emendation of the firſt folio, which all ſucceeding editions have followed. Spenſer's own edition reads *There*. Todd. Drayton altered "living" to *loving*, in order, perhaps, to improve the faulty antitheſis of "wild beaſts," becauſe "wild beaſts" are "living creatures;" but we do not venture to follow him, eſpecially as the improvement is not very apparent. C.

In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds; ſtill ſeeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that ſame Ladies hurts[i] no herbe he found
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly unſound.

17.

Now when as Calepine was woxen ſtrong,
Upon a day he caſt abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without ſword his perſon to defend:
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, beſprinckled all with gore.

18.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike[k] and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haſte
To reſcue th' infant, ere he did him kill:

---

[i] *But that ſame Ladies hurts.*] The ſecond and third folios rightly read *hurt;* the reſt follow the error of Spenſer's own edition, *hurts.* Todd. In ſpite of his note Todd inſerted "hurts" in his text, and rejected the ſingular, which he pronounced "right." There can be little doubt that the omiſſion of the letter *s* was purely accidental. C.

[k] *did loudly ſcrike.*] *Shriek.* "Scrike" is uſed in "Palmerin of England," P. i. Ch. xxxiii: "She vſed many *ſcrikes* and grievous lamentations." Todd. Our dictionaries do not contain "ſcrike," which, in fact, is only a variation of *ſhriek.* See Todd's note on "ſhright," St. 2 of this Canto, p. 95. The word *ſhrich* is alſo given as a Saxon verb by Tyrwhitt in his Gloſſ. to Chaucer, and that ſeems all that is known of it: Todd took it from thence. C.

Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat overpaſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt.

19.

Well then him chaunſt his heavy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her ſelfe freed
From bels and jeſſes[1] which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly and in their ſpeed delight.

20.

So well he ſped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke and forſt to ſtay;
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corſe.

21.

But the bold knight no whit thereat diſmayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged ſtone
Which lay thereby (ſo fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thruſt it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaſpe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digeſt that bone;

---

[1] *From bels and jeſſes.*] The leathers that faſten on the hawk's bells. CHURCH. "Jeſſes" were the ſtraps on the feet of hawks, by which they were held on the fiſt: ſee "Othello," A. iii. S. 3. C.

Ne could it upward come, nor downward paſſe,
Ne could he brooke[m] the coldneſſe of the ſtony maſſe.

22.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels braſt,
He with him cloſd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge ſo faſt,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he caſt;
And then oppreſſing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforſt to breath his utmoſt blaſt,
Gnaſhing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his ſharpe clawes, now wanting powre to ſtraine.

23.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, ſweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare ſo ſore complaine,
From his ſoft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;[n]
And every litle limbe he ſearcht around,
And every part that under ſweathbands lay,
Leaſt that the beaſts ſharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender fleſh; but whole them all he found.

24.

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every ſyde,
To weet which way were beſt to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor gheſſe by ayme;

---

[m] *Ne could he brooke.*] *Digeſt.* "Brooke" has occurred before in F. Q. iii. iv. 44 [vol. ii. p. 419]. CHURCH. Chaucer uſes it for *enjoy*. C.

[n] *the filth that did it ray.*] i. e. *beray*, *defile*, or make *dirty*: ſee vol. ii. p. 100, &c. C.

For nought but woods and forreſts farre and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſſe of his eye.

25.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now Weſt he went a while,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end;
And evermore his lovely litle ſpoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day in wandring vainely he did ſpend.

26.

At laſt, about the ſetting of the Sunne,
Him ſelfe out of the foreſt he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of ſuccour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forreſts ſyde
A voice, that ſeemed of ſome woman kynd,
Which to her ſelfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

27.

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceived
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom when as Calepine ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her ſayd:
"What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cauſe, declare; ſo mote ye not repent."

28.

To whom ſhe thus: "What need me, Sir, to tell

That which your ſelfe have earſt ared ſo right?°
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by living wight!"
"Nathleſſe," (quoth he) "if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it diſcloſe to eaſe your grieved ſpright:
Oftimes it haps that ſorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unſought, which ſeeking cannot fynd."

29.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
"Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30.

"So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to theſe happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All theſe our joyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to overflow.

31.

"For th' heavens, envying our proſperitie,
Have not vouchſaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,

° *That which your ſelfe have earſt ared ſo right.*] i. e. that which you have yourſelf ſo well *underſtood* and declared. C.

Which we might ſee after our ſelves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:[p]
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
T oleape into the ſame after our lives end.

32.

" But moſt my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.[q]
Yet was it ſayd, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which ſhould drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend ſhold be fordonne.

33.

" Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſides ſome noble chyld ſhould rize,
The which through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant ſhould with brave emprize
Quite overthrow; who now ginnes to deſpize
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaſeleſſe teares."

---

[p] *In th' heritage of our unhappie paine.*] That is, to inherit our hitherto *unſucceſsful endeavours.* UPTON. The ſenſe ſeems to require, " In th' heritage of *this our happie plaine*," that is, to inherit this our fair eſtate, *theſe happy fortunes.* CHURCH. Drayton alters " paine" to *gaine:* what they had *gained* was unhappy for want of an heir; but, eſpecially in a caſe of this kind, we do not vary from the old copies. C.

[q] *he greatly doth forthinke.*] It ſhould be " forethink," i. e. *think beforehand of.* UPTON. On the contrary, " forthink" is to be received in its ordinary ſenſe of to *grieve,* to be *ſorry for,* to *lament.* C.

34.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And when he had devized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the priefe;
And, having cheared her, thus ſaid: "Faire Dame,
In evils counſell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

35.

"If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children to ſupply your place,
Low! how good fortune doth to you preſent
This litle babe, of ſweete and lovely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him traine in chevalry,
Or nourſle up in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

36.

"And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene ſeene,
That of the like, whoſe linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have rayſed beene
As their victorious deedes have often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then thoſe which have bene dandled in the lap:
Therefore ſome thought that thoſe brave imps were ſowen
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly ſap,
That made them grow ſo high t' all honorable hap."

37.

The Ladie, hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,

Found nothing that he ſaid unmeet nor geaſon,[r]
Having oft ſeene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and ſeiſin;
And having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

38.

Right glad was Calepine to be ſo rid
Of his young charge whereof he ſkilled nought,[s]
Ne ſhe leſſe glad; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her huſband under hand ſo wrought,
That, when that infant unto him ſhe brought,
She made him think it ſurely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes ſo well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which elſwhere are ſhowne.[t]

---

[r] *unmeet nor geaſon.*] That is, either improper or uncommon. *Geaſon* is *rare, uncommon.* So, in "Mother Hubberd's Tale:"—

"That it to leaches ſeemed ſtrange and *geaſon.*"

And, in his "Viſions of the World's Vanity," St. 1. ſpeaking of the decay of goodneſs in a degenerate age,

"Such as this age, in which all good is *geaſon.*" CHURCH.

It is almoſt needleſs to add to Spenſer's own authority; but as he was ſometimes in the habit of uſing "geaſon" words, we may remark that "geaſon" is found in many authors as the oppoſite to "foiſon," which means *plenty.* In the play of "Appius and Virginia," by R. B. 1575, Sign. D, we read, "Let my councell at no time be with you *geaſon.*" Similar proofs might be almoſt indefinitely multiplied. C.

[s] *whereof he ſkilled nought.*] It is doubtful here whether we ſhould conſider "he ſkilled nought" to mean "he *cared* nought" or it *ſignified* nought to him; or whether by "he ſkilled nought" the poet intended that Calepine *knew* nothing, or *underſtood* nothing. C.

[t] *the which elſwhere are ſhowne.*] The poet *intended* to ſhow them, perhaps in another Faery Poem, or, as Mr. Upton thinks, in ſome projected Annals of Ireland. However, ſee the poet's own aſſertion, F. Q. i. xi. 7 [vol. ii. p. 49], in reſpect to another Poem. See alſo F. Q. v. xii. 43 [this vol. p. 38], where he intimates a continuation of what the reader will unfortunately never find. TODD.

39.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods ſide in ſorie plight,
Withouten armes or ſteede to ride upon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heavens ſpight,
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes ſhe might,
Him oft deſired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courteſie to requite,
Both horſe and armes and what ſo elſe to lend,
Yet he them all refuſd, though thankt her as a frend;

40.

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew
That he his love ſo luckleſſe now had loſt,
On the cold ground maugre himſelfe he threw
For fell deſpight to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelfe in anguiſh toſt,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,[u]
Till that his Ladies ſight he mote attaine,
Or underſtand that ſhe in ſafetie did remaine.

---

[u] *ne lig in eaſe emboſt.*] Nor *lie* in eaſe *concealed* or *encloſed*. The word "lig" is yet common in the North of England for *lie*, from the Anglo-Sax. *liggan;* and *emboſſe* ſignifies to *encloſe*, F. Q. i. xi. 20. Mr. Upton derives the word from the Italian *imboſcarſi*, to hide oneſelf. Todd. In the place referred to, vol. ii. p. 54, "emboſſe" ſeems rather to be derived from the Fr. *emboucher*. We agree with Richardſon that in B. i. C. ix. St. 29; vol. ii. p. 11, "emboſt with bale" means *overwhelmed* with misfortune, and here "in eaſe emboſt" may mean *overwhelmed* in eaſe. C.

CANTO V.

The ſalvage ſerves Serena well,[a]
till ſhe Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his Squyre,
with th' Hermit leaves behynd.

1.

WHAT an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
In ſad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched ſorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howſoever it may grow miſ-ſhapt,
Like this wyld man being undiſciplynd,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme unapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

2.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were ſtill in this deſert wood,
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts both rudely borne and bred,

---

[a] *ſerves Serena well.*] So Hughes reads, which is plainly right, and therefore we have reſtored it to the text. The reſt read *Matilda*. CHURCH. See below, St. 27, and C. iii. St. 23. The error was occaſioned from C. iv. St. 29 [this vol. p. 104]. UPTON. It is "Matilda" in every old impreſſion, and Drayton did not introduce the neceſſary correction in his copy of the folio 1611. C.

Ne ever ſaw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhewd ſome token of his gentle blood
By gentle uſage of that wretched Dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How ever by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know when time[b] ſhall be to tell the ſame.

3.

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was ſtrayd,
Did wexe exceeding ſorrowfull and ſad,
As he of ſome misfortune were afrayd;
And, leaving there this Ladie all diſmayd,
Went forth ſtreightway into the forreſt wyde
To ſeeke if he perchance aſleep were layd,
Or what ſo elſe were unto him betyde:
He ſought him farre and neare, yet him no where he ſpyde.

4.

Tho backe returning to that ſorie Dame,
He ſhewed ſemblant of exceeding mone
By ſpeaking ſignes, as he them beſt could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a ſtone,
That ruth it was to ſee him ſo lament:
By which ſhe well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breaſt, and piteouſly her ſelfe torment.

5.

Upon the ground her ſelfe ſhe fiercely threw,
Regardleſſe of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breaſt, new launcht with murdrous knife,

---

[b] *As ye may know when time*, &c.] In ſome Book or Canto hereafter intended to be written by me: for my intent is to open things to you by little and little. UPTON.

Would ſtreight diſlodge the wretched wearie life.
There ſhe long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at ſtrife
With ſtronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous aſſay.

6.

Whom when the Salvage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And ſought by all the meanes that he could beſt
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet nould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Nor ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7.

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She ſaw now left, ſhe caſt to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeeke ſome comfort in that ſorie caſe.
His ſteede, now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could ſhe got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

8.

Whom when her Hoſt ſaw readie to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about himſelfe unfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare;[c]

---

[c] *and his curats bare.*] Spenſer ſpells this word *curat,* F. Q. v. viii.

But without ſword upon his thigh to ſit:
Sir Calepine himſelfe away had hidden it.

9.

So forth they traveld, an uneven payre
That mote to all men ſeeme an uncouth ſight;
A ſalvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerve both day and night
Withouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Ne ever ſhewed ſigne of foule diſloyalty.

10.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunſt ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordred by ſome accident,
Which to redreſſe ſhe did th' aſſiſtance need
Of this her groome; which he by ſignes did reede,
And ſtreight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed;
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T' amend what was amiſſe, and put in right aray.

11.

Bout which whileſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his ſquire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which ſeemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By ſtraunge occaſion that here needs forth be ſet.

---

34 [vol. iii. p. 435], and *curiets*, F. Q. v. v. 20 [vol. iii. p. 379]. Some read "curaſs," and ſome *cuiraſs:* ſee the note on F. Q. v. viii. 34. Todd. It is "curats" in all the editions of authority. C.

12.

After that Timias had againe recured[d]
The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happie bliſſe he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjuſt detraction him did beard,
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

13.

But of them all which did his ruine ſeeke,
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To overthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight:
The firſt of them by name was cald Deſpetto,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond, not ſo ſtrong but wiſe, Decetto;
The third, nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt, Defetto.

14.

Oftimes their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeveral deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore, conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound:
Where ſingled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beaſt the fitteſt meanes they found
To worke his utter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

---

[d] *After that Timias had againe recured*, &c.] When Sir Walter Raleigh had *recovered* again the favour of Queen Elizabeth. See F. Q. iv. viii. 17 [vol. iii. p. 216]. But defamation and ſcandal he could not yet get rid of. UPTON.

15.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for ſalvage game,
They ſent that Blatant Beaſt to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wiſt that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt, wylde or tame,
Met him in chaſe but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

16.

The hardy boy, as they deviſed had,
Seeing the ugly Monſter paſſing by,
Upon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne ſkilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

17.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waſte his ſpight,
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whoſe covert ſtopt his further ſight:
There his three foes ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to invade.

18.

Sharpely they all attonce did him aſſaile,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile

With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite;
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

19.

Like a wylde Bull that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On every ſide, and beat about him round;
But moſt that curre, barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe and drive aſonder.

20.

Him well behoved ſo; for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on every ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe:
But moſt of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to have deſtroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But ſtout Deſpetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face againſt him bent:
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

21.

Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke and ſomewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have eſcaped hard;
When as unwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;

With noiſe whereof the Squire, now nigh aghaſt,
Revived was, and ſad diſpaire away did caſt.

22.

Eftſoones he ſpide a Knight approching nye;
Who, ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, him ſelfe did faſter hye
To reſkue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him overſet:
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get.
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The covert was ſo thicke that did no paſſage ſhew.

23.

Then turning to that ſwaine him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake: "My liefe, my lifes deſire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring? where bene weft?"

24.

With that he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunſwered againe,
But, ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with ſilence did reſtraine,
And ſhut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeaches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit time to entertaine;
After all which up to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

25.

So now they be arrived both in ſight

Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad Serena things to dight,
With thoſe brave armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd:
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them ſtept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;[e]
But he it ſeeing lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

26.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt unwares on th' head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone upſtarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have ſlaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement ſtayd.

27.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to diſpart in twaine;
Who to them ſtepping did them ſoone divide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſalvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band?

---

[e] *that hylding hound.*] That *baſe* creature, the wild man. Mr. Upton conſiders the word as a contraction of "hinderling," which he ſays is formed from *hind*, a huſbandman's ſervant. However, *hilding* is repeatedly uſed by Shakeſpeare as a word of contempt. So in the firſt part of "K. Henry IV," "Some *hilding* fellow;" and in many other places. Todd. Todd's reference is miſtaken: it is the *ſecond* part of "K. Henry IV." A. i. Sc. 1. Shakeſpeare applies the word "hilding" to both ſexes indifferently; and Tooke properly derives it from A. S. *hildan*, to crouch or cower. C.

28.

To whom ſhe thus: "I am, as now ye ſee,
The wretchedſt Dame that lives this day on ground;[f]
Who both in minde, the which moſt grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery ſtound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by ſome deadly chaunce be done to pine[g]
Since I him lately loſt, uneath is to define.

29.

"In ſalvage forreſt I him loſt of late,
Where I had ſurely long ere this bene dead,
Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull ſtead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In ſuch a ſalvage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
Amongſt wilde beaſtes in deſert forreſts bred,
It is moſt ſtraunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

30.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
Small praiſe to prove your powre on wight ſo weake."
With ſuch faire words ſhe did their heate aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

---

[f] *that lives this day on ground.*] In the 4to. 1596 "lives" is *live*, clearly an error, unleſs we are to underſtand *doth* before *live*. See alſo "makes" and *make*, p. 127. The folios here read "lives." C.

[g] *be done to pine.*] Is *put to death*, ſtarved, pined away; and ſo uſed by Chaucer. Upton. "Done to pine" is merely *made* to pine. C.

31.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

32.

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To ſeeke ſome place the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe, fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33.

Mongſt which Serena did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade all that ſhe might,
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary Knight.

34.

Wherewith the Prince ſore moved there avoud
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull Knight of whom ſhe did complaine.

This wize did they each other entertaine
To paſſe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

35.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtoode,
Which being all with yvy overſpred
Deckt all the roofe, and, ſhadowing the roode,[h]
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtreight obſervaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;[i]
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
Whenas theſe Knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor how.

36.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreight way in did pas:
Whom when the Hermite preſent ſaw in place,
From his devotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With ſtayed ſteps and grave beſeeming grace:
For well it ſeem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly perſon, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all;[k] and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene.

37.

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,

---

[h] *and, ſhadowing the roode.*] "Roode," A. S. *rode*, is the *croſs* which we muſt ſuppoſe was placed above the entrance to the "little hermitage." C.

[i] *his howres and holy things to bed.*] To *ſay* his prayers at the *ſtated hours* of devotion. CHURCH. To *bed* is, on account of the rhyme, put for to *bid*. UPTON.

[k] *That could his good to all.*] That *knew* and practiſed his good manners to all people. A. S. can, *ſcio*, cuðe, *ſcivit*. UPTON.

That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary to[o]
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,[1]
The name of knighthood he did diſavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himſelfe aſſoyle.

38.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteedes to graze upon the greene.
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beſeene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

39.

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did uſe his feeble body to ſuſtaine,
The which full gladly they did take in glee,[m]
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well ſuffiz'd them reſted faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beaſt
Had given them, whoſe griefe through ſuffraunce ſore increaſt.

---

[1] *Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle.*] We do not, of courſe, adopt the change; but Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, converted "delight" into *debate*. War may very truly be ſaid to have been the "delight" of knighthood. C.

[m] *they did take in glee.*] So the poet's own edition reads: the folios read "in *gree*," which might be defended. Todd. See the expreſſion "to take it well in *gree*," vol. iii. p. 399. C.

40.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they roſe, and gan them ſelves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were ſicke; their ſides were ſore; their feete were lame.

41.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge; whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the ſalvage, that whyleare
Seeing his royall uſage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,
Would needes depart; as ſhall declared be elſewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their ſore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate,[a] *and ſhame*
For his late villanies.

1.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the ſkill, which that immortall ſpright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,[b]
Can remedy ſuch hurts: ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

2.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beaſt
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And, being ſuch, were now much more increaſt

---

[a] *He Turpine doth defeate.*] So all the editions. *He*, (not the Hermit, as the conſtruction ſeems to imply, but) Prince Arthur, mentioned in the cloſe of the laſt Canto. CHURCH.

[b] *Of Podalyrius did in it retaine.*] Podaleirius, the brother of Machaon, who was the phyſician of the Greeks before Troy. His brother was equally ſkilled in ſurgery and medicine: Hom. Il. λ. 832. C.

For want of taking heede unto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poyſnous humour which did moſt infeſt
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely dreſt.

3.

For he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene;
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene
And paſt through many perillous aſſayes,
He knew the diverſe went[c] of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heale which wound the weaker ſpright.

4.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,[d]
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke him ſelfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

---

[c] *He knew the diverſe went.*] We have ſeen "went" for *way* or *journey* in the laſt St. of B. iv. C. v; vol. iii. p. 175. Church renders the word *turnings and windings;* but it rather here means "the diverſe *courſe*" of mortal ways. See alſo vol. iii. p. 120. C.

[d] *Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies.*] Editions after the earlieſt read, "In which," &c. Todd alſo abandoned the original text, from which there can be no reaſon for varying: the Hermit won grace and glory *of* many a perilous fight. C.

5.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred privily;
And ranckling inward with unruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery;
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Give ſalves to every ſore, but counſell to the minde.[e]

6.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſayd: "Faire daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalves to you applie:

7.

"For in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale your ſelves, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerve this one:
Firſt learne your outward ſenſes to refraine
From things that ſtirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke re-
ſtraine
From that they moſt affect, and in due termes containe.

---

[e] *but counſell to the minde.*] Here again Todd thought fit to print an axiom in Italic type. Spenſer left the truth to its own enforcement, and why Todd did otherwiſe in ſome places and not in others, he has not told us. He obſerved no conſiſtency in this and ſome other reſpects: we follow the original edition. C.

8.

" For from thoſe outward ſences, ill affected,
The ſeede of all this evill firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt, before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing;
But being growen ſtrong it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and laſtly, ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through every vaine,
It never reſts till it have wrought his finall bane.

9.

" For that beaſtes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are ſo exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of ruſty yron ranckling ſore,
That where they bite it booteth not to weene
With ſalve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought,
For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,[f]
And long in darkſome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.[g]

10.

" Echidna is a Monſter direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to ſee;
So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
That even the helliſh fiends affrighted bee[h]
At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe

---

[f] *was bred of helliſh ſtrene.*] i.e. *ſtrain*, as indeed Spenſer elſewhere ſpells it (B. iv. C. viii. St. 33; vol. iii. p. 222), when not under the compulſion of the rhyme. " Strain" is *race*, or *ſtock*. C.

[g] *as in bookes is taught.*] What *books* are theſe? not the books of Heſiod concerning the generation of gods and monſters; for Spenſer departs in many circumſtances from Heſiod, and has a mythology of his own. UPTON.

[h] *That even the helliſh fiends affrighted bee.*] So Virgil:—
" Odit et ipſe pater Pluto, odere ſorores." UPTON.

A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglineſſe.

11.

"To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkneſſe, furtheſt from the ſkie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongſt rocks and caves, where ſhe enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obſcurity,
Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon,[i] whoſe tempeſtuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes
aſſwage.

12.

"Of that commixtion they did then beget
This helliſh Dog, that hight the Blatant Beaſt;
A wicked Monſter, that his tongue doth whet
Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and leaſt,
And pours his poyſnous gall forth to infeſt
The nobleſt wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore ſo lofty creaſt,
Ne ever Lady of ſo honeſt name,
But he them ſpotted with reproch, or ſecrete ſhame.

13.

"In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to ſalve ſuch kynd of ſore,
That rather needes wiſe read and diſcipline,
Then outward ſalves that may augment it more."

---

[i] *Cruell Typhaon.*] Concerning this *cruel Typhaon, Typhæus,* or *Typhon,* conſult Hyginus, Fab. 152, and Virgil, Æn. ix. 716. *Whoſe tempeſtuous rage makes the heavens tremble,* viz. by flinging up burning rocks and fire and ſmoke from Mount Etna, or Inarime, under which he is buried: *and makes them aſſwage him by vows;* deſiring the enormous giant to ceaſe his rage. UPTON. "Makes" is *make* in the original edition, and might be right, if we underſtood *doth* before it. C.

"Aye me!" (ſayd then Serena, ſighing ſore)
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no ſalves may us to health reſtore?"
"But ſith we need good counſell," (ſayd the ſwaine)
"Aread, good Sire, ſome counſell that may us ſuſtaine."

14.

"The beſt" (ſayd he) "that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occaſion of the ill:
For when the cauſe, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtaine from pleaſure, and reſtraine your will;
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight;
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun ſecreſie, and talke in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoone repaire your preſent evill plight."

15.

Thus having ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

16.

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof her ſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine[k] ſo foule deſpight;
And eke his Lady, though ſhe ſickely were,
So lewdly had abuſde, as ye did lately heare.

18.

The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Purſu'd him ſtreight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and uſage bad,
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,[l]
Would he reſtrayned be from his attendement.

19.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where ſoft diſmounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,

---

[k] *Wrought to Sir Calepine.*] This is Hughes's emendation, which Mr. Church rightly follows, and Mr. Upton admits to be the true reading. The reſt follow the apparent error of the firſt edition, *Calidore.* Todd. There can be no heſitation in ſubſtituting "Calepine" for *Calidore;* and in his copy of the folio 1611 Drayton noted the overſight and corrected it. C.

[l] *nor for being ſhent.*] We have had this verb ſeveral times before: it often only means to *rebuke,* to *reprove,* as here and in vol. i. p. 97, and vol. ii. p. 160; but it is ſometimes to be received in the ſenſe of to *diſgrace,* to *diſhonour,* as in vol. ii. pp. 220, 421. See alſo Sts. 33 and 44 of this Canto. C.

As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there muſt make abode:
The whiles the ſalvage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him up to feede.

20.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him aſked, what he was
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paſſe?
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

21.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why[m] his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not ſparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thruſt him out of dore doing his worſt aſſay.

22.

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,
Beheld, eftſoones he all enraged grew,
And, running ſtreight upon that villaine baſe,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in preſent vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;

---

[m] *Or deare aby; for why.*] Here again Todd and others placed a note of interrogation after "for why," as if it were a queſtion: Spenſer did not do ſo, knowing that "for why" was only another mode of expreſſing *becauſe:* "for why" is *for this reaſon.* C.

So miſerably him all helpeleſſe ſlew,
That with the noiſe, whileſt he did loudly rore,
The people of the houſe roſe forth in great uprore.

23.

Who when on ground they ſaw their fellow ſlaine,
And that ſame Knight and Salvage ſtanding by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd ſo huge and horribly,
As if they would have ſlaine them preſently:
But the bold Prince defended him ſo well,
And their aſſault withſtood ſo mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whileſt many underneath him fell.

24.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharpely did purſew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Thoſe evill tidings to their Lord to ſhew:
Who, hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came forth in haſt; where when as with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame Knight
And ſalvage with their bloud freſh ſteeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reprochfull words him thus beſpake on hight.

25.

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile
Haſt ſlaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
And wretched end which ſtill attendeth on her."
With that him ſelfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,

And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſſe
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe:
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight[n]
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

27.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,[o]
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewiſe turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28.

Who, when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde:
But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,

---

[n] *And evermore that craven cowherd Knight.*] Todd has a long legal note upon the word "craven;" but the whole giſt of it is contained in the following brief extract from Lord Campbell's Letter on "Shakeſpeare's Legal Acquirements," 8vo. 1859, p. 55. "All lawyers know *craven* to be the word ſpoken by a champion who acknowledged that he was beaten, and declared that he would fight no more:—whereupon judgment was immediately given againſt the ſide which he ſupported, and he bore the infamous name of *craven* for the reſt of his days." Tooke plauſibly contended that a *craven* was ſo called becauſe he had *craved*, or *craven*, his life of his antagoniſt. C.

[o] *many foes about him ment.*] About him *mingled*, or *mixed* in confuſion: it is ſpelt in the ſame way in vol. i. p. 197, and "meint" in the ſame vol. p. 132. C.

He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde,
But joyning cloſe huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

29.

But, when his foe he ſtill ſo eager ſaw,
Unto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping unto ſome refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forſake
Where ſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

30.

At laſt he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his braynepan byte.

31.

Which when the Ladie ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting up began to ſhrieke aloud;
And with her garment covering him from ſight,
Seem'd under her protection him to ſhroud;
And falling lowly at his feet her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and prayd, and vowd,
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

32.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing did him diſcover;
Who now come to himſelfe yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize;
And eke his Dame, him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who riſing up at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

33.

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly upbrayd:
"Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, ſo unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe part.

34.

"Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For firſt, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou doſt reare;
Whom when thou mayſt thou doſt of arms deſpoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare;
Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil uſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

35.

"And laſtly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize
Is greateſt ſhame; for oft it falles, that ſtrong
And valiant Knights doe raſhly enterprize

Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;[p]
Yet have through proweſſe and their brave emprize
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

36.

"Yet, ſince thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and ſcorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe; for ſhame is to adorne
With ſo brave badges one ſo baſely borne:
But onely breath, ſith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to live.

37.

There whileſt he thus was ſetling things above
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that ſalvage wight
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo unequall fight:
Therefore deſcending backe in haſte he ſought
If yet he were alive, or to deſtruction brought.

38.

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies which his hand had ſlaine,
And laying yet a freſh with courage ſtout
Upon the reſt that did alive remaine;

---

[p] *to maintaine by fight.*] So the firſt folio corrected it; the poet's own edition reading *right*. Todd. *Might* would anſwer the purpoſe as well as "fight;" but we are bound to accept the correction of the folios 1609 and 1611. *Right* is clearly an error. C.

Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,[q]
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

39.

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought by making ſignes him to aſſwage;
Who them perceiving ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

40.

Whom when the Salvage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his Ladie there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the ſame was hee,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho all in rage he on him ſtreight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commaundement.

41.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt:

---

[q] *Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie.*] "Safety" is one of the words which our old poets ſometimes, as here, employed as three ſyllables, and at other times as two. Of this circumſtance we have had previous examples in Spenſer. C.

For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infeſt;
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous ſkill.

42.

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weepe and pray,
And when her liſted ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

43.

Whether ſuch grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learnd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her huſbands peace:
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſſe:

44.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth to follow his firſt enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
doe gaine their treaſons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes puniſhment
for Loves diſdaine decreed.

1.

LIKE as the gentle hart it ſelfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even ſo the baſer mind it ſelfe diſplayes
In cancred malice and revengefull ſpight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' uſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;[a]
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcovering his baſe kind.

2.

That well appears in this diſcourteous knight,

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[a] *a vile donghill mind.*] He uſes the ſame phraſe, F. Q. iii. x. 15 [vol. iii. p. 25]. So likewiſe in "An Hymne [in honour of] Love:"—
"His *dunghill* thoughts which do themſelves enure
"To durtie droſſe—"
And in "Tears of the Muſes" [Erato]:—
"Ne ever dare their *dunghill* thoughts aſpire."
And ſo Chaucer, "Aſſembly of Fowles:"—
"Now fie churle (quoth the gentle Tercelet)
"Out of the *dunghill* came that word aright." T. Warton.

The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, ſo ſoone as he was out of vew,
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

3.

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deſcryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

4.

To whom falſe Turpine comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtraunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie ſhent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5.

The knights beleev'd that all he ſayd was trew;
And being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:

Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?"

6.

"He rides" (ſaid Turpine) "there not farre afore,
With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde;[b]
That, if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

7.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "Falſe traytour knight!
Foule womanwronger!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heavenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

8.

But th' other, ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhivered quite,
And ſcattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre,

---

[b] *With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde.*] We do not here vary from the old text, becauſe "ſoft footing" is not only intelligible but highly appropriate: nevertheleſs Drayton, in his folio 1611, has "*faſt* footing," and the error was undoubtedly eaſy to be committed. We have had the ſame expreſſion on p. 85 of this vol. C.

Full on his bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele, through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

9.

As when a caſt of Faulcons[c] make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th' other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

10.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recovering was return'd to fight,
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmal ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight;
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he deſynd.

11.

Not ſo the Prince; for his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſes backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.

---

[c] *As when a caſt of Faulcons.*] A "caſt" of falcons is a *couple* of hawks. CHURCH. So Sidney, in his "Arcadia," p. 108—"A *caſt* of merlins." UPTON. In Middleton's "Michaelmas Term," A. ii. Sc. 3, we have "a caſt of manchets," meaning two ſmall loaves; and in his "Spaniſh Gipſy," A. ii. Sc. 2, "a caſt of hawks," which Nares, apparently not underſtanding, calls "a flight of hawks." C.

Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

12.

The fearfull ſwayne beholding death ſo nie
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to ſave;
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus ſaid he: "There is a ſtraunger knight,
The which, for promiſe of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might."

13.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd: "Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other ſoone ſhall die,
Unleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him where ſo he were would ſeeke.

14.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtreightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;[d]
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore;
Yet thus at length he ſaid: "How now, Sir knight,

---

[d] *where Turpine late he lore.*] i. e. late he *left*, or, more ſtrictly, *loſt:* A. S. *leoran*, to loſe. C.

What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earſt ye ſeem'd in fight?"

15.

" Perdie," (ſaid he) " in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taſke as life for hyre to ſell;
The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake:
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have,[e] that life ſo dearely did redeeme."

16.

" But where then is" (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That curſed caytive, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"[f]
" He lyes" (ſaid he) " upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound."

17.

Thereof falſe Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine;
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde.

---

[e] *I yearned have.*] I have *gained* or *deſerved.* TODD. To *earn* is ſtill pronounced *yearn* in the provinces; and ſee vol. ii. p. 141, the note upon the expreſſion " ſtill did erne," where " erne" means *long for.* The words, if not the ſame, which ſeems probable, were frequently confounded both by writers and ſpeakers. C.

[f] *which halfe it ought.*] *Owned,* had a right to. CHURCH. In vol. i. p. 240 we have " ought" uſed exactly in the ſame way; and in vol. ii. pp. 231, 353, " ought" is put for *owed.* C.

So as they rode he ſaw the way all dyde
With ſtreames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde[g]
That other ſwayne, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18.

Much did the Craven ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.[h]
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſely diſplayd upon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweete ſleepe that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

19.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had layd to reſt,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Feareleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whyles his ſalvage page, that wont be preſt,[i]
Was wandred in the wood another way,

---

[g] *whereas in evill tyde.*] Todd printed "whenas" for *whereas*, and miſled all who have followed his text—not Prof. Child in his edit. Boſton, 1855. C.

[h] *For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.*] This is Chaucer's frequent obſervation, "Kn. Tale," ver. 1763:—

"For pite renneth ſone in gentil hert."

Again, "Squ. Tale," ver. 499:—

"That pite rennith ſone in gentil hert."

Again, "Merch. Tale," ver. 1502:—

"Lo! pite rennith ſone in gentil hert." UPTON.

[i] *that wont be preſt.*] That was *accuſtomed* to be *ready*. Warton here collected many inſtances where the word "preſt" occurs in old poets, from Chaucer downwards: we have already had it repeatedly in Spenſer, and in ſome caſes we have thought an additional note needleſs, after what is ſaid in vol. ii. p. 226. It is from the Fr. *prêt* (or as it was anciently ſpelt, *preſt*), and it means *ready*, ("preſt" is a loan of *ready* money) and is not an abbreviation of *preſent*. C.

To doe ſome thing that ſeemed to him beſt;
The whyles his Lord in ſilver ſlomber lay,
Like to the Evening ſtarre adorn'd with deawy ray.

20.

Whom when as Turpin ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had ſayd;
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and livelihead:
Whereat much griev'd againſt that ſtraunger knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would have backe retyred from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

21.

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where ſo he went,
Till that he him delivered to his puniſhment.

22.

He, therewith much abaſhed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray unto a ſtraunger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

23.

Natheleſſe, for all his ſpeach the gentle knight

Would not be tempted to ſuch villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie:
Great ſhame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whyleſt they were debating diverſlie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he ſleeping vew'd.

24.

There when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neare him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet, great ſtore of forreſt frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himſelfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternely ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

25.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he ſpyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He ſtarted up; and ſnatching neare his ſyde
His truſtie ſword, the ſervant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him ſayd,
But holding up his hands with ſilence mercie prayd.

26.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſervile yoke that nobler harts repine:
Then, letting him ariſe like abject thrall,

He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And laſtly to deſpoyle of knightly bannerall.[k]

27.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How ever they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her ſide did paſſe.

28.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire[l]
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle ſquire.

29.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthie thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright;

---

[k] *knightly bannerall.*] A little *flag*; "a penon worne on the top of a launce, by a horſeman that would be gallant." Cotgrave in v. *Banderolle.* It is written in old French *bannerolle.* So in the "Cronicque du petit Saintre," fol. xli. "Il baiſſa ſa *bannerolle*, &c." Todd.

[l] *did kindle lovely fire.*] i. e. the fire of love—"lovely" for *loving*, as in many other places. C.

For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe that ſerved is of nobleſt knight.

30.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all love deſpize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that liſt their luckleſſe lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her owne delight.

31.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languiſh long in lifeconſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die:
Whyleſt ſhe, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or ſave or ſpill whom ſhe would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

32.

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide:[m]
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,

---

[m] *of no man mercifide.*] Of no man *compaſſionated* or *pitied*. The word has been found in no other author; but as Spenſer employs it, Richardſon moſt properly included it in his Dictionary. C.

Unto the which all lovers doe reſort,
That of their loves ſucceſſe they there may make report;

33.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red
In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled:
Which when as Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes[n] to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

34.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſervice to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld ſtreight

---

[n] *He bad his eyes*, &c.] Cupid is blind or not, as occaſion ſerves. See F. Q. iii. xii. 23 [vol. iii. p. 70]. And now, as he keeps his court on St. Valentine's Day, it is requiſite he ſhould reconnoitre his ſervants. Chaucer has a poem entitled "The Court of Love:" ſee Urry's edit. p. 560. And this poem perhaps gave Spenſer the hint of Cupid's court on Valentine's Day. In Chaucer's "Court of Love" there are many ſhadowed perſons and poetical beings introduced; as here *Infamy*, and *Deſpight*, and a bailiff-errant named *Portamore*, ſo named from carrying the meſſages and orders of Love. It ſeems proper here to obſerve that Spenſer wrote a poem called "The Court of Cupid," which is mentioned by E. K. in his Epiſtle to Gabriel Harvey, prefixed to Spenſer's Paſtorals. This poem, I believe, was never publiſhed; but Spenſer has introduced it here, new-modelled and adapted to his Fairy Tale. UPTON. Before the time of Spenſer, viz. in 1557, a work was printed called "The Court of Venus," a fragment of which, in a later edition, has been preſerved. It was ſo popular that, to counteract its bad effects, a perſon of the name of Hall publiſhed "The Court of Virtue" in 1564, while, two years afterwards, Thomas Bryce put forth what he called "The Court of Venus Moralized." Theſe have not ſurvived, and all we know of them is from entries in the Regiſters of the Stationers' Company. See Extracts, &c. printed by the Shakeſpeare Society in 1848, vol. i. pp. 13, 103, 165. What reſemblance any of them bore to Spenſer's "Court of Cupid," of courſe, we have no means of aſcertaining. C.

T' enquire of them, whether by force, or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd?
To whom foule Infamie and fell Deſpight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

35.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure wild a Capias
Should iſſue forth t' attach that ſcornefull laſſe.
The warrant ſtraight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He which doth ſummon lovers to loves judgement hall.

36.

The damzell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Unto the barre whereas ſhe was arrayned;
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought,
Even for ſtubborne pride which her reſtrayned.
So judgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like: which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which love before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe; and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie! to abate the extremitie of law.

37.

The ſonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd
But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe,°
Unto her prayers piteouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe

° *But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe.*] That is, *except* where he is provoked by perverſeneſs of the party offending. CHURCH. "Peeviſh," in the time of Spenſer, uſually meant *fooliſh*; and "peeviſhneſſe," *folly*, or *fooliſhneſs*. C.

He unto her a penance did impoſe,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many loves as ſhe did loſe.

38.

So now ſhe had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet had ſhe not in all theſe two yeares ſpace
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Throgh her diſpiteous pride, whileſt love lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me! how could her love make half amends therefore?

39.

And now ſhe was uppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane[p]
With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make: And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands uncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

40.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to uſe;
For both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beate and bruſe:

---

p *that mighty man did her demeane.*] The "mighty man" is Diſdain; but when Church tells us that "demeane" here only means *treated* her, it may be doubted whether the word is not uſed, in the diſtreſs of the rhyme, for *degraded* or *diſgraced*. C.

But moſt the former villaine,[q] which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who, though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead:

41.

For he was ſterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Gyant monſtruous:
For ſooth he was deſcended of the hous
Of thoſe old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the heaven in order battailous;
And ſib to great Orgolio, which was ſlaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine.[r]

42.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pryde;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a Crane, did ſtryde
At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie:
And, all the way he went, on every ſyde
He gaz'd about and ſtared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight

---

[q] *But moſt the former villaine.*] The *foremoſt* villain who led the horſe: ſo in C. xii. St. 29 of this Book "former" is again uſed for *foremoſt* where a beaſt's "former pawes" are mentioned. See alſo Shakeſpeare's "Julius Cæſar," A. v. Sc. 1, where "former enſign" means "*foremoſt* enſign." C.

[r] *when as Unas Knight he did maintaine.*] Referring to the time when Arthur maintained the cauſe of Una's knight, St. George. Drayton, in his folio 1611, altered "knight" to *right* with ſome plauſibility, but, ſurely, without neceſſity. C.

But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton,[s] he was ſtraungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

44.

This was Diſdaine, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, where ſhe would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was Scorne; who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks;[t] and ſtill, when ſhe complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip[u]
To ſee her ſore lament and bite her tender lip.

---

[s] *Upon checklaton.*] Chaucer, in his "Rime of Sir Thopas," ver. 13664: "His robe was of *ciclatoun*." The gloſſaries ſuppoſe this word to be compounded of *cheke* and *latoun*, a ſpecies of baſe metal like gold; but it ſeems rather to be merely a corruption of the Fr. *ciclaton*, which originally ſignified *a circular robe of ſtate*, from the Gr. Lat. *cyclas*; and afterwards *the cloth of gold*, of which ſuch robes were generally made. Du Cange in v. *Cyclas* has produced inſtances enough of both ſenſes. Tyrwhitt. In the laſt edition of Nares's Gloſſary, by Wright and Halliwell, 8vo. 1859, under "Check-laton," we are told that "the word is derived from the Arabic, and ſignified originally a rich ſtuff which was brought from the Eaſt." The reſt of Spenſer's deſcription certainly accords with this ſtatement. C.

[t] *Her therewith yirks.*] "Yirk" is, in fact, the ſame as *yerk* and *jerk*, and means to *ſtrike*. Todd ſays that in "Henry V." A. iv. Sc. 7, to "yerk" is employed in the ſenſe of to *wince* or *kick*: it is doubtleſs there uſed for *kick*—"Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters"—but it does not mean to *wince*, which is to ſhrink from, as with a feeling of pain; and the words of Hamlet, "Let the galled jade wince," explain it: the lady it is here who winces under the infliction of the fool's whip. C.

[u] *and does her cloſely quip.*] And does her ſecretly or ſlyly *taunt* or *jeer*. Robert Greene, Spenſer's contemporary, wrote a tract which he

45.

Whoſe cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villaines her ſo vildely uſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe
As ſuch a Lady ſo to beate and bruſe;
But to him ſtepping ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That forſt him th' halter from his hand to looſe,
And maugre all his might backe to relent:
Elſe had he ſurely there bene ſlaine, or fowly ſhent.

46.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered him ſelfe together ſoone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him ſo dreadfully amaine,
That for his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To give him ground, and ſhift to every ſide,
Rather than once his burden to ſuſtaine:[x]
For bootleſſe thing him ſeemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puiſſaunce of his pride.

47.

Like as a Maſtiffe having at a bay
A ſalvage Bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſperate daunger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,

---

called "A Quip for an Upſtart Courtier," and it was firſt printed in 1592. The uſe of the word "quip" in this way was then very uſual, and even in our own day Joſeph Ritſon wrote what he called "A Quip modeſt," in which he fell foul of Reed's reprint of Steevens' Shakeſpeare. "Quip" probably has its origin in *whip*; and *quibble*, properly *quipple*, is perhaps its diminutive. C.

[x] *his burden to ſuſtaine.*] That is, his *club*. So Chaucer, in deſcribing the Giant Daunger, "Rom. R." 3401:—

"And in his hand a grete *bourdoun*."

G. Douglas tranſlates Virgil, Æn. x. 318, "Sternentes agmina *clava*," "That with his *burdon* all the routis dang." Ital. *bordone*, Fr. *bourdon*. Upton. "Burden" may here be uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. C.

To ſpy where he may ſome advauntage get,
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his diſdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

48.

Natheleſſe ſo ſharpely ſtill he him purſewd,
That at advantage him at laſt he tooke,
When his foote ſlipt, (that ſlip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him ſtrooke;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him faſt: Tho, when he up did looke
And ſaw him ſelfe captiv'd, he was diſmayd,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd.

49.

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes[y]

---

[y] *with bitter mockes and mowes.*] "Mocks" and "mowes" ſeem to imply inſults by *diſtortions of the countenance;* or, as we ſay vulgarly, *making mouths* at one. So in our old tranſlation of the Pſalms, Pſ. xxxv. 15: "The very abjects came together againſt me unawares, *making mows* at me, and ceaſed not." And the word "mows" is preſerved as late as in the Cambridge quarto edition of the Common Prayer Book, printed in 1683. In works ſubſequent to the "Faerie Queene" we find the combination *mops* and *mowes;* as in Shakeſpeare's "Tempeſt" [A. iii. Sc. 3], where the "ſhapes dance with *mops* and *mowes*," which Mr. Malone vindicates as the true reading, conſidering *mocks*, the reading of the old copy of that play, as a manifeſt error of the preſs. Yet, we ſee, the authority of Spenſer here would have ſupported "MOCKS and *mows*." However, Shakeſpeare uſes *mop* and *mow* again [in the ſame play, A. iv. Sc. 1]. And thus B. Rich, in his "Faults and Nothing but Faults," 1606, p. 7, ſpeaking of a fantaſtic: "I beleeue hee hath robd a Jackanapes of his jeſture; marke but his counte-

He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words ſharpely wound,[z] but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

50.

The faire Serena, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that villaines club, then ſurely thought
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeede ſhe mought
To ſeeke for ſafety; which long time ſhe ſought,
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to Calepine was brought:
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further ſay.[a]

---

nance; ſee how hee *mops* and how he *mowes*, and how he ſtraines his lookes." Again, in John Taylor's "Wit and Mirth," 1629, Tale 101. TODD. We apprehend that "mop" is only a corruption of *mock*, and "mow" of *mouth*. C.

[z] *Words ſharpely wound.*] So all the editions. The oppoſition is between *blows* and *words*. I incline to think Spenſer gave, "*Swords* ſharpely wound, &c." See the like ſentiment, F. Q. iv. iv. 4 [vol. iii. p. 143]. CHURCH. If Church's reference prove anything, it is that "words" is right; and Drayton ſuggeſts no alteration, although in his folio 1611 he marked the line, moſt likely, as an axiom. C.

[a] *I doe further ſay.*] It is ſtrange to ſee even a commentator thinking a note required to explain the word "ſay," and to tell the reader that it means *relate*. Upton, however, would perverſely take it as *aſſay*. It is put rather for *narrate* than *relate*. C.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Diſdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

1.

YE gentle Ladies, in whoſe ſoveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the ſame doe uſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Leaſt, if men you of cruelty accuſe,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuſe.

2.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Enſample take of Mirabellaes caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

3.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to releaſe or mollify,
For aye the more that ſhe did them entreat,
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

4.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having ſubdew'd yet did to life reſtore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

5.

The Squire him ſelfe, when as he ſaw his Lord
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe in place,
Was much aſham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee or to be ſeene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

6.

And to the Prince thus ſayd: "See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that ever eye yet ſaw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abuſde againſt all reaſon and all law,

Without regard of pitty or of awe?
See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,
I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame aſſoile."

7.

The Prince aſſented; and then he, ſtreight way
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approching thus he gan to ſay:
" Abide, ye caytive treachetours[a] untrew,
That have with treaſon thralled unto you
Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
And now your crime with cruelty purſew!
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
Or elſe abide the death that hard before you ſtands."

8.

The villaine ſtayd not aunſwer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe unto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay,
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky:
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death; but lightly ſlipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny:

---

[a] *ye caytive treachetours.*] *Traitors.* Chaucer uſes "treachour" in this ſenſe, which word is alſo employed by Spenſer. "Treachetour" ſomewhat reſembles the word *tregetour*, a name formerly applied to magicians, i.e. to that kind of them who were ſkilled in ſleight of hand, &c. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on *tregetoures*, Chaucer's "Cant. T." 11453, where he ſays:—"The Gloſſary derives 'tregetour' from the Barb. Lat. *tricator*; but the derivatives of that family are *tricheur*, *tricherie*, *trick*, &c. Nor can I find the word 'tregetour' in any language but our own. It ſeems clearly to be formed from *treget*, which is frequently uſed by Chaucer for *deceit*, *impoſture*." Todd. Shakeſpeare once employs the word *treacher*, as if it meant *tricker*, coupling it with "knaves" and "thieves:" ſee "King Lear," A. i. Sc. 2. C.

9.

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved him ſelfe but that he there him ſlew;
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who therewith fleſht upon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke thought certainely
To have ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the uſury.

10.

But Fortune aunſwerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebeaten backe upon himſelfe againe,
He driven was to ground in ſelfe deſpight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

11.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and whileſt on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him[b] any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them tow[c] and tame their corage ſtout.

---

[b] *So as he could not weld him.*] *Wield*, direct or manage *himſelf* any way: *him* for *himſelf* is frequent in Spenſer. UPTON.

[c] *Threatning to yoke them tow.*] So Spenſer here ſpells *two*, and it was not unprecedented with our elder poets: it was ſubſequently printed *two*, and ſo Todd gave it without remark. The "tow" are Enias and Timias, whom the fool threatened to yoke upon equal terms. C.

12.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde
By ſtrength have overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:[d]
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare;
And, buckling ſoone him ſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to ſave his friend from jeopardy.

13.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,[e]
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

14.

But yet the Prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.

---

[d] *the buxome yoke to beare.*] i. e. the *obedient* yoke, or yoke of *obedience* to bear. We have already met with "buxome and bent" in the "Shep. Cal." (vol. i. p. 107), and it means, according to its etymology, *boughſome*, or capable of being *bent* like a *bough*. It is a frequent epithet with Spenſer: ſee vol. ii. pp. 370, 415, &c. We now apply the word ſomewhat differently. C.

[e] *And with his club him all about ſo bliſt.*] *Wounded;* from the Fr. *bleſſer*. The word is ſpelt *bliſt* for the ſake of the rhyme. See Cotgrave's expoſition of *bleſſer*, viz. "to wound or hurt, whether by a bloudwipe, dry blow, or bruiſe, &c." Todd.

At laſt the caytive, after long diſcourſe,[f]
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoyded quite,
Reſolved in one t' aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

15.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre
Thought ſure have pownded him[g] to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire;
For ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

16.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare,
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he aſſayd to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

17.

Eftſoones the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept,
And leaſt he ſhould recover foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept.
Which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine;
"Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight! for love of God abſtaine
From that unwares[h] ye weetleſſe doe intend;

---

[f] *after long diſcourſe.*] After *ſhifting ground* and *traverſing to and fro.* Lat. *diſcurſus.* JORTIN.

[g] *have pownded him.*] So Spenſer in his edit. 1596. The folios [more correctly, perhaps, from the A. S. *punian*], *powned.* CHURCH.

[h] *From that unwares*, &c.] This emendation, made by the firſt folio

Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine,
For more on him doth then him ſelfe depend:
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

18.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to arize;
But ſtill ſuppreſſing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,
Yet heavens them ſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

19.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, a while ſhe ſtayd;
Till the ſharpe paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd:
"Nor heavens, nor men, can me, moſt wretched mayd,
Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
The which the God of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and blooſme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleaſde each living ſight,
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſervice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſight,
And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew,
Complayning out on me that would not on them rew.

---

is followed by every ſubſequent edition. Spenſer, by an apparent error of the preſs, reads, "*For* that, &c." Todd.

21.

" But let them love that liſt, or live or die,
Me liſt not die for any lovers doole;
Ne liſt me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that liſt to play the foole:
To love my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine;
But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

22.

" For loe! the winged God that woundeth harts
Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure[i] this penaunce ſore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and Scorne, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I have ſav'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay."

23.

" Certes," (ſayd then the Prince) " the God is juſt,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile;
For were no law in love, but all that luſt
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?"

---

[i] *Addeem'd me to endure.*] *Adjudged* me to endure: to " deem " in the ſenſe of to *doom*, or to *decide*, is not unuſual in many authors, but in none but Spenſer have we met with it with the prefix: he has alſo *addoom*. Shakeſpeare uſes " deem " for *opinion*: " Troilus and Creſſida," A. iv. Sc. 4. C.

24.

"Here in this bottle" (ſayd the ſory Mayd)
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."

25.

The Infant hearkned[k] wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake him ſelfe on them that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he Diſdaine up to ariſe,
Who was not able up him ſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feare[l]
Was holpen up, who him ſupported ſtanding neare.

26.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with ſterne eye-browes ſtared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And ſtanding on his tiptoes, to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraized.

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[k] *The Infant hearkned.*] See vol. ii. p. 236, where, as here, the word "infant" means, and is to be underſtood as, *prince*. C.

[l] *his fooliſh feare.*] i. e. *fere*, *companion*. See vol. ii. p. 23, &c. C.

27.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or ſeene at all,
He from thoſe bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

28.

Meane while the Salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him, like a greedy kight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his fight;
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

29.

And ſure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt he did abſtaine ſtreight way,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay:
"Now, Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt have liberty ye may;
Unto your ſelfe I freely leave to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe villaines loſe."

30.

"Ah! nay, Sir Knight," (ſaid ſhe) "it may not be,
But that I needes muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Leaſt unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good will."

So humbly taking leave ſhe turnd aſide;
But Arthure with the reſt went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt, in which did him betide
A great adventure,[m] which did him from them devide.

31.

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:[n]
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two ſhe foure did read.[o]

32.

Through hils and dales, through buſhes and through breres,
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And ſitting downe her ſelfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

33.

And evermore ſhe blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;[p]

---

[m] *A great adventure.*] Of which, however, we receive no further information. See the note on F. Q. vi. iv. 38 [this vol. p. 107]. TODD.

[n] *to be to her inferd.*] *Brought upon* her; Lat. *infero*. CHURCH.

[o] *And every body two, and two ſhe foure did read.*] See Euripides, in Bacch. ver. 915. So Virgil, Æn. iv. 470:—

"Et ſolem geminum et duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas." UPTON.

[p] *of her wofull tine.*] Of her woful *ſorrow*; "tine" for *teen*: ſee vol. ii. pp. 73, 105, 439, &c. C.

For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her ſake
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

34.

Tho when as all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſſe her ſelfe adowne ſhe layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke her ſelfe to reſt:
There whileſt in Morpheus boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray
Unto a ſtrange miſchaunce that menac'd her decay.

35.

In theſe wylde deſerts where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them ſelves to any trade, as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And ſerve their owne neceſſities with others need.

36.

Thereto they uſde one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men whom they mote fynde,
And ſtraungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To ſeeke for booty, came by fortune blynde

Whereas this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all fearleſſe lay.

37.

Soone as they ſpide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongſt them ſelves; but when her face
Like the faire yvory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace
For joy of ſuch good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what courſe to take;
Whether to ſlay her there upon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

38.

The beſt advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For ſleepe, they ſayd, would make her battill better:[q]
Then when ſhe wakt they all gave one conſent
That ſince by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Unto their God they would her ſacrifize,
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſſe bloud, they would preſent;
But of her dainty fleſh they did devize
To make a common feaſt, and feed with gurmandize.

39.

So round about her they them ſelves did place
Upon the graſſe, and diverſely diſpoſe

---

[q] *would make her battill better.*] That is, *grow fatter.* To *battell* is to *grow* or *make fat.* CHURCH. The word "battil," or *battle,* is well known in the Univerſities for *to take up proviſions on the college account.* If originally as alms or allowance, it might be brought from the Germ. *bettein,* mendicare; but Skinner derives it from the Belg. *betalen,* ſolvere, numerare. It is uſed for to feed as cattle, and hence to grow fat; and in this laſt ſenſe here, unleſs we read *batten.* UPTON. Cotgrave, in his old French Dictionary, explains the word thus: "To *battle,* or get *fleſh;* and adds, "To *battle,* as ſchollers doe in Oxford. Eſtre debteur au College pour ſes vivres. *Mot uſé ſeulement des jeunes eſcoliers de l'Univerſité d'Oxford.*" See alſo Cotgrave in v. *Size.* TODD. Richardſon and Tooke connect "battil" with *bait.* C.

As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace:
Some with their eyes the dainteſt morſels choſe;[r]
Some praiſe her paps; ſome praiſe her lips and noſe;
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elboes bare:
The Prieſt him ſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowers, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

40.

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the braſen ſkies.
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud ſhe cries,
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

41.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And firſt they ſpoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongſt them they in pieces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
Each wiſheth to him ſelfe, and to the reſt envyes.

42.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaſter breſt;
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were
For love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;

---

[r] *the dainteſt morſels choſe.*] The folios alter "dainteſt," the word in the 4to. 1596, to *daintieſt;* but, as Todd obſerves, "dainteſt" is the ſuperlative degree of the adjective *daint*, and not of *dainty*. Spenſer has uſed it before. We have "daintie" in St. 43; for *daint*, ſee vol. i. p. 22. C.

Her tender ſides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did itſelfe uprere
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.

43.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villeins view'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelves devize
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure:
But them the Prieſt rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in meaſure.

44.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected
To ſlay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

45.

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Prieſt with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met:

Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud alarme.

46.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill
And ſhrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye underſtand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame evening fortune hether drove,
As he to ſeeke Serena through the woods did rove.

47.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
Had traveld ſtill on foot in heavie armes,[s]
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyle,[t]
Ne ought was feared[u] of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes
In which his love was loſt,[x] he ſlept full faſt;
Till, being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his arms ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

48.

There by th' uncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning ſight

---

[s] *in heavie armes.*] He had no arms when he purſued the bear, [this vol. p. 101,] and the wild man afterwards carries them away with him. CHURCH. Calepine's "arms" are again ſpoken of in the next ſtanza. C.

[t] *with his endleſſe toyle.*] "Toyle" is the emendation of the firſt folio, to which every ſubſequent edition has conformed. TODD. It is *toyles* in all copies of the 4to. 1596. C.

[u] *Ne ought was feared.*] That is, *frayed, affrighted,* on account of his certain harms. UPTON.

[x] *In which his love was loſt.*] Drayton reads, "In which his love was *toſt*" in his folio 1611: it may be right, but we follow the text of every old impreſſion. C.

Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongſt whom a woman ſpoyld of all attire
He ſpyde lamenting her unluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieved hart entire:
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loved life.

49.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And even as his right hand adowne deſcends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the reſt his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes ſuch havocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends:
The reſt, that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

50.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth ſitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,[y]
He firſt her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe,
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind;
But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him awhit thereto.

51.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,

---

[y] *what they ought by kind.*] i. e. what women *owned by nature*. It is "they" in the 4to. 1596, but *ſhe* in ſubſequent impreſſions. Spenſer is here referring to women in general, and to what had been given to them all by kind, or *nature*; and *ſhe* is hardly ſo proper, though poſſibly more ſtrictly grammatical than "they." As Upton remarks, the tranſition from ſingular to plural is eaſy, and at that period by no means unprecedented. C.

That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood.
So all that night to him unknowen ſhe paſt;
But day, that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another caſt.[z]

---

[z] *Ile keepe untill another caſt.*] But we hear no more of Calepine and Serena. Todd. "Caſt" is equivalent to *throw*, and *throw* to *time*. Upton.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibee,
and loves fayre Paſtorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

1.

NOW turne againe my teme, thou jolly ſwayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft;[a]
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt: that were too great a ſhame,
That ſo rich frute ſhould be from us bereft;
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame,
Which ſhould befall to Calidores immortall name.

2.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the Blatant beaſt; which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſt.
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt,

---

[a] *my coulter hath not cleft.*] Todd, in oppoſition to all the old editions, reads "*had* not cleft." C.

Through hils, through dales, throgh foreſts, and throgh
plaines,
In that ſame queſt which fortune on him caſt,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

3.

So ſharply he the Monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe, but natures dew,
For dread of daunger not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the citties courſed,
And from the citties to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,
And from the country back to private farmes he ſcorſed.[b]

4.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepherds ſinging to their flockes that fed
Layes of ſweete love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,
He followed faſt, and chaced him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe ſeat,
And to the litle cots, where ſhepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

5.

There on a day, as he purſew'd the chace,
He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes,[c]
Playing on pipes and caroling apace,

---

[b] *to private farmes he ſcorſed.*] To "ſcorſe" is to *exchange:* ſee vol. ii. p. 258: here it means only that Calidore preſſed the Blatant Beaſt ſo hard that he compelled him to *change* from the open country to incloſed farms. C.

[c] *a ſort of ſhepheard groomes.*] i. e. a *company* of ſhepherds: ſee vol. ii. p. 351, and many other places. C.

The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed,[d] and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet ſweating comes,
And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

6.

They anſwer'd him that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to ſend.
Then one of them, him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wiſe, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirſtie heat,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

7.

The knight was nothing nice where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what[e] as ſerves the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne.

---

[d] *The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes*
Beſide them fed.] Theſe verſes are a diſtant imitation of Chaucer. They are more immediately an imitation of himſelf in the "Shep. Cal." Febr. [vol. i. p. 23]:—

"So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
"Keeping your beaſtes in the budded broomes: . . . .
"And crowing in pypes made of greene corne:"

which are apparently an immediate imitation of theſe in Chaucer, "Houſe of Fame," ver. 133:—

"And many a floite, and litlyng horne,
"And pipis made of grene corne;
"As have theſe little herdegromes,
"That keepen beaſtis in the bromes." T. Warton.

[e] *Such homely what.*] *Fare, thing*, &c. So, in Chaucer's "Houſe of Fame," ver. 651, "Ne ellis *what* [nor *any thing* elſe] fro women ſent." And in the "Rom. R." 6737, "For to worchin as he had *what*," i. e. *wherewithal*. Upton.

Tho having fed his fill, he there beſyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
O ſundry flowres with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

8.

Upon a litle hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely laſſes; and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout,[f]
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly vew.

9.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well ſhapt in every lim,
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as ſome heavenly wight,
Did for their ſoveraine goddeſſe her eſteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayreſt Paſtorella her by name did hight.

10.

Ne was there heard,[g] ne was there ſhepheards ſwayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one

---

[f] *ſate in a rout.*] *Company.* Spenſer ſometimes uſes "rout" for a *rabble* or *tumultuous crowd;* but here it is no *noiſy* or *diſorderly meeting.* Compare Chaucer's "nine and twenty in a *compagnie,* that toward Canterbury wolden ride;" one of *which company,* the Reve, is thus deſcribed, Prol. 624:—

"And ever he rode the hindereſt of the *route.*"

Again, "March. Tale," 9424: "Of women many a *route.*" TODD.

[g] *Ne was there heard.*] "Heard" is for *heardman,* who attended cattle, as a "ſhepherd" attended ſheep: A. S. *heord.* C.

Burnt in her love, and with ſweet pleaſing payne
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone:
But moſt of all the ſhepheard Coridon
For her did languiſh, and his deare life ſpend;
Yet neither ſhe for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

11.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him ſeemed
So farre the meane of ſhepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone eſteemed,
He was unwares ſurpriſd in ſubtile bands
Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any ſkill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing ſtill on others ſtands.

12.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay
And ſate there ſtill, untill the flying day
Was farre forth ſpent, diſcourſing diverſly
Of ſundry things as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his ſpeach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

13.

By this the moyſtie night approching faſt
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged ſyre,
Whoſe ſilver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,

With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell riſe; the day did now expyre.

14.

He was, to weet, by common voice eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt Paſtorell,
An of her ſelfe in very deede ſo deemed;
Yet was not ſo; but, as old ſtories tell,[h]
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
And taking up, brought home, and nourſed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

15.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with ſeverall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whyleſt everie one with helping hands did ſtrive
Amongſt themſelves, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire Paſtorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon moſt helpe did give.

16.

But Melibœe (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,

---

[h] *but, as old ſtories tell,* &c.] See F. Q. iv. xii. 9. This ſtory of Paſtorella is founded on the old romance called "Doraſtus and Fawnia," from which Shakeſpeare borrowed the plan of his play called the "Winter's Tale." UPTON. Upton's reference to the F. Q. is an error, which we cannot ſet right. What he calls the romance of "Doraſtus and Fawnia" was originally entitled "Pandoſto, the Triumph of Time," when it was printed in 1588, and for many years afterwards: the author of it was Robert Greene, a celebrated poet, noveliſt and dramatiſt. C.

And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge then in the ſalvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wiſh, and home with him did go.

17.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt ſyre
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelfe till ſupper time befell;
By which home came the fayreſt Paſtorell,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde:
And ſupper readie dight they to it fell
With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

18.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his hoſt and his good wife;
And drawing thence his ſpeech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

19.

"How much" (ſayd he) "more happie is the ſtate
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe;
That certes I your happineſſe envie,
And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie."

20.

" Surely, my ſonne," (then anſwer'd he againe)
" If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having ſmall yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But doe my ſelfe with that I have content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21.

" Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to looſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.[i]
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father[k] daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praiſe th' Almighty that doth ſend it!

22.

" To them that liſt the worlds gay ſhowes I leave,
And to great ones ſuch follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themſelves doe drive
To ſad decay, that might contented live.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;

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[i] *And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.*] Almoſt literally from Horace:—

" Creſcentem ſequitur cura pecuniam." UPTON.

[k] *And my flockes father.*] This expreſſion is taken from the paſtoral poets: Ὦ τράγε, τᾶν λευκᾶν αἰγᾶν ἄνερ, Theocr. Id. viii. 49. " Vir gregis ipſe caper," Virgil, Ecl. vii. 7; and Spenſer again, " Shep. Cal." Feb. [vol. i. p. 25]:—

" Thy *flockes father* his corage hath loſt." UPTON.

But all the night in ſilver ſleepe I ſpend,
And all the day to what I liſt I doe attend.

23.

" Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the Doe,[1]
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay:
Another while I baytes and nets diſplay
The birds to catch, or fiſhes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every ſhade to reſt from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirſt my throte doth boyle.

24.

" The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And, leaving home, to roiall court I ſought,
Where I did ſell my ſelfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe as I never thought.

25.

" With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my ſelfe excluded
From native home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my ſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare:
Tho backe returning to my ſheepe againe,

---

[1] *Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the Doe.*] Here " practiſe" is uſed in the old ſenſe of *artfully to contrive.* At the ſame date " to convey" meant *to ſteal.* C.

I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

26.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was rapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeach, that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

27.

Yet to occaſion meanes to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his harts deſire,
He thus replyde: "Now ſurely, ſyre, I find,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Feareleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre
Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dread.

28.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongſt whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh the heaven ſo much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

29.

"In vaine" (ſaid then old Melibœ) "doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuſe,

Sith they know beſt what is the beſt for them;
For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they doe know each can moſt aptly uſe:
For not that which men covet moſt is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

30.

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,[m]
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore,
And other, that hath litle, aſkes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wiſe;
For wiſedome is moſt riches: fooles therefore
They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himſelfe his life may fortunize."[n]

31.

"Since then in each mans ſelf" (ſaid Calidore)
"It is to faſhion his owne lyfes eſtate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

---

[m] *It is the mynd that maketh good or ill.*] In theſe lines he plainly ſeems to have had his eye on thoſe exalted Socratic ſentiments which Juvenal has given us in the cloſe of his tenth Satire. The laſt-cited lines, in particular, point out to us the ſenſe in which Spenſer underſtood the two final controverted verſes of that Satire:—

"Nullum numen [abeſt] habes, ſi ſit prudentia; ſed *te*
"*Nos facimus fortuna deam*, cœloque locamus." T. WARTON.

[n] *his life may fortunize.*] A word of Spenſer's own [which no other writer has adopted]. See preceding ſtanza, line 9. CHURCH.

32.

" Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Beſides, for recompence hereof I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

33.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake: " Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;
But if ye algates covet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life that ſhepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread."

34.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Paſtorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

35.

But ſhe that never had acquainted beene
With ſuch quient uſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had ſuch knightly ſervice ſeene,
But being bred under baſe ſhepheards wings,

Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings[o]
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, ſhe did them all deſpize.

36.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himſelfe addreſt[p]
In ſhepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
In ſtead of ſteelehead ſpeare, a ſhepheards hooke;
That who had ſeene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benone ſought,[q]
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

37.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Paſtorella every day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,

---

[o] *But cared more for Colins carolings.*] Colin, or Colin Clout, was Spenſer's paſtoral and poetical name, vol. i. p. 118, &c.: we ſhall hear more regarding him and his "carolings" and piping hereafter. See St. 41 of the preſent, and St. 16 of the next Canto. C.

[p] *himſelfe addreſt.*] An unuſual application of the verb to "addreſs," which often (as in St. 40 of this Canto) means to *prepare*—here to *clothe*. Richardſon has pointed out an inſtance to the ſame effect in Biſhop Jewell's "Defence of the Apologie"—"Tecla ſometimes *addreſſed* herſelfe in mannes apparell." Chapman takes the ſame liberty. C.

[q] *When he the love of fayre Benone ſought*, &c.] This is the reading of the quarto and all the folios: Hughes printed it "Oenone," which is indeed right; and yet Spenſer, I believe, wrote *Benone*, for he loves to miſwrite proper names. As he corrupts the name of "Oenone" and writes *Benone*, ſo he corrupts the name of the *brook* near which Oenone was educated, and who was ſaid to be the daughter of a fountain, and writes it *Plexippus*. This is my real opinion of this very difficult paſſage. I formerly underſtood it otherwiſe: viz. that *Plexippus* was the ſame as *Hippocrene*; from πλήττω, ξω, *percutio*, and ἵππος, *equus*; imaging that this whole ſtory of Paris and the three goddeſſes which appeared on Mount Ida was invented by the drinkers of the fountain Hippocrene. UPTON.

Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke: love ſo much could.

38.

Which ſeeing Coridon, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtraungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harveſt ere it ripened were:
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Paſtorell to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did love a ſtranger ſwayne then him more dere.

39.

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was preſent, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other ſide, did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of jarre.

40.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels in the woods farre ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the beſt;
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt:

This newcome ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

41.

One day, when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And Calidore ſhould lead the ring, as hee
That moſt in Paſtorellaes grace did ſit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip cloſely bit.

42.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace:
And when as Paſtorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on Coridons in ſtead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

43.

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games and maiſteries to try,
They for their Judge did Paſtorella choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth ſtepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wreſtling game;
For he, through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great ſhame.

44.

But Calidore he greatly did miſtake,

For he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake;
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His deareſt joynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Paſtorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and ſaid he wonne it well.

45.

Thus did the gentle knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
For courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and favour. So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the ſeeds
Of perfect love did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruite of joy and bliſſe, though long time dearely bought.

46.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Paſtorell,
Which having got, he uſed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged ſo well,
That he, of all the reſt which there did dwell,[r]
Was favoured and to her grace commended.
But what ſtraunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

---

[r] *which there did dwell.*] So I read with the ſecond and third folios. Mr. Church follows the reading of Spenſer's own edition, "did *well*," and he explains it, *did ſtrive to recommend themſelves*. I am rather of opinion that "well" is an error of the preſs. Todd. There can be little doubt on the point: "did dwell," careleſsly pronounced, ſounds like *did well*; and one word ending with *d*, and the next beginning with the ſame letter, the old compoſitor was evidently confuſed, and miſprinted the paſſage. C.

CANTO X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Paſtorell is led
Into captivity.

1.

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheaſt
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore engrieved.

2.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine:
Another queſt, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,

Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaſte, and ſayling alwaies on the port.[a]

3.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe unto ſo low;
For who had taſted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which doe grow
Amongſt poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales[b]
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine that makes them looke aſkew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now, by courſe I will declare.

5.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whileſt his faire Paſtorella was elſewhere,

---

[a] *and ſayling alwaies on the port.*] "On the port," or *towards* the port, without arriving at it, is much more intelligible than "*in* the port," which was the reading of editions after the firſt of 1596, and which has been uſually adopted, without reaſon. C.

[b] *as there is ſet for ſtales.*] For *devices*, ſays Todd; but the meaning of "ſtales" here, and in the various quotations adduced by the commentators, is *decoys*, which were ſet "to entrap unwary fools." Thus in Robert Greene's "Mamillia," 1583 (not 1596, as given by Todd) —"That ſhe might not ſtrike at the *ſtale*, leſt ſhe were canvaſſed in the nets." The uſe of "ſtale" was ſometimes perſonal, and Shakeſpeare has it for *a wanton, a ſtalking-horſe, a pretext*. C.

He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To paſſe all others on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures ſkill
Devized to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.[c]

6.

It was an hill plaſte in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine;[d]
In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches ſung aloud;
And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majeſty and powre:

7.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged moſſe or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beaſtes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did ſit
In the woods ſhade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8.

And on the top thereof a ſpacious plaine

---

[c] *ſhe all the reſt did pill.*] She all the reſt did *rob*: to "pill" is to *plunder*, to *ſteal*: hence *pillage*; but the etymology is uncertain. Some have, improbably, traced it to the Greek, πιλεῖν, *denſare*. C.

[d] *Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine.*] This line ſhows how Spenſer relied upon the ear of his reader: otherwiſe, he might have written *ſdaine* for "diſdaine," (as he has done in ſome other places) and *the earth* for "th' earth." C.

Did ſpred it ſelfe, to ſerve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light;[e]
Ne ought there wanted which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale,
So pleaſauntly the hill with equall hight
Did ſeeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

9.

They ſay that Venus, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Her ſelfe to pleaſaunce, uſed to reſort
Unto this place, and therein to repoſe
And reſt her ſelfe as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport;
That even her owne Cytheron,[f] though in it
She uſed moſt to keepe her royall court,
And in her ſoveraine Majeſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde and thought unfit.

10.

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him ſeemed that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete faſt thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midſt a Shepheard piping he did ſee.

11.

He durſt not enter into th' open greene,

---

[e] *Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light.*] He ſeems to allude to the country ſport called "Priſon-baſe," or "Priſon-bars." UPTON.

[f] *That even her owne Cytheron.*] Critics have complained that Spenſer, like Chaucer, calls it "Cytheron," inſtead of *Cythera*. They alſo allege that he makes the ſecond ſyllable ſhort; but, as Church remarks, pronounce "even" as one ſyllable, and all is right. C.

For dread of them unwares to be deſcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were ſeene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them uneſpyde.
There he did ſee that pleaſed much his ſight,
That even he him ſelfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

12.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and ſing,
The whileſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

13.

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that ſame day
That Theſeus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them diſmay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams diſplay,
And is unto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent:

14.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell;
But ſhe that in the midſt of them did ſtand
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond that right well
Did her beſeeme: And ever, as the crew

About her daunſt, ſweet flowres that far did ſmell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But moſt of all thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

15.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all that Venus in her ſelfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed paravaunt,
Was ſhe to whom that ſhepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as never none.

16.

She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards laſſe,[g]
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly ſhepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whileſt they him daunſt about.
Pype, jolly ſhepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout:
Thy love is preſent there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunſt to be another Grace.

17.

Much wondred Calidore at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had never ſeene;
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene,
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.

---

g *She was, to weete, that jolly Shepheards laſſe.*] Colin Clout is Spenſer: this laſs, whom he ſo much praiſes and characteriſes in St. 25, images her whom he married, being forſaken by the fair Roſalind. Upton. Reſpecting Colin and Roſalind, ſee vol. i. pp. 108, 124, 126, &c. C.

Therefore, reſolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

18.

But ſoone as he appeared to their vew,
They vaniſht all away[h] out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All ſave the ſhepheard, who, for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no leſſe ſory wight
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19.

And, firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake:
"Haile, jolly ſhepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merrymake,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant playes?
Right happy thou that mayeſt them freely ſee!
But why, when I them ſaw, fled they away from me?"

20.

"Not I ſo happy," anſwerd then that ſwaine,
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them ſelves liſt ſo to grace."
"Right ſory I," (ſaide then Sir Calidore)
"That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace;
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
Tell me, what were they all whoſe lacke thee grieves ſo ſore?"

---

[h] *They vaniſht all away.*] Perhaps the alluſion is that Sir Philip Sidney, imaged in Calidore, drew Spenſer from his ruſtic muſe to court. UPTON. We are without direct evidence on the point. C.

21.

Tho gan that ſhepheard thus for to dilate:
" Then wote, thou ſhepheard, whatſoever thou bee,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, when ſo ſhe forth doth wend;
But thoſe three in the midſt doe chiefe on her attend.

22.

" They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Jove,[i]
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant grove,
As he, this way comming from feaſtfull glee
Of Thetis wedding with AEcidee,[k]
In ſommers ſhade him ſelfe here reſted weary:
The firſt of them hight mylde Euphroſyne,
Next faire Aglaia, laſt Thalia merry;
Sweete Goddeſſes all three, which me in mirth do cherry![l]

---

[i] *They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Jove,* &c.] What Spenſer here ſays of the Graces is from Heſiod and Seneca. See Heſiod, Theog. ver. 907. Τρεῖς δὲ οἱ Εὐρυνόμη Χαριτας τέκε, κ. τ. λ. And Seneca, " De Benef." i. 3:—" Num dicam quare tres Gratiæ, et quare ſorores ſint, &c." JORTIN. Compare Hygin. in Præfat. " Ex Jove et Eurynome Gratiæ," with the notes of the learned editor; and Natal. Comes, L. iv. C. 15. UPTON. Milton, in " L'Allegro," repreſents the Graces as the offspring of Venus and Bacchus. This mythology, as an ingenious critic on that paſſage obſerves, ſuits the nature of Milton's ſubject; but I cannot be perſuaded that ſuch a licence is allowable on any occaſion. See Eurynome mentioned in " Par. Loſt," B. x. l. 580. T. WARTON.

[k] *wedding with AEcidee.*] He ſhould have ſaid *Æacides*, but the rhyme would not admit it: perhaps *Æacidee;* but the old Engliſh poets took ſtrange liberties with proper names. Milton endeavours to juſtify this abuſe, unſucceſsfully, in my opinion. JORTIN. Chaucer, in his " Legend of Ariadne," affords a remarkable inſtance of this abuſe that Dr. Jortin complains of. Three ſeveral times, within the compaſs of forty lines, he tranſpoſes the letters which form the name " Ariadne," and, for the ſake of his rhyme, writes *Adriane.* CHURCH.

[l] *which me in mirth do cherry.*] For *cheriſh.* CHURCH. Poſſibly for *cheer*, or *encourage.* C.

23.

" Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or wellfavoured ſhow;
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curteſie:
They teach us how to each degree and kynde
We ſhould our ſelves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which ſkill men call Civility.

24.

" Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be;
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true, from covert malice free;
And eeke them ſelves ſo in their daunce they bore,
That two of them ſtill froward[m] ſeem'd to bee,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelfe afore;
That good ſhould from us goe, then come, in greater ſtore.

25.

" Such were thoſe Goddeſſes which ye did ſee;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote ſhe bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddeſſe graced
With heavenly gifts from heven firſt enraced?
But what ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the fourth with thoſe three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe;
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe:

---

[m] *That two of them ſtill froward.*] Here we reluctantly deſert the 4to. 1596, where what ought to be "froward" is miſprinted *forward* —the very reverſe of what muſt have been intended. "Froward," of courſe, is *from ward*, and it is put in oppoſition to "towards" in the next line. Some editors have adopted *forward*, and others "froward:" in the folio 1611 the word is, for the firſt time, "froward." C.

26.

" So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other leſſer lights in light excell;
So farre doth ſhe in beautyfull array
Above all other laſſes beare the bell:
Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

27.

" Another Grace ſhe well deſerves to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoveraine rare,
Firme Chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare:
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when ſhe is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

28.

" Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſky,
That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greateſt Majeſty!
Pardon thy ſhepheard, mongſt ſo many layes
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayſe;
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

29.

When thus that ſhepheard ended had his ſpeach,
Sayd Calidore: " Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſſe I made this luckeleſſe breach,
As now the authour of thy bale to be,

Thus to bereave thy loves deare ſight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that which I mote not ſee."
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

30.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which the Knight him ſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

31.

But that envenimd ſting, the which of yore
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart;
Which to recure no ſkill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breſt had bred his reſtleſſe paine;
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore flies from the maine.

32.

So, taking leave of that ſame gentle Swaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire Paſtorella did remaine:
To whome, in ſort as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply him ſelfe to donne[n]

---

[n] *apply him ſelfe to donne.*] To *do.* Chaucer uſes this orthography frequently, from the Anglo-Sax. *don*, to act, to do. See Somner. And thus Fairfax ["Godfrey of Bulloigne"], B. i. 70—"To *done* his lord's beheſt." UPTON. Spenſer only uſes "donne" for the rhyme's ſake. C.

All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;°
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

33.

And evermore the ſhepheard Coridon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the Shepheard ſtreight with jealouſie did frize.

34.

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident:
A Tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at Paſtorell her to ſurprize;
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.[P]

35.

Which Coridon firſt hearing ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but when he ſaw the feend,

° *voide of thoughts impure.*] It is *impare* in the 4to. 1596, but the rhyme corrects the miſprint. See "Troil. and Creſs." A. iv. Sc. 5. C.

P *to helpe her all too late.*] It was not "all too late," becauſe Paſtorella was reſcued; and Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, puts it, "to helpe *ere* all too late," i. e. to help her before it was too late. We have little doubt that *ere* was Spenſer's word, and that the old compoſitor, reading it with an aſpirate, printed "her" inſtead of *ere*. Nevertheleſs, the text of every early impreſſion may poſſibly be right, and we therefore do not alter it. C.

Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw ready now to rend
His loves deare ſpoile, in which his heart was prayde,[q]
He ran at him enraged, in ſtead of being frayde.

36.

He had no weapon but his ſhepheards hooke
To ſerve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, [he] it preſented[r]
Before the feete of the faire Paſtorell;
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

37.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement.

---

[q] *in which his heart was prayde.*] In which his own heart was *the prey:* ſo St. 40—"the which they then did *pray*," i. e. did *prey upon*. UPTON.

[r] *And hewing off his head, [he] it preſented.*] It does not appear how Calidore could have hewed off the beaſt's head, ſeeing, as Spenſer expreſsly tells us, that "he had no weapon." This difficulty does not ſeem to have preſented itſelf to the commentators, but they juſtly obſerve upon the deficiency of the line without the pronoun "he." Jortin and Upton would convert "head" into a diſſyllable, a proceſs to which it was never before ſubjected; while others, without authority, folio or 4to, have inſerted "he." We think the latter the eaſieſt, as well as the beſt, way of remedying the undoubted defect, and we place it between brackets. It deſerves remark that Drayton takes no notice of any ſuch omiſſion; but "*head*" was never pronounced *he-ad*. C.

Yet Calidore did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate and love from ſkill of any wight.[s]

38.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in cloſe felicity,
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of foule adverſity.

39.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)[t]
A lawleſſe people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never uſde to live by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepheards did invade;
And ſpoyld their houſes, and them ſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much diſorder.

40.

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,[u]
They ſpoyld old Melibee of all he had,

---

[s] *from ſkill of any wight.*] "Skill," from the A. S. *ſcylan*, means to *ſeparate* and *diſtinguiſh*, and the ſubſtantive, of old, was not unfrequently employed, as here, for *knowledge:* "from ſkill of any wight" is therefore from the acquaintance of any perſon. We have "ſkill" (with the epithet "wily,") for *knowledge* in F. Q. B. i. C. xii. St. 34; vol. ii. p. 78. This ſenſe of the word was not uncommon. C.

[t] *as was his trade.*] As was his *courſe, practice*, or *cuſtom:* from A. S. *traedan*, figuratively applied. C.

[u] *which they then did pray.*] *Made a prey of.* See St. 35. CHURCH.

And all his people captive led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faire Paſtorella, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that ever ſight,[x]
Now made the ſpoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

41.

With them alſo was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by thoſe theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

42.

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote diſcover
For the thicke ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkeneſſe dred and daily night did hover[y]
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,[z]

---

[x] *that ever ſight.*] That ever *did ſigh*, or *grieve*, as Spenſer elſewhere uſes it. Todd. Here and elſewhere Todd printed "ſight" with an apoſtrophe, *ſigh't*; but it does not ſo ſtand in the original: it is, however, a matter of ſmall importance. C.

[y] *and daily night did hover.*] Church would here ſubſtitute the epithet *deadly* for "daily," apparently not perceiving that what Spenſer meant was that even *during the day* it was night in the brigand's cave. Todd thought Church's note worth preſerving. C.

[z] *nor with lover.*] Or *loover*; Fr. *louver*. A place to let in light on the top of a houſe, ſuch as is on dove-houſes. Church. Fr. *l'ouverte*, from *ouvrer*, to open. Upton.

But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene as felt.[a]

43.

Hither thoſe Brigants brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, ſo ſoone as they convenient may,
For ſlaves to ſell them for no ſmall reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now when faire Paſtorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly theeves, ſhe thought her ſelf in hell,
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſſe dwell.

44.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there ſhe made,
Where day and night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched life ſhut up in deadly ſhade,
And waſte her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of ſunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;[b]

---

[a] *A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene as felt.*] After this manner Milton, "Par. L." B. ii. 406:—

"And through the *palpable obſcure* find out
"His uncouth way."

But the phraſe is founded on the following expreſſion of Scripture: "And the Lord ſaid unto Moſes, Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkneſs over the land of Egypt, even *darkneſs* which may be *felt*." [Exod. x. 21, 22.] It is rendered by the Septuagint ψηλαφήτον σκότος. The like expreſſion occurs in Hobbes: "To this *palpable darkneſs* I might add the ambiguous obſcurity of expreſſion more than is perfectly conceived." Anſwer to Gondibert's Pref. 1650, p. 137. T. Warton.

[b] *with comfort glade.*] *Make glad* [or *gladden*], as in Chaucer's "Nonnes Pr. Prol." 14817, edit. Tyrwhitt:—

"Telle us ſwiche thing, as may our hertes *glade*." Todd.

And what befell her[c] in that theeviſh wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

---

[c] *And what befell her,* &c.] This is the correction of the firſt folio, to which every ſubſequent edition has attended, except that of 1751, in which Spenſer's own reading, "*But* what," &c. is followed. TODD. It has been uſual to print from "Where day and night," down to "with comfort glade," in parentheſis; but ſuch is not the caſe with the poem as, we may preſume, it came from Spenſer's pen, and as we find it printed in the edition 4to. 1596, which moſt of the commentators ſuppoſe to have been ſuperviſed by the poet. The ſtanza muſt, however, be ſo read, as will at once be perceived, for the ſenſe runs on from the end of the ſecond to the beginning of the eighth line. C.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibee is ſlaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

1.

THE joyes of love, if they ſhould ever laſt
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchedneſſe:
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Paſtorell,[a] of whom is now my ſong:

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[a] *Faire Paſtorell,* &c.] The diſtreſs of Paſtorell is certainly ſomewhat ſimilar to that of Arioſto's Iſabel, who is ſeized by certain outlaws or pirates, and impriſoned in a cave, in order to be ſold for a ſlave, C. xii. St. 91, ſeq. But this paſtoral part of the "Faerie Queene" ſeems to have been occaſioned by Sidney's "Arcadia," and in conformity to

Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd
Amongſt thoſe theeves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who ſo heares her heavineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

3.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unreſt,
It ſo befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day, as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Faire Paſtorella, whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

---

the common faſhion of the times, which abounded in paſtoral poetry. Hence our author, in his "Tears of the Muſes [Euterpe]:"—

"Our pleaſant groves which planted were with paines,
"That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
"And arbors ſweet in which the Shepherd ſwaines
"Were *wont ſo oft their* PASTORALS *to ſing*,
"They have cut downe, and all their pleaſaunce mard,
"That now *no paſtoral* is to be hard."

And Hall, in the Prologue to his "Satires," publiſhed in 1597:—

"Would yee but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
"Pan's ſeven-fold pipe, ſome *plaintive* PASTORAL;
"To teach each hallowed grove, and ſhrubbie hill,
"Each murmuring brook, and ſolitarie vale,
"To ſound our love, and to our ſong accord,
"Wearying echo with one changeleſſe word."

And, in the firſt Satire, he declares that he cannot follow the faſhionable cant of the times:—

"Nor under everie bank, and everie tree,
"Speake rimes unto mine oaten minſtralſie."

The Miſcellanies of Queen Elizabeth's age, and of the following reign, are filled with this ſpecies of poetry. T. WARTON. Warton's firſt quotation from Hall is from the "Defiance to Envy," and not from the Prologue to his Satires. C.

4.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him ſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

5.

But all that ever he could doe or ſay
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

6.

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or frend,
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her joyance ſhould obtaine:

But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favours gaine,
That further then ſhe willing was he preſt,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickeneſſe which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

8.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approch to her in privity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy;
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her ſickeneſſe was not of the body, but the mynde.

9.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchants,[b] which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this Iſle, though bare and blunt,[c]
T' inquire for ſlaves; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame theeves at the inſtant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patients ſide with ſorrowfull regret.

10.

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondſlaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.

---

[b] *a ſort of merchants.*] A *company* of traders, as often before: ſee alſo this Canto, St. 17. C.

[c] *though bare and blunt.*] Though barren and *uncivilized.* So, in his "Shep. Cal." Sept. [vol. i. p. 106.]

"All for her ſhepheards bene beaſtly and *blont.*" CHURCH.

This their requeſt the Captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their juſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage not to be forſtalled.

11.

Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoyles had caught;
All which he to the marchants ſale did ſhowe:
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire ſhepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t' augment her price through praiſe of comlineſſe.

12.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the mayd of whom they ſpake
Was his owne purchaſe[d] and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe which did that conqueſt make:
Litle for him to have one ſilly laſſe;
Beſides, through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandiſe to paſſe:
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake ſhe was.

13.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,

---

[d] *Was his owne purchaſe.*] i. e. his own *booty*, as in vol. i. p. 216, and elſewhere frequently. C.

That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

14.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill; his love ſhould not be ſold;
The reſt take if they would; he her to him would hold.

15.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch injurie forbeare;
For that ſame mayd, how ever it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade doth ſweare
That who ſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

16.

Thus, as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,[e]
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,

---

[e] *ne leaving any balke.*] "Balke" is here uſed in the ſenſe of *balke* in agriculture, that is, a ridge of land between two furrows. *Ne leaving any balke*, i. e. leaving no ridges or furrows; making all even. UPTON.

And makes huge havocke; whiles the candlelight
Out quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight.

17.

Like a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray,
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

18.

But firſt of all their captives they doe kill,
Leaſt they ſhould joyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will:
Old Melibœ is ſlaine; and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

19.

But Paſtorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;[f]
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,

---

[f] *over her pretended.*] *Stretched* or *held* over her. This Latiniſm is to be found in Milton, but in a ſenſe ſomewhat different, "Par. Loſt," B. x. 872:—

—— "Leſt that too heavenly form, *pretended*
"To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them." T. Warton.

Ought we not here to read *protended?* in vol. ii. p. 383, we have "protenſe" in the 4to. 1590, which later impreſſions corrupt to *pretence*. To "pretend" in the time of Spenſer was to *intend*. C.

He at the length was ſlaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Paſtorell, who, with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie ſwound.

20.

There lay ſhe covered with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceaſſe;
And each to other calling did compell
To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cauſe of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well;[g]
And, lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many fone.

21.

Their Captaine there they cruëlly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a ſweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in foggie night.

22.

But when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe;
And wrought ſo well, with labour and long paine,

---

g *Thereto they all attonce agreed well.*] Todd, in order to ſhow that the word "agreed" was to be pronounced as three ſyllables, printed it *agreëd*; but ſurely needleſsly, ſince the meaſure in ſuch caſes ſpeaks for itſelf: nobody, with an ear, can read the line otherwiſe. C.

That they to life recovered her at laſt:
Who ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaſt.

23.

There ſhe beheld, that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her ſelfe ſole left a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe, that having ſaved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe Brigants her did keepe.

24.

But when they ſaw her now reliv'd againe,[h]
They left her ſo, in charge of one, the beſt
Of many worſt, who with unkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt;
Scarſe yeelding her due food or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore where we him found.

25.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheards cottage ſpoyled quight,

---

[h] *they ſaw her now reliv'd againe.*] This is Spenſer's own reading, to which the edition of 1751, Church, and Upton, conform. The reſt read *reviv'd;* which error they have before committed, conſidering it, however, no doubt, as an emendation, although Spenſer has repeatedly uſed *relived.* See F. Q. i. ix. 52; iii. iv. 35; iii. viii. 3. Todd. In Todd's firſt reference (ſee vol. ii. p. 19) "reliv'd" is miſprinted *reliev'd* in all the folios: in his ſecond reference (ſee vol. ii. p. 416) it is "relyv'd" in every old impreſſion; and in his third inſtance (ſee vol. ii. p. 487) "reliv'd" was again converted into *reliev'd.* C.

And his love reft away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight;
That even his hart, for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being otherwhere.

26.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine:
He ſought the woods, but no man could ſee there;
He ſought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waſte and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27.

At laſt, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunſt one comming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upſtaring hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive by ſignes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the ſilly ſhepherds hynd.

28.

Tho to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſkt where were the reſt?
Where Paſtorell?—Who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt,
And up to heaven his eyes faſt ſtreming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not reſt,

But aſkt againe, what ment that rufull hew?
Where was his Paſtorell? where all the other crew?

29.

"Ah, well away!" (ſayd he, then ſighing ſore)
"That ever I did live this day to ſee,
This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
Before I ſaw faire Paſtorella dye."
"Die? out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou, ſhepheard, read what deſtiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell."

30.

Tho when the Shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began: "Where ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe Brigants vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire Paſtorell ſhould have bene ſold
To marchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence;
Or how thoſe theeves, whileſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31.

"In that ſame conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whoſe heavy tydings now I have to tell.
Firſt all the captives, which they here had hent,[i]
Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament;
But when the lot to Paſtorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, and did her death forſtall.

---

[i] *which they here had hent.*] "Hent" is *taken:* ſee vol. ii. p. 108, &c. A note here is ſcarcely required. C.

32.

" But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boot: needs mote ſhe die at laſt.
I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
Of cryes and clamors which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſſe dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
Deſpoyled of thoſe joyes and jolly head,[k]
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepherds here I wont to lead."

33.

When Calidore theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught,
That he his face, his head, his breſt did beat,
And death it ſelfe unto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th' heavens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft that he were preſent there
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuccour nere.

34.

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,[l]
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

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[k] *Deſpoyled of thoſe joyes and jolly head.*] " Jolly head," here printed as two words, only occurs in Spenſer in this inſtance: elſewhere he uſes *jollyment:* ſee vol. iii. p. 276. C.

[l] *his ſwelling ſourſe.*] So all the old copies, but Drayton, in his folio 1611, marked under the *ſ* in " ſourſe " and ſubſtituted *f*. It was a very probable printer's error, but as the old text is quite intelligible we prefer it without heſitation. C.

35.

Tho Coridon he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way unto that theeviſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne;
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did ſhonne.
Yet Calidore ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

36.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes: But Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunſt, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

37.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelfe ſame flocks the which thoſe theeves had reft
From Meliboe and from themſelves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards,[m] themſelves then kept.
Right well knew Coridon his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them for tender pittie wept;
But when he ſaw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

38.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare diſſwade,

[m] *for want of heards.*] Herdſmen. So Spenſer elſewhere employs this word. Todd.

Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom Coridon him counſeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

39.

Tho ſitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Paſtorell, were ſhe alive or ſlaine?
Mongſt which the theeves them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men,[n] and eke from whence they were?
To whom they aunſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maiſters fled, and now ſought hyre elſ-
where.

40.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe;
For they themſelves were evill groomes, they ſayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land,[o] or ſcoure the deepe.
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

41.

Tho when as towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe theeves them brought;

---

[n] *What miſter men.*] i. e. what *manner of men* they were; as often before. See vol. iii. p. 300, &c. C.

[o] *But to forray the land.*] To *ravage* or *ſpoil* the land. See alſo F. Q. i. xii. 3 [vol. ii. p. 68]. Todd.

Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Paſtorell yet liv'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

42.

At length, when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought beſt,
Having of late by diligent inqueſt
Provided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort;
With which he ſtreight went to the Captaines neſt:
But Coridon durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind for dread of worſe effort.

43.

When to the Cave they came, they found it faſt;
But Calidore with huge reſiſtleſſe might
The dores aſſayled, and the locks upbraſt:
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtence ſlew,
The whiles faire Paſtorell through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some uprore were, like that which lately ſhe did vew.

44.

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Paſtorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long ſin,[p]

---

[p] *although not heard long ſin.*] "Since." The word *ſin* is ſtill thus uſed in the North of England. And Mr. Upton has obſerved that, in the Swediſh language, *ſinn* is *ſince*. Todd. It is more than doubtful whether "ſin," thus uſed, is not from *ſeeing* or *ſeen*, or an abridgment of *ſithen* or *ſithence*. C.

She ſudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her ſpirits thrall:[q]
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt,
On which he ſafety hopes that earſt feard to be loſt.

45.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyful heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele that long for death had ſought.
Ne leſſe in hart rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore;
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

46.

But now by this, with noyſe of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great ſtore
Unto the cave gan preaſſe, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout:
But Calidore in th' entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand;
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day;
Which when he ſpyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way,

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[q] *in her ſpirits thrall.*] For *thrill*, pierce. CHURCH. An unuſual licence required by the rhyme; elſewhere Spenſer always uſes *thrill*, and *thrillant*, for piercing. C.

Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,[r]
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And, fierce aſſayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48.

How many flyes, in whotteſt ſommers day,
Do ſeize upon ſome beaſt whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do overlay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on every ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickeſt troups, and round about him ſcattreth wide.

49.

Like as a Lion mongſt an heard of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray;
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

50.

Then, backe returning to his deareſt deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull ſpeaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight:

---

[r] *a ſword of better ſay.*] *Aſſay*, proof. CHURCH.

So her uneath at laſt he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

51.

This doen, into thoſe theeviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make:
Of which the beſt he did his love betake;[s]
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon reſtore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

[s] *he did his love betake.*] i. e. *entruſt* to his love, or *deliver* to his love, for "betake" (A. S. *betæcan*) may be uſed in either kindred ſenſe. C.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
her parents underſtands.
Calidore doth the Blatant beaſt
ſubdew, and bynd in bands.

1.

LIKE as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a borde[a] and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt:
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet never is aſtray.

2.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd

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[a] *Yet making many a borde*, &c.] "To *make a board*, or to *board it up to a place*, is to turn the ſhip up to the windward, ſometimes on one tack, and ſometimes on another:" Kerſey. CHURCH. The expreſſion ſeems to be derived from the time when moſt ſhips, in conſequence of the roundneſs of their hulls, uſed weather-boards, in order to prevent their *flatting away*, as ſailors term it, when ſailing upon a wind, or beating up to windward. C.

This gentle knight from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant beaſt;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

3.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Paſtorella from thoſe Brigants powre,
Unto the Caſtle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freſheſt flowre,
A luſtie knight as ever wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayreſt Ladie then of all that living were.

4.

Her name was Claribell; whoſe father hight
The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forrein fere.

5.

And Bellamour againe ſo well her pleaſed
With dayly ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely[b] did her wed, but knowne to few:

---

[b] *And cloſely.*] *Secretly.* CHURCH.

Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them a ſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

6.

Nathleſſe Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or ſecret guifts, ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his love ſometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe, unwiſt to wight, was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought:
Which ſhe ſtreight way, for dread leaſt if her ſyre
Should know thereof to ſlay he would have ſought,
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

7.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight:
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle breſt, like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaves did faire unfold.

8.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe;
But, cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

9.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond ſpoyle, he ſoftly it unbound;
And, ſeeing there that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt and named evermore.

10.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands; till that her ſyre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the ſtormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happineſſe together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Paſtorella thether.

11.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his proweſſe, ſith they twaine
Long ſince had fought in field. Als Claribell
Ne leſſe did tender the faire Paſtorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

12.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore,
Aſham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore

Bequeath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo ſore;
That much he feared leaſt reprochfull blame
With foule diſhonour him mote blot therefore;
Beſides the loſſe of ſo much loos[c] and fame,
As through the world thereby ſhould glorifie his name.

13.

Therefore, reſolving to returne in haſt
Unto ſo great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being paſt,
With Claribell; whyleſt he that monſter ſought
Throughout the world, and to deſtruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Paſtorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his queſt, and did that him befell.

14.

But firſt, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Paſtorell
During his abſence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Meliſſa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

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[c] *ſo much loos.*] *Praiſe.* Lat. *laus.* So Chaucer, edit. Urr, p. 349.

"And Hercules that had the grete *loos*."

Spenſer's own edition reads *loos;* the folios, *praiſe.* CHURCH. Mr. Upton conſiders the emendation of *praiſe*, made by the firſt folio, as the poet's own alteration; and adds that there is a diſagreeable jingle in *loſs* and *loos*, without any addition of beauty or turn of thought. TODD. There is ſome juſtice in Upton's reaſoning, coupled with the conſideration that Spenſer might think the word too obſolete, ſeeing that no example of its previous uſe later than the time of Gower has been pointed out: no more modern poet than Spenſer, as far as we know, employs it. Nevertheleſs, we cannot undervalue and reject the deciſive evidence of the original edition of the F. Q. in 1596. C.

15.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,[d]
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which ſhe bore the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

16.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that ſame infant, which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To fortune's ſpoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graſte
To ſave her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaſte.

17.

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that ſodaine thro,[e]
Aſkt her, how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo?
"My liefe," (ſayd ſhe) "ye know that long ygo,
Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave

---

[d] *which forth ſhe keſt.*] *Caſt.* So uſed by Chaucer, Phaer, and G. Douglas. See F. Q. i. xi. 31 [vol. ii. p. 58], ii. xi. 42 [vol. ii. p. 301]. UPTON. It is alſo found in Turberville and other poets. C.

[e] *that ſodaine thro.*] "Thro" is here uſed for *throw*, agony: "That ſodaine *thro*," that ſudden *agony of joy* which Meliſſa diſcovered. CHURCH. Perhaps *ſtruggle* would here be a better explanation of "thro" or *throw*, than *agony*. C.

A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom high God did ſave."

18.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight, how ſhe it knew?
"Moſt certaine markes" (ſayd ſhe) "do me it teach;
For on her breſt I with theſe eyes did view
The litle purple roſe which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Beſides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do ſurely prieve[f]
That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet doth live."

19.

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great deſire
Rent up her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd:
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd;
"And liveſt thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

20.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt, by very certaine ſignes
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,

---

[f] *do ſurely prieve.*] For *prove*. So *priefe* is uſed for *proof*, F. Q. ii. i. 48 [vol. ii. p. 102], and elſewhere. So likewiſe G. Douglas ſpells the word. See alſo Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, "March. Tale," 10,112:—

"Experience ſo *preveth* it every day." Todd.

Spenſer has an earlier inſtance of the uſe of "priefe," for *proof*, in vol. i. p. 316. See alſo vol. iii. p. 400. C.

That this young Mayd, whom chance to her preſents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kiſſe and many a melting teare.

21.

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead ſhe fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which ſhe hath fylde[g]
In her owne breaſt, this mothers joy deſcrive;
For other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As Paſtorella was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt[h]
For paſſing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

22.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Paſtorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place with reſtleſſe paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

---

[g] *ſhe hath fylde.*] *Feeled, felt;* the ſpelling anſwers to the rhyme. UPTON. Spenſer ſtands alone in the uſe of it. C.

[h] *that nigh ſhe ſwelt.*] "Swelt" is here uſed for *fainted.* The ſenſe is—She was almoſt ready to faint with exceſs of joy, but was relieved by ſhedding abundance of tears. Compare F. Q. iv. vii. 9 [vol. iii. p. 196]. CHURCH. So, in "Piers Plowman," fol. cxiii. "Swoned and *ſwelted.*" And in Chaucer's "Kn. Tale," 1358. "He *ſwelt.*" Again, "Troil. and Creſſ." L. iii. 348. "Made his hert to *ſwelt.*" UPTON. To "ſwelt" means ſtrictly to faint under the effects of heat, A. S. *ſwealtan;* which, as Richardſon obſerves, is formed on the paſt tenſe of *ſwealan,* to burn. C.

23.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt;
In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch havocke, and ſuch theft
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place beſides unſought had left,
At length into a Monaſtere did light,
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.[i]

24.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them purſu'd into their dortours ſad,[k]
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare:
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt,
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaſt.

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[i] *At length into a Monaſtere did light,*
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.] Thoſe, who complain of the outrages committed at the diſſolution of monaſteries, ſeldom obſerve, that literature ſuffered an irreparable loſs, in the diſperſion and deſtruction of books, which followed that important event. Bale, a notorious and profeſſed reformer, laments the injuries ſuſtained in this article. See In Proem. ad lib. cui tit. "Iter Laborioſum," &c. Lond. 1549. Many moſt valuable pieces, both printed and manuſcript, were either inſtantly deſtroyed, or conſigned to the moſt mean and ſordid uſes. T. Warton. Fuller thus paſſionately deplores the irreparable calamity which literature then ſuffered:—"How many admirable manuſcripts of the fathers, ſchoolmen, and commentators, were deſtroyed by this means! What number of hiſtorians of all ages and countries! The Holy Scriptures themſelves, as much as *theſe goſpellers pretended* to regard them, underwent the fate of the reſt. If a book had a croſs on it, it was condemn'd for *popery;* and thoſe with lines and circles were interpreted the *black art*, and deſtroyed for *conjuring*, &c." Todd.

[k] *into their dortours ſad.*] Where the monks lay were called *dortours*, from *dormitorium*. See Chaucer [Sompn. Tale, l. 7437]. Upton.

25.

From thence into the ſacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there:
But ſeeing Calidore away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing ſoone approched neare.

26.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griefly grim.

27.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight[1]
Of ſundry kindes and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry;
And ſome of Beares, that groynd continually;
And ſome of Tygres, that did ſeeme to gren
And ſnar at all that ever paſſed by:
But moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

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[1] *a thouſand tongs empight.*] i. e. a thouſand tongues *placed*, or *fixed*: "empight" is the ſame as *pight*, and both have already frequently occurred. See this vol. p. 9; vol. iii p. 306, &c. C.

28.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon, and gore bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And ſpake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Keſars ſpared he a whit, nor Kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

29.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight
That fomed all about his bloody jawes:
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

30.

But he, right well aware, his rage to ward
Did caſt his ſhield atweene; and therewithall
Putting his puiſſaunce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held:
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy ſtall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore
To be downe held, and mayſtred ſo with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere him ſelfe upright:

For ſtill, the more he ſtrove, the more the Knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew,
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight:
He grind, he bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

32.

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releaſt,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

33.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily:
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly that he chokt him neare.

34.

At laſt, when as he found his force to ſhrincke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzel ſtrong
Of ſureſt yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own deſpight.

35.

Like as whylome that ſtrong Tirynthian ſwaine[m]
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hatefull ſunne, that he might tell
To grieſly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts which dwell
For aye in darkeneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne:
So led this Knight his captyve with like conqueſt wonne.

36.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe;
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw backe, nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

37.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, where ſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong;
And ſeeing it much wondred at the ſight:
And all ſuch perſons as he earſt did wrong

---

[m] *that ſtrong Tirynthian ſwaine*, &c.] Sir Calidore's taming and leading this monſtrous beaſt is aptly compared to *Hercules*, who dragged to light Cerberus. Homer mentions this ſtory, Il. Θ'. 368. I will cite the Greek, becauſe Spenſer tranſlates from it:—

Ἐξ Ἐρέβους ἀξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ Ἄϊδαο.

"Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell."

Compare Virgil, Æn. vi. 395, and Ovid, Met. vii. 412. UPTON.

Rejoyced much to ſee his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the Knight.

38.

Thus was this Monſter, by the mayſtring might
Of doughty Calidore, ſuppreſt and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed.
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked fate ſo framed
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39.

Thenceforth more miſchiefe and more ſcath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne mayſtred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

40.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne ſpareth he moſt learned wits to rate,[n]
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

---

[n] *moſt learned wits to rate.*] This is the genuine reading of the 4to. 1596: the reſt read *gentle* wits. Todd. Drayton retained *gentle*. C.

41.

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More than my former writs,[o] all were they cleaneſt[p]
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres diſpleaſure,
That never ſo deſerved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better meaſure,
And ſeeke to pleaſe; that now is counted wiſemens
threaſure.

---

[o] *More than my former writs.*] What were theſe "*former* writs, that brought him into a mighty Peer's diſpleaſure?" Doubtleſs his *Paſtorals*, in which he ſo ſeverely reflects on Biſhop Aylmer in particular; ſcarcely hiding his ſatire under the tranſparent covering of an anagram; and this "mighty peer" means the Lord Treaſurer Burleigh. There is nothing in "Mother Hubberd's Tale" that could give any juſt offence; for the ſatire is there general. But his encomiums on Archbiſhop Grindal, and his ſeveral reflections on Biſhop Aylmer, could not but give very juſt reaſons for the Lord Treaſurer to be offended. UPTON.

[p] *all were they cleaneſt.*] All old copies have uniformly *cleareſt*, but the rhyme requires "cleaneſt," and ſo Todd, after Hughes, printed. This ſtanza is careleſsly given in the 4to. 1596, and as the *u* in "tongues" is turned in the next line but one, we may feel confident that *cleareſt* ought to be "cleaneſt." The word "wite," in the next line, of courſe means *blame;* and Spenſer, as we have ſeen, employs it both as a verb and as a ſubſtantive: ſee vol. i. p. 61; vol. ii. pp. 309, 422; vol. iii. p. 83; this vol. p. 81, &c. C.

FINIS.

TWO CANTOS OF

MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

Never before imprinted.[a]

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleaſd in mortall things
beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of Gods as Men,
to be the Soveraine.

I.

WHAT man that ſees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play

[a] *Never before imprinted.*] Theſe words are found in the folio 1611, although what immediately follows had firſt come out in the folio 1609.

Her cruell ſports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whylome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt her ſelfe began to reare
Gainſt all the Gods, and th' empire ſought from them to beare.

2.

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regiſtred of old
In Faery Land mongſt records permanent.
She was, to weet,[b] a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old Titans that did whylome ſtrive
With Saturnes ſonne for heavens regiment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurvive:

3.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecaté, in whoſe almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly
To Gods and men, as ſhe them liſt divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth ſound on hie

The imprint at the end of the Two Cantos of "Mutabilitie" is the ſame in 1611 as in 1609; but in the date over the woodcut of the ſtar there is a ſingular printer's error, viz. "16012," which ought in fact to be 1611. The types of the editions of 1609 and 1611 are ſlightly different, ſo that the poem had been newly ſet up.

[b] *She was, to weet,* &c.] Spenſer here makes Hecate the daughter of the Titans. Authors differ about the parentage of Hecate. Onomacritus calls her, "Argon." v. 975, Ταρταρόπαις Ἑκάτη. The Titans were indeed thrown into Tartarus; but it could not be concluded from thence that the Titans were Hecate's parents, although this, I preſume, is the beſt argument our author could have offered for his genealogy. In this ſtanza Bellona is likewiſe feigned to be the offſpring of the Titans, but Bellona was the ſiſter of Mars, who was ſon of Jupiter and Juno; or, as Ovid reports, of Juno alone. T. Warton.

Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

4.

So likewiſe did this Titaneſſe aſpire
Rule and dominion to her ſelfe to gaine;
That as a Goddeſſe men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine;
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

5.

For ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durſt
Of Gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

6.

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Juſtice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe:
O pittious worke of MUTABILITIE,
By which we all are ſubject to that curſe,
And death, in ſtead of life, have ſucked from our Nurſe!

7.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,

She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right.
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,[c]
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepaire.

8.

Thence to the Circle of the Moone ſhe clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight Tyme,) ſhe entred, were he liefe or ſory;
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,[d]
Where Cynthia did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

9.

Her ſitting on an Ivory throne ſhee found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her ſide there ran her Page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the Evening-ſtarre intend;
That with his Torche, ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

---

[c] *ne could her contraire.*] Fr. *contrarier*, to contrarie, croſſe, thwarte, &c. Cotgrave, in V. Todd.

[d] *the higheſt ſtage had ſcand.*] *Climbed up* to. Lat. *ſcandere.* Church. We might very well accept "ſcand" in the general ſenſe of *examined;* and *ſcandere* is unqueſtionably the etymology of the verb to *ſcan.* Upton ſuggeſted *ſiege* for "ſtage;" but the change is not only in no way required, but would be poſitively injurious in reference to the verb "ſcand:" no emendation of the kind is hinted at in Drayton's copy of the folio 1611. C.

10.

That when the hardy Titaneſſe beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t' envie her that in ſuch glorie raigned.
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might
Her to diſplace, and to her ſelfe to have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

11.

Boldly ſhe bid the Goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let her ſelfe into that Ivory throne;
For ſhe her ſelfe more worthy thereof wend,[e]
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty moſt benigne,
Her ſelfe of all that rule ſhee deemed moſt condigne.

12.

But ſhee, that had to her that ſoveraigne ſeat
By higheſt Jove aſſign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with ſterne countenaunce and diſdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

---

[e] *more worthy thereof wend.*] For *weened*, thought. CHURCH. Poets not unfrequently took liberties with this word: ſo R. Tofte in his "Honour's Academie," 1610, p. 19:—

"Theſe lovers lov'd but wantonly ſhe ſtrait began to *win*;"

meaning "ſhe ſtraight began to *think* or *believe*." C.

13.

Yet nathemore the Gianteſſe forbare,
But boldly preacing on raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand:
Where-at the ſtarres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

14.

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,[f]
Ran forth in haſte unto the king of Gods to plaine.

15.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that ſuddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,

---

[f] *But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne.*] Spenſer, when ſpeaking of the heavenly bodies, always follows Ptolemy's ſyſtem, which here luckily ſuits with his deſign. According to that ſyſtem, Mercury was the planet neareſt to the Moon, and therefore might be ſuppoſed firſt to have diſcovered this diſturbance in that region; and he was the moſt proper perſon (as *Meſſenger of the gods*) to carry the intelligence to Jupiter. CHURCH.

Doubting leaſt Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him ſorely fear'd.

16.

Eftſoones the ſonne of Maia forth he ſent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhee did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arreſt
The Author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.[g]

17.

The wingd-foot God ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came where-as the Titaneſſe
Was ſtriving with faire Cynthia for her ſeat;
At whoſe ſtrange ſight and haughty hardineſſe
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe:
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt he bade her (with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe)
Ceaſſe to moleſt the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her dooings to diſcharge.

18.

And there-with-all he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both Gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
Where-at the Titaneſſe did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Jove ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias ſilver bower;

---

g *before his preſence preſt.*] *Immediately:* here uſed adverbially. Todd. "Preſt" does not ſo much mean *immediately* as *promptly;* the ordinary ſenſe of "preſt" is *ready:* ſee this vol. p. 226. So common a word ſeems to require no farther illuſtration. C.

Sith ſhee his Jove and him eſteemed nought,
No more then Cynthias ſelfe; but all their kingdoms ſought.

19.

The Heavens Herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' higheſt ſky,
Was placed in his principall Eſtate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,[h]
Save Jove; who changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold;

20.

"Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers.
Ye may remember ſince th' Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet deſpite.

21.

"Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire Phœbe from her ſilver bed,
And eke our ſelves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire.
Wherefore[i] it now behoves us to adviſe

---

[h] *exceedingly amate.*] Todd ſtrangely thought that "congregate" needed a note, but left "amate" unexplained. So far perhaps he was right, for we have had it before, and it mèans there, as here, *confound, daunt*, and even *diſmay:* ſee vol. ii. p. 110. C.

[i] *Wherefore*, &c.] The judicious reader will obſerve that there is

What way is beſt to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe:
Areed, ye ſonnes of God, as beſt ye can deviſe."

22.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt Powers of heaven to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake,
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave and wiſe.
Meanewhile th' Earth's daughter, thogh ſhe nought did reck
Of Hermes meſſage, yet gan now adviſe
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

23.

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whil'ſt the Gods
(After returne of Hermes embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
Before they could new counſels re-allie,[k]
To ſet upon them in that extaſie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To Jove's high Palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot. Good on-ſet boads good end.

24.

Shee there arriving boldly in did paſs;

---

much of Milton's manner in this and the preceding ſtanza. That Milton drew from hence is plain; particularly he has copied Spenſer (but fallen ſhort of his maſter's dignity) in the cloſe of Satan's ſpeech in the Infernal Council, "Par. Loſt," B. ii. 40:—

"and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe, may ſpeak." CHURCH.

[k] *new counſels re-allie.*] *Rallie*, get in order, from *rallier:* q. d. *realligere:* ſo Skinner; agreeable to our poet's ſpelling. UPTON. Richardſon accords in this etymology, which may be confidently accepted: in his quotation from Spenſer, he accidentally miſprints "ſet" *reſt*. C.

Where all the Gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe:
But Jove, all feareleſſe, forc't them to aby;[1]
And in his ſoveraine throne gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe, more full of grace and Majeſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

25.

That when the haughty Titaneſſe beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld;
And inly quaking ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himſelfe her ſelfe beſpake:
"Speake, thou fraile woman, ſpeake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dooſt thou here now make?[m]
What idle errand haſt thou earths manſion to forſake?"

26.

Shee, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund:
"I am a daughter, by the mothers ſide,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child;
But by the fathers, (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

---

1 *forc't them to aby.*] Here we ſee "aby" uſed inſtead of *abide* for the rhyme ſake; and as before remarked (vol. ii. p. 155) old poets uſed "aby" and *abide* almoſt indifferently. C.

m *what dooſt thou here now make.*] i. e. what doſt thou here now *do?* This is the A. S. uſe of the verb "to make;" and ſo Shakeſpeare employs it in "Richard III." A. iv. Sc. 4, "What makes he upon the ſeas?" Other inſtances are not required. C.

27.

"For Titan (as ye all acknowledge muſt)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both ſonnes of Uranus; but by unjuſt
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injurioufly haſt held
The Heavens rule from Titans ſonnes by might,
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld.
Witneſſe, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

28.

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the Gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied; like a ſort of ſteeres,[n]
Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus beſpake:
"Will never mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire
In this bold ſort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celeſtiall ſeates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procruſtes hire,[o]
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus taſting of our ire,

---

[n] *like a ſort of ſteeres.*] "Sort" is uſually *company;* but here, of courſe, it is to be taken as *herd*—"like a herd of ſteers." C.

[o] *that bold Procruſtes hire,* &c.] The example of Procruſtes is not to the purpoſe, ſince he neither offended particularly againſt Jupiter, nor was puniſhed by him. He was ſlain by Theſeus. JORTIN. Procruſtes is put here for any robber or oppreſſor of mankind that met with his due puniſhment. UPTON.

Would have ſuffiz'd the reſt for to reſtraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine.

30.

" But now this off-ſcum of that curſed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th' heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that, he ſhooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,[P]
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

31.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace,
(Such ſway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
He ſtaide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began:
" But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,[q]
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove ſhould doe ſtill what he can.

32.

" But thee, faire Titan's child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour, or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes have never ſeene;

P *for terror quooke.*] *Quaked,* the old preterite of *quake.* So Chaucer, " Monkes Tale," edit. Tyrwhitt, v. 14210:—

" For fere of which he *quoke,*" &c. TODD.

The uſe of " quoke" was alſo common to other writers; thus R. Brunne, as quoted by Richardſon, " For ire nere he *quoke;*" and Chaucer after him, " For ire he *quoke.*" C.

q *But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere.*] " My ſpirit ſhall not always ſtrive with man, for that he alſo is fleſh," Gen. vi. 3. " Yea, many a time turned he his wrath away: for he conſidered that they were but fleſh," Pſal. lxxviii. 39. In Chaucer and our old poets we frequently meet with *yfere, in fere,* for *together.* UPTON.

Or through enſample of thy ſiſters might,
Bellona, whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to beſtowe:
And ſure thy worth no leſſe then hers doth ſeem to ſhowe.

33.

"But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaneſſe,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heaven's intereſſe;[r]
Much leſſe the Title of old Titans Right:
For we by Conqueſt, of our ſoveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to our ſelves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

34.

"Then ceaſſe thy idle claime, thou fooliſh gerle;
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell:
Thereto thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine
Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne."
So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide:
"Ceaſſe, Saturnes Sonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

35.

"But thee, O Jove! no equall Judge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull Right;

---

[r] *ought in Heavens intereſſe.*] For *intereſt;* i. e. right or title to. CHURCH. Spenſer uſes the Italian *intereſſe*. UPTON. "Intereſſe" does not mean, as Church ſtates, "right or title," but *concern in*. Jove tells the Titaneſs that ſhe can challenge no *concern*, no *intereſt* in anything that is heaven's. Richardſon gives the etymology as from the Latin *inter* and *eſſe*, ſomething that is *between* different parties. C.

That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the God of Nature,[s] I appeale."
There-at Jove wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus ſcribe her appellation ſeale.[t]

36.

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was, to weet, upon the higheſt hights
Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father Mole, whom Shepheards quill[u]
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall ſkill.

37.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To ſing of hilles and woods mongſt warres and Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes ſpights,
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt Hill

---

[s] *To weet, the God of Nature.*] But in the next Canto he ſays, "Then forth iſſu'd (great *goddeſſe*) great dame Nature," St. 5. The reader muſt not be ſurpriſed to find in one place a deity called a *god*, in another a *goddeſſe*; for as Milton obſerves, "Par. L." B. i. 423:—

"Spirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either ſex aſſume, or both."

According to the Orphic verſes, Jupiter (i. e. as there intended, Univerſal Nature,) or in Spenſer's words (*the God of Nature*) is of both ſexes, male and female, as conſiſting of active and paſſive principles. Pan likewiſe (as the name imports) is ſaid to be the god of Nature: "Pan totius Naturæ deus eſt." Servius, in Virg. Ecl. ii. 31. Upton.

[t] *her appellation ſeale.*] *Appeal.* Lat. *appellatio.* Church.

[u] *whom Shepheards quill*, &c.] See "Colin Clouts come home again." Church. Firſt printed in 1595. C.

That was in all this holy Iſlands hights)[x]
Was made the moſt unpleaſant and moſt ill:
Meane while, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

38.

Whylome when IRELAND floriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe,[y] far above the reſt
Of all that beare the Britiſh Iſlands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt;
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found
Then Cynthia, that is ſoveraine Queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters more then moſt on ground:

39.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or boawe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this Arlo; where ſhee did reſort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft conſort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and ſport.

40.

Amongſt the which[z] there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,

---

[x] *this holy Iſlands hights.*] "The Iriſh were a people anciently (according to the name of the Holy Iſland given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the Engliſh much reſpected for, their holineſs and learning." See Selden's Notes on Drayton's "Polyolbion," p. 15, edit. fol. CHURCH.

[y] *Of wealths and goodneſſe.*] Meaning by "wealths," in the plural, all things that contributed to her weal. The old copies concur in "wealths;" but in modern times the text has been almoſt invariably corrupted to *wealth* in the ſingular. Upton, however, has "wealths." C.

[z] *Amongſt the which,* &c.] Compare this ſtory of Molanna with that of her ſiſter Mulla in "Colin Clouts come home again." CHURCH.

And ſiſter unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whoſe bed falſe Bregog whylome ſtole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,[a]
And made her luckleſſe loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire and beautifull then ſhee;
Yet, as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

41.

For firſt, ſhe ſprings out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſom faire Bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes:
So through the flowry Dales ſhe tumbling downe
Through many woods and ſhady coverts flowes,
(That on each ſide her ſilver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine ſhe come, whoſe Valleyes ſhee doth drowne.

42.

In her ſweet ſtreames Diana uſed oft
(After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play)
To bathe her ſelfe; and, after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe her dainty limbes to lay
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may;
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye.
Fooliſh god Faunus, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her Nymphes in privity.

43.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire:

---

[a] *That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole.*] Which ſtory Colin Clout (Spenſer himſelf) did dearly condole in his poem entitled "Colin Clouts come home again." UPTON.

So her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady ſee
When ſhe her ſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

44.

There-to he promiſt, if ſhee would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as ſhee had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Beſides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The leaſt of which this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

45.

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he cloſe might view
That never any ſaw, ſave onely one,[b]
Who, for his hire ſo foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.[c]

46.

There Faunus ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,

---

[b] *ſave onely one.*] viz. Actæon. UPTON. Ovid ("Metam." iii. 155) tells us that Actæon was torn to pieces by his dogs, not when he was "in hunter's hew," but when he had been changed into a ſtag. C.

[c] *for Jove a likely pray.*] The uſe of "likely" here ſeems a little peculiar; it means a prey which Jove would have *liked*—a likeable prey. The ſame may be intended when we ſpeak of "a *likely* girl," i. e. a girl that people like. C.

That, for great joy of ſome-what he did ſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt;
But breaking forth in laughter loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought: a fooliſh Faune indeed,
That couldſt not hold thy ſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of ſo divine a meed.

47.

The Goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke;
And running ſtraight where-as ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke,[d] not daring up to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he ſought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding wher-as ſome wicked beaſt unware
That breakes into her Dayr' houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine,
Hath, in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine;
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deviſeth in her vengefull mind.

49.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly Faunus, now within their baile:[e]

---

[d] *Like darred Larke.*] A glaſs, made uſe of in catching larks, is called a *daring*-glaſs. "*Dare*, an old Engliſh word for *ſtare*; becauſe they, which behold a man ſtedfaſtly with a wide open *ſtaring* eie, are ſaid to be *bold* or *daring*." Minſheu. CHURCH.

[e] *now within their baile.*] That is, now within their *power*. See Kerſey in V. *Bail*, "a certain limit or bound within a foreſt." CHURCH.

They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought againſt their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he ſaid, whatever he did heare,
But hanging downe his head did like a Mome appeare.[f]

50.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that ſame would ſpill
The Wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that ſeem'd penaunce light:
But moſt agreed, and did this ſentence give,
Him in Deares ſkin to clad;[g] and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, him ſelfe ſave how hee might.

51.

But Cynthia's ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome jeſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?

---

[f] *a Mome appeare.*] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved; whatever ſum one ſtakes another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken. From hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS. Richardſon plauſibly ſuggeſts the Gr. μῶμος as the origin of *mome* and *mum*. *Mummers* were ſilent performers of a ſpecies of drama, and we now call them pantomimiſts. C.

[g] *Him in Deares ſkin to clad.*] Spenſer here uſes "to clad" for to *clothe* (which we think is unprecedented), as above he has "drive" for *driven*. He has had the participle "drive" before, and, as in this inſtance, by compulſion of the rhyme. C.

He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort
That 'twas Molanna which her ſo bewraid.
Then, all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

52.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds that after him did ſpeed;
But he, more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any Deere; ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the ſkie.

53.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed:
So now her waves paſſe through a pleaſant Plaine,
Till with the Fanchin ſhe her ſelfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelves in one faire river ſpred.

54.

Nath'leſſe Diana, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whoſe ſweete ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about Arlo hid;
And all that Mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thouſand Salmons bred.

55.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,

Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heavy hapleſſe curſe did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all thoſe Woods deface,
And Thieves ſhould rob and ſpoile that Coaſt around.
Since which,[h] thoſe Woods, and all that goodly Chaſe
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Which too-too true[i] that lands in-dwellers ſince have
found.

---

[h] *Since which*, &c.] In "Colin Clouts come home again," where Spenſer is praiſing England, he does it by an enumeration of ſome of the miſeries of Ireland :—

"No wayling there, no wretchedneſſe is heard,
No bloodie iſſues," &c.

Spenſer, ſpeaking of the maſſacres committed upon the people of Munſter, in Ireland, after the rebellion, paints alſo in the ſtrongeſt colours, though in proſe. See his "View of the State of Ireland." T. WARTON.

[i] *Which too-too true.*] Todd makes a ſpecial note upon "too-too," but nothing can be more common in old authors than this reduplication, ſignifying *exceſs*. C.

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Jove to Natur's bar,
bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature ſoone
her righteous Doome areads.

1.

AH! whither dooſt thou now, thou greater Muſe,[a]
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing foreſts bring,
And my fraile ſpirit, (that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy ſoveraine Sire) his fortunate ſucceſſe;
And victory in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that Titaneſſe,
That him of heavens Empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe?

2.

Yet, ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire,
Fit for this turne; and in my ſable breſt[b]

---

[a] *thou greater Muſe.*] Clio. See C. vi. St. 37 [this vol. p. 255], F. Q. i. Introd. 2. 1 [vol. i. p. 173]. CHURCH.

[b] *my ſable breſt.*] So all the folios; and we do not preſume to amend a text which may very likely be right, though Spenſer elſewhere often has *feeble* breaſt, which ſome editors have, not unnaturally, preferred here. Drayton allowed "ſable" to ſtand as Spenſer's word in his copy of the folio 1611. C.

Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone,
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne?

3.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods aſſembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,[c]
And rule both ſea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proſerpina were preſent there.

4.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features,
That Arlo ſcarſly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine;
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)[d]
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

5.

Then forth iſſew'd (great goddeſſe) great dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious Majeſty,
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature

---

[c] *the other world doe fill.*] We may juſt note that Drayton, in his folio 1611, alters "other" to *nether*, but the change is needleſs. C.

[d] (*that is Order*)]. *Order* is introduced as a marſhal in F. Q. v. ix. 23 [vol. iii. p. 451]. And Luis de Camoëns, in his "Luſiad," Canto i. makes Order the herald and marſhal of the deities. UPTON.

Then any of the gods or Powers on hie :
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry ;
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

6.

That, ſome doe ſay, was ſo by ſkill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized ;[e]
For that her face did like a Lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view :
But others tell that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeene but like an image in a glaſs.

7.

That well may ſeemen true; for well I weene,
That this ſame day when ſhe on Arlo ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like ſtuffe to that :
As thoſe three ſacred Saints, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſawe ; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

8.

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion ;
Not ſuch as Crafteſmen by their idle ſkill
Are wont for Princes ſtates to faſhion ;
But th' Earth herſelf, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe

---

[e] *that ſhould be ſore agrized.*] "Agrized" is *terrified* or *confounded.* We have already had it, vol. ii. p. 190. C.

Moſt dainty trees, that, ſhooting up anon,
Did ſeeme to bow their blooſming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did ſhew.

9.

So hard it is[f] for any living wight
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey[g] (in whoſe gentle ſpright,
The pure well head of Poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mel,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* deſcrib'd it well:[h]
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that Alane where he may be ſought.

10.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores[i] of ſundry ſent and hew,

---

[f] *So hard it is.*] The folio 1609 reads, "So *heard* it is;" but *heard* is corrected to "hard" in the folio 1611. C.

[g] *That old Dan Geffrey,* &c.] This ſtanza is no obſcure hint that our poet had been conſulting Chaucer's "Aſſembly of Fowles" for this deſcription of *Nature*. But Spenſer has given many new and delicate touches to Chaucer's rough ſketch. T. Warton.

[h] *Had in his Plaint of kindes deſcrib'd it well.*] We muſt read *Plaint of Kinde*. So Chaucer, in "The Aſſemble of Foules," ver. 316:—

"And right as Alaine, in the *Plaint of Kinde*
Deviſeth Nature of ſoch araie and face," &c.

He refers to a treatiſe written by Alanus de Inſulis, "De Planctu Naturæ contra Sodomiæ vitium." This book was never (ſo far as I can find) printed, nor ever ſeen by Spenſer; which makes him ſay,

"Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that Alane, where he may be ſought."

There is a MS. of this Alane, "De Planctu Naturæ," Of the Plaint of Kinde, or of Nature, in the Bodley Library, which begins thus:—

"In lacrymas riſus, in luctus gaudia verto,
In planctum plauſus, in lacrymoſa jocos." Upton.

[i] *Tenne thouſand mores.*] We uſe the word *mores* in the weſt of England for *roots*, &c. Somner, Anglo-Sax. moran, *acini*, *baccæ*, *ſemina*. Upton. Nevertheleſs Church, following the example of Hughes, inſiſted

That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view,
The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they[k] at her foot-ſtoole threw;
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11.

And Mole himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire;
And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of ſome new Nymph, late ſeene,
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah, gentle Mole! ſuch joyance hath thee well beſeene.

12.

Was never ſo great joyance ſince the day
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were
On Hæmus hill[l] in their divine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare

---

upon reading *more* as if it were an adjective, whereas it is clearly a ſubſtantive; and Aubrey in his "Wiltſhire" (Roy. Soc. MS. p. 127, as quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his Dictionary) ſays, "In our weſtern language *ſquat* is a bruiſe, and a root we call *more*." In ſome parts of Glouceſterſhire a ſtrawberry is called a "more." C.

[k] *Had gathered, they,* &c.] The folios read, "Had gathered, *which* they," &c. But *which* certainly crept in from the foregoing line. CHURCH. I have followed this neceſſary emendation. TODD. The meaſure is complete if we only read "gathered" as three ſyllables, which was very common. C.

[l] *On Hæmus hill.*] He ſays the bridal of Peleus and Thetis was celebrated on Hæmus (a hill on the confines of Theſſaly), becauſe Ovid, reciting the amours of Peleus and Thetis ("Met." xi. 229), begins, "Eſt ſinus *Hæmoniæ*," &c. And Peleus is called "*Hæmonius* Peleus" by Tibullus, L. i. Eleg. vi. ver. 9. But Apollodorus ſays expreſsly that the marriage was celebrated on Mount Pelion; and Catullus, who wrote the "Epithalamium" (Spenſer, alluding to it ſays, *Phœbus ſelf did ſing the ſpouſall hymne*), begins with, "*Peliaco* quondam, &c." UPTON. It may be noticed that "Peleus" is miſprinted *Pelene* in the folio 1609, but "Peleus" in the folio 1611. C.

Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus ſelf, that god of Poets hight,
They ſay, did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, and Muſicks wondrous might.

13.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her ſted;
Unſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came dame Mutabilitie;
And, being lowe before her preſence feld
With meek obayſance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie.

14.

" To thee, O greateſt Goddeſſe, onely great!
An humble ſuppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all doſt deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppreſſing them with power unequally,)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knitteſt each to each, as brother unto brother.

15.

" To thee therefore of this ſame Jove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themſelves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greateſt part is due to me,
And heaven it ſelfe by heritage in fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do ſeeme.

16.

" Then weigh, O ſoveraigne goddeſſe! by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole ſoverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might[m]
Arrogate to themſelves ambitiouſly:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove uſurpes unjuſtly, that to be
My heritage Jove's ſelf cannot deny,
From my great Grandſire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew deſcent; as is well known to thee.

17.

" Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beſide,
I doe poſſeſſe the worlds moſt regiment;[n]
As if ye pleaſe it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only ſeems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

18.

" For all that from her ſprings, and is ybredde,
How-ever fayre it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again into their earthly ſlime:
Yet out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter ſpring another Prime,

---

[m] *dew unto thy might.*] It is " *my* might" in old editions after the folio 1609, but " thy" is moſt likely right in reference to the great claim of Nature which had been delegated to Mutability, and which the latter here aſſerts. Some modern impreſſions have the text one way and ſome another, but we adhere to the moſt ancient authority. C.

[n] *I doe poſſeſſe the worlds moſt regiment.*] That is, I poſſeſs *the chief government* of the world. Upton.

Unlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe:
So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

19.

" As for her tenants, that is, man and beaſts,
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy
As thralls and vaſſals unto mens beheaſts;
And men themſelves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

20.

" Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe,
Whether thoſe ſame on high, or theſe belowe;
For th' Ocean moveth ſtill from place to place,
And every River ſtill doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that ſeems moſt ſtill and ſlowe,
Ne Poole ſo ſmall, that can its ſmoothneſſe holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and ſtreight like ſluces them unfold.

21.

" So likewiſe are all watry living wights
Still toſt and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights:
The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at random range,
And never reſt, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the ſtreames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange °

° *a certaine grange.*] In the ſenſe of *dwelling-place.* The word *grange* is generally uſed for a *ſolitary farmhouſe.* Mr. Warton ſays that *grange*, ſtrictly and properly ſpeaking, is the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious depoſited their corn; *grangia*, Lat. from *granum*; but that

Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry ;
But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places vary.

22.

" Next is the Ayre ; which who feeles not by ſenſe
(For of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
To flit ſtill, and with ſubtill influence
Of his thin ſpirit all creatures to maintaine
In ſtate of life ? O weake life ! that does leane
On thing ſo tickle as th' unſteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd and altred cleane
With every blaſt that bloweth, fowle or faire :
The faire doth it prolong ; the fowle doth it impaire.

23.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce ;
Now boyling hot, ſtreight friezing deadly cold ;
Now faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and daunce,
Streight bitter ſtorms, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake :
Rayne, hayle, and ſnowe do pay them ſad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand changes make.

24.

" Laſt is the fire ; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
We ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſever,
To loſe their heat and ſhortly to decay ;
So makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray :

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in Lincolnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every houſe or farm which ſtands ſolitary a *grange*. See alſo Cotgrave, in V. *Grange*, where it is rendered a *barn*. This paſſage of Spenſer ſeems indebted to Luke xii. 24, where the *ravens* are deſcribed as having " neither *ſtorehouſe* nor *barn*." Todd. The epithet " moated," as applied to " grange" in " Meaſure for Meaſure," A. iii. Sc. 1, happily gives the notion of damp and dreary ſolitarineſs. C.

Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth ſlay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren aſhes without ſeede.

25.

" Thus all theſe fower (the which the groundwork bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thouſand ſorts of Change we ſubject ſee:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous ſlights)
Into themſelves, and loſe their native mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water ſheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie,
How-ever theſe, that Gods themſelves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and ſoverainty;
As Veſta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us ſo uſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of ſeas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:
For all thoſe Rivers to me ſubject are,
And all the reſt, which they uſurp, be all my ſhare.

27.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchſafe, O Goddeſſe! to thy preſence call
The reſt which doe the world in being hold;
As times and ſeaſons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyſelfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubject all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by[p]

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[p] *and by-and-by.*] This expreſſion was of old equivalent to *imme-*

Bade Order call them all before her Majeſty.

28.

So forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the yeare.
First, luſty Spring,[q] all dight in leaves of flowres
That freſhly budded and new blooſmes did beare,
(In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres
That ſweetly ſung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A guilt engraven morion[r] he did weare;
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him feare.

29.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The ſweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and ſhaftes, as he in forreſt greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated ſore.

30.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore:

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diately, preſently; and accordingly they inſtantly make their appearance before Nature. C.

[q] *Firſt, luſty Spring.*] That is, *beautiful, lovely* Spring. Todd. "Luſty" may certainly mean *beautiful* and *lovely;* but the epithet here is intended to expreſs the vigour of ſpring, and the youthful deſire it produces throughout nature. See St. 33, where "freſh April" is deſcribed as "full of luſty-hed." C.

[r] *A guilt engraven morion.*] A gilded and engraved *helmet:* various defences for the head were ſo called. C.

Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every ſort, he bore;
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.[s]

31.

Laſtly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown diſtill.
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he hable was to weld.

32.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went;
And after them the Monthes all riding came.
Firſt, ſturdy March, with brows full ſternly bent
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a Ram,
The ſame which over Helleſpontus ſwam;
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,[t]
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,[u]
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

33.

Next came freſh Aprill, full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whoſe horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the ſame which led

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[s] *the which the earth had yold.*] *Yielded.* So Chaucer, "Troil. and Creſſ." L. i. 802. Todd. See alſo vol. iii. p. 48. C.

[t] *he alſo hent.*] *Held,* from *hend,* which is alſo uſed by Spenſer. Anglo-Sax. *hendan,* Lat. *prehendere.* Todd. In the "Shep Cal." for Feb. vol. i. p. 29, we have "hent in hand" for *took* in hand. A. S. *Hentan,* or *hendan,* is rather to *take* than to *hold.* C.

[u] *all ſorts of ſeeds yſame.*] All ſorts of ſeeds *together.* See the note on "ſame," vol. ii. p. 42: "yſame" is only "ſame" with the prefix. C.

Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden ſtuds,
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves delight.

34.

Then came faire May, the fayreſt mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around.
Upon two brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther ſide
Supported her like to their ſoveraine Queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they ſpide
And leapt and daunc't as they had raviſht beene!
And Cupid ſelfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;[x]
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling ſteps an uncouth paſe,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demureſt grace.[y]

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[x] *All in greene leaves, as he a Player were.*] This is an alluſion perhaps to ſome particular character which had appeared on the ſtage in Spenſer's time, *arrayed in green leaves.* The hiſtory of the Engliſh Stage has not furniſhed me with any example in point. Todd. This is a miſtake, for when Elizabeth was at Kenilworth, in 1575, Gaſcoigne pronounced ſome dramatic ſpeeches to her, clad "like a ſavage man, all in ivy." See his "Princely Pleaſures," edit. 1587, Sign. Aiiij. Spenſer may have himſelf been preſent; and it is much more likely than that Shakeſpeare ſhould have been there, as ſome have imagined. C.

[y] *Like that ungracious crew which faines demureſt grace.*] He ſeems here to have intended a ſatirical ſtroke againſt the Puritans, who were

36.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away.
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
It was the beaſt that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forreſt,[z] till th' Amphytrionide
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array.
Behinde his backe a ſithe, and by his ſide
Under his belt he bore a ſickle circling wide.

37.

The ſixt was Auguſt, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lily hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin,[a] which of old

---

a prevailing party in the age of Queen Elizabeth; and indeed our author, from his profeſſion, had ſome reaſon to declare himſelf their enemy, as poetry was what they particularly ſtigmatiſed and bitterly inveighed againſt. T. WARTON. Lord Burghley was their great ſupporter. C.

[z] *The Nemæan forreſt.*] I would reject the reading, "*Th'* Nemæan foreſt." Indeed, there was no neceſſity for this eliſion, unleſs Spenſer had written *Nemæean;* for *Nemæan*, with a diphthong, is plainly miſprinted for *Nemean*. *Nemeus* occurs often: in Virgil, Æn. viii. 295:—

"vaſtum *Nemea* ſub rupe leonem."

In Prudentius, "Adv. Sym." l. 1:—

"*Nemea* ſub pelle fovere
"Concubitus —"

Nemea occurs in Statius, "Sylv." lib. i. 3. v. 6. This place was ſometimes called Νέμεος, and ſometimes Νέμεαιος, but never Νέμαιος. But if Spenſer had really by miſtake written *Nemæan*, he would not have ſcrupled to have made the ſecond ſyllable, though a diphthong, ſhort; for he frequently violates the accents of proper names, &c. In the Introduction to the fifth Book of F. Q. he writes:—

"Into the great *Nemæan* lions grove." T. WARTON.

Shakeſpeare has it *Nemean* in "Love's Labour's Loſt," A. iv. Sc. 1, and in "Hamlet," A. i. Sc. 4. C.

[a] *the righteous Virgin*, &c.] Aſtræa. So, in "Mother Hubberds Tale:"—

Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after Wrong was lov'd, and Juſtice ſolde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

38.

Next him September marched, eeke on foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harveſts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harveſts toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights,[b] with which he did aſſoyle[c]
Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equall gave to each as Juſtice duly ſcann'd.

39.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the muſt,[d]
Which he was treading in the wine-fats ſee,
And of the joyous oyle, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him ſo frollick and ſo full of luſt:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by Dianaes doom unjuſt[e]

" It was the month in which *the righteous Maide,*
" That for diſdaine of ſinfull world's upbraide
" Fled back to heaven whence ſhe was firſt conceived,
" Into her ſilver bowre the Sunne received." CHURCH.

[b] *A paire of waights.*] Intending the ſign *Libra.* See alſo F. Q. v. ii. 45 [vol. iii. p. 336]. TODD.

[c] *with which he did aſſoyle.*] Church tells us that here " aſſoyle" means *determine:* September did not *determine* " both more and leſſe," but he *abſolved* or *cleared away the difficulty* that had ariſen between them; and this laſt may be conſidered one of the conſequential ſenſes of the verb to " aſſoil." C.

[d] *For yet his noule was totty of the muſt.*] That is, for yet his *head,* or noddle, was *unſteady* with *new wine.* Todd gives the following from Chaucer's " Reve's Tale," edit. Tyrwh. v. 4251:—

" My hed is tottie of my ſwink to night,
" That maketh me that I go nat aright." C.

[e] *by Dianaes doom unjuſt,* &c.] Why *unjuſt?* ſince Orion had provoked her by attempting to raviſh her. But according to ſome authors

Slew great Orion; and eeke by his ſide
He had his ploughing ſhare and coulter ready tyde.

40.

Next was November; he full groſſe and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with ſweat did reek and ſteem,
And yet the ſeaſon was full ſharp and breem:[f]
In planting eeke he took no ſmall delight.
Whereon he rode not eaſie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in ſight,
The ſeed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

41.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feaſting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind ſo much did glad.
Upon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,[g]
The ſame wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th' Iæan mayd;[h]

---

he did nothing that deſerved puniſhment. JORTIN. Orion was a famous hunter, in love with Aurora, or the morning, as hunters generally are: Diana, out of a fit of womaniſh jealouſy becauſe ſhe was not the ſole object of his care and love, ſent a ſcorpion that killed him. Her *doom* therefore was *unjuſt*. UPTON.

[f] *full ſharp and breem.*] We have already had "breem" (ſo ſpelt here for the ſake of the rhyme) under the form of "breme" in vol. i. p. 32, and as "brame" in vol. ii. p. 381. It is a word of wide and varied ſignification, ſometimes meaning the very contrary of what ſuits the ſenſe here, viz. *hot*. "Full ſharp and breem" is full ſharp and *violent*; for ſuch is the weather often in November. C.

[g] *Goat he rode.*] All editions have "rode," but for the rhyme it ought to be *rade*; and ſo Drayton amended it. C.

[h] *by th' Iæan mayd.*] What does he mean by *the Iæan mayd?* The mythologiſts (Hyginus and Eratoſthenes) inform us that Capricornus was made a conſtellation becauſe he was educated with Jupiter; and when Jupiter aſſumed the throne of heaven he placed Capricorn and the goat his foſter-mother among the ſtars. *Capricorn* is called *Caper* in the verſes deſcribing the names of the Zodiac: hence perhaps Spenſer,

And in his hand a broad deep boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,[i]
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needleſſe ſpray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot ſteane he ſtood,
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.[k]

43.

And laſtly came cold February, ſitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fiſhes, for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away; yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſſe fit to till the ground,

---

in the hurry of a poet, took the goat that nouriſhed Jupiter for the goat that was nouriſhed with Jupiter:—

"Naïs Amalthea, Cretæâ nobilis Idâ,
"Dicitur in ſilvis occuluiſſe Jovem."

So that "*Iaean* mayd" is probably an error of the preſs for "*Idean* mayd." Upton.

[i] *like to quell.*] As if he were likely to *die* with the cold: "quell" and *kill* are the ſame word. C.

[k] *Upon an huge great Earth-pot ſteane he ſtood,*
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane Flood.] *Earth-pot ſteane*, viz. *Amphora:* ſo the conſtellation is named in the well-known verſes that mention the twelve ſigns of the Zodiac: by Eratoſthenes called οἰνοχόη, by Ovid and Manilius, *Urna.* Spenſer's ſpelling *ſteane* is agreeable to the Belgic word *ſteen, a ſteen-pot.* Aquarius is painted pouring out from his ſteen-pot or *urn* a flood, χύσις ὑδάτων, *effuſio aquæ*, which Spenſer calls *the Roman Flood:* not to be confounded with the conſtellation called by various names, viz. ὁ ποταμὸς, *Fluvius, Oceanus, Nilus, Eridanus, Padus*, &c. Upton. "Earth-pot ſteane" ſeems to mean a *ſtone* earthen pot or urn: A. S. *ſtæn.* C.

And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round.
So paſt the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

44.

And after theſe there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall paſe,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and ſtars were pight;
And ſleep and darkneſſe round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his ſcepters hight
The goodly Sun encompaſt all with beames bright.

45.

Then came the Howres,[l] faire daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eſchewed
That might forſlack the charge to them foreſhewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forſake.

46.

And after all came Life, and laſtly Death;
Death with moſt grim[m] and grieſly viſage ſeene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;

---

[l] *Then came the Howres.*] Spenſer ſays they were daughters of Jupiter and Night, i.e. of day and night. Our poet has a mythology of his own. Heſiod ſays of Jupiter and Themis, "Theog." ver. 900, "They were *porters of Heaven's gate.*" So Homer, "Iliad," ε, 749. Ovid introduces Janus in his "Faſt." Lib. i. ſaying that he and the Hours together were porters of Heaven:—

"Præſideo foribus cœli cum mitibus Horis." UPTON.

[m] *Death with moſt grim*, &c.] Mr. Thyer obſerves that Milton borrowed his poetical deſcription of Death from Spenſer. See "Par. Loſt," B. ii. 666, &c. CHURCH.

Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeene:
But Life was like a faire young luſty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.[n]

47.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the Titaneſſe:
"Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and ſay
Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
CHANGE doth not raign and beare the greateſt ſway;
For who ſees not that Time on all doth pray?
But Times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubject ſtill to Mutabilitie?"

48.

Then thus gan Jove: "Right true it is, that theſe
And all things elſe that under heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all diſſeiſe[o]
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)

---

[n] *Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.*] Chaucer thus repreſents Cupid, "Rom. R." v. 890:—

"But of his robe to deviſe
I dread encumbred for to be;
For not yclad in ſilk was he
But all in floures, and flourettes."

But the ancients have left us no authority for ſuch a repreſentation of Cupid. Our author, St. 34, gives him a green veſt, which is equally unwarrantable, though Catullus has given him a yellow veſt, "Ad Manlium:"—

"Quam circumcurſans huc illic ſæpe Cupido,
Fulgebat *crocina* candidus in tunica."

Where Scaliger remarks, from Julius Pollux, that Sappho attributes a purple veſt to this deity; but, according to the general ſenſe in which πορφυρὸς is ſometimes uſed, ſhe may probably mean a *rich* mantle. T. WARTON. Spenſer preferred Chaucer to Catullus. C.

[o] *who doth them all diſſeiſe.*] *Diſpoſſeſs.* See the note on F. Q. i. xi. 20 [vol. ii. p. 54]. TODD.

That Time himſelfe doth move, and ſtill compell
To keepe his courſe? Is not that namely wee[p]
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them alſo thee.

49.

To whom thus Mutability: "The things,
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſwayd,
Ye may attribute to yourſelves as Kings,
And ſay, they by your ſecret powre are made:
But what we ſee not, who ſhall us perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your ſelves are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubject unto mee?

50.

"And firſt, concerning her that is the firſt,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom ſo much ye make
Joves deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On Cynthus hill, whence ſhe her name did take;
Then is ſhe mortall borne, how-ſo ye crake:[q]
Beſides, her face and countenance every day
We changed ſee and ſundry forms partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray;
So that 'as changefull as the Moone' men uſe to ſay.

---

[p] *Is not that namely wee.*] *Particularly.* See the note F. Q. vi. iii. 14 [this vol. p. 81]. CHURCH. "Namely" is of conſtant occurrence, in the ſenſe of *eſpecially*, in old authors. C.

[q] *how-ſo ye crake.*] *Boaſt.* So, in Grove's "Epigr. and Sonets," 1587. Sig. I. vii:—

"With me ne wouldſt thou ſtriue,
"ne yet deuiſion make,
"But at home on thine own dunghill,
"where all cocks proudly *crake*." TODD.

"Crake" is the ſame word as *crack*, and *crack* is in familiar uſe at this day in the ſenſe of *boaſt*, both as a verb and ſubſtantive. C.

51.

" Next Mercury; who though he leſſe appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes ſeeme as one,
Yet he his courſe doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is ſhe darke all day:
And Phœbus ſelfe, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

52.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed moſt;
For he ſometimes ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to have loſt,
And cleane without his uſuall ſphere to fare;
That even theſe Star-gazers[r] ſtoniſht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewiſe grim Sir Saturne oft doth ſpare
His ſterne aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
So many turning cranks theſe have, ſo many crookes.

53.

" But you, Dan Jove, that only conſtant are,
And King of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubject eeke to this misfare?
Then, let me aſke you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? ſome ſay in Crete[s] by name

---

[r] *That even theſe Star-gazers.*] So all the editions. The poet, I think, gave, " That even *the* ſtar-gazers." CHURCH.

[s] *ſome ſay in Crete*, &c.] The heathens that were learned in their own theology reckoned up three *Jupiters*; one of *Crete*, two of *Arcadia*. Cicero, " De Nat. Deorum," iii. 21:—" Principio Joves tres numerant ii, qui theologi numerantur: ex quibus primum et ſecundum natos in Arcadia; tertium Cretenſem." There is a *Theban Jupiter* often mentioned in Herodotus, and ſo called becauſe he had a temple at Thebes in Egypt: you may find an account of a Jupiter born at Thebes in Natalis Comes, ii. 1. JORTIN. " Præter Cretam, et Arcadiam, Bœotia etiam, ac in ea Thebæ natales Jovis ſibi vindicarunt." Spanheimius ad Callim. " Hymn." i. ver. 7. UPTON.

Others in Thebes, and others other-where;
But, whereſoever they comment the ſame,[t]
They all conſent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other can appeare.

54.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Unleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change; for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

55.

" Beſides, the ſundry motions of your Spheares,
So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares,
What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
Onely the ſtarrie ſkie doth ſtill remaine:
Yet do the ſtarres and ſignes therein ſtill move,
And even itſelf is mov'd, as wizards ſaine:[u]
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubject prove.

56.

" Then, ſince within this wide great Univerſe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe,
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare

---

[t] *they comment the ſame.*] They *deviſe* or *feign* the ſame. Lat. *commentum*. CHURCH.

[u] *as wizards ſaine.*] *Say*. See Gloſſ. Urry's Chaucer. The ſecond and third folios read *faine*. TODD. Drayton amended *faine* to " ſaine" in his copy of the ſecond folio (1611). " Saine" is properly *ſayen*, the third perſon plural of the preſent tenſe: A. S. *ſagan* or *ſægan*. C.

My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greateſt goddeſſe trew)
According as thy ſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

57.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed;
Ne Nature to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground ſtill viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoveraigne place:
At length ſhe, looking up with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gave her doome in ſpeeches few.

58.

"I well conſider all that ye have ſayd,
And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being doe dilate,
And turning to themſelves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection ſo by fate:
Then, over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and doe their ſtates maintaine.

59.

"Ceaſe therefore, daughter, further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me,
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,[x]
And from thenceforth none no more change ſhall ſee."

---

[x] *But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,* &c.] "We ſhall all be changed; this mortal muſt put on immortality; death is ſwallowed up in victory." 1 Corinth. xv. 51. UPTON.

So was the Titaneſs put downe and whiſt,[y]
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And Naturs ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man wiſt.

THE VIIIth CANTO, UNPERFITE.[a]

1.

WHEN I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way,
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe bears the greateſt ſway:
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vaine to caſt away;[b]
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short Time ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

---

[y] *put downe and whiſt.*] *Silenced.* In Stanyhurſt's Virgil, as Mr. Warton has noticed, "Intentique ora tenebant," is tranſlated, "They *whiſted* all." See alſo Marlowe and Naſh's "Dido," 1594:—

"The ayre is cleere, and Southerne *windes* are *whiſt*."

Whence perhaps Milton, "Ode Nat." ver. 64:—

"The *winds*, with wonder *whiſt*,
"Smoothly the waters kiſt." TODD.

So alſo Shakeſpeare, "Tempeſt," A. i. Sc. 2:—

"Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd
"The wild waves *whiſt*." C.

[a] *The VIIIth Canto, unperfite.*] i. e. *imperfect.* We ſhould hardly have thought a note required, if "unperfite" had not been accidentally miſprinted *underfite* twice over in Richardſon's excellent Dictionary: ſee the words "Sabbath" and "tickle." The turning of a ſingle letter has made "unperfite" unintelligible in both places. C.

[b] *ſo vaine to caſt away.*] The ſecond folio reads, "*and* caſt away." TODD.

2.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more Change ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things, firmely ſtayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's ſight![c]

---

[c] *grant me that Sabaoths ſight!*] The laſt couplet is exactly as the text ſtands in the folio 1609, the firſt edition of this part of the work. In the ſecond edition, the folio 1611, the two lines appear thus:—

"With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
"O that great Sabaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoth's ſight."

We ſubjoin the notes of Church and Todd, who give the couplet as follows:—

"With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
"O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's ſight!"

So that in the ſpelling of the laſt words they vary, more or leſs, from all the old copies. Their notes are theſe:—

that is the God of Sabaoth hight.] So the ſecond and third folios read: the firſt folio, Hughes, and the edition of 1751, *Sabbaoth*. The meaning is, Who is called the God of Hoſts or Armies. See James v. 4:—"And the cries of them which have eſcaped are entered into the ears of *the Lord of Sabaoth*." CHURCH.

that Sabbath's ſight.] The folios read "that *Sabaoth's* ſight;" Hughes, and the edition of 1751, "that *Sabbaoths* ſight." *Sabbath* ſignifies *reſt*. "That Sabbath's ſight" is the *reſt eternal* ſpoken of in the ſeventh line. The poet meant to ſay, *O! Thou, that art the God of Hoſts, grant me the enjoyment of that reſt eternal!* and I make no doubt he wrote and pointed as I have given it. CHURCH. Mr. Upton is of a ſimilar opinion in regard to the text, and notices the inaccuracies of former editions. Tonſon's edition of 1758 has not obſerved the diſtinction between *Sabaoth* and *Sabbath*. By what means this unfiniſhed Canto and the two preceding Cantos were preſerved, the firſt editor of them has left no particulars. They are uſually termed the Seventh Book of the Poem. TODD. Tonſon's edit. made no diſtinction, becauſe the poet, or rather his printer, obſerved none. Poſſibly Spenſer wrote,—

"O, *thou* great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabath's ſight!" C.

MISCELLANIES.

COMPLAINTS:

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES

OF THE

WORLDS VANITIE.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE

MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

Imprinted for William Ponſonbie
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the ſigne of the
Biſhops head.
1591.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muſes.
3. Virgils Gnat.
4. Proſopopoia, or Mother Hubberd's Tale.
5. The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.
6. Muiopotmos, or The Tale of the Butterflie.[a]
7. Viſions of the World's Vanitie.
8. Bellayes Viſions.
9. Petrarche's Viſions.

---

[a] *The Tale of the Butterflie.*] It is "Tale of the Butterflie" in this liſt, but "*Fate* of the Butterflie" on the title-page of every impreſſion. We give the Poems, for the firſt time in England, in the preciſe order in which they were originally printed. Profeſſor Child, in his edition, Boſton, 1855, purſued the ſame courſe. C.

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.[b]

SINCE my late ſetting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable paſſage amongſt you, I have ſithence endevoured by all good meanes (for the better encreaſe and accompliſhment of your delights,) to get into my handes ſuch ſmale Poemes of the ſame Authors, as I heard were diſperſt abroad in ſundrie hands, and not eaſie to be come by, by himſelfe, ſome of them having bene diverſlie imbeziled and purloyned from him ſince his departure over Sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered together theſe fewe parcels preſent, which I have cauſed to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al ſeeme to containe like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I underſtand that he beſides wrote ſundrie others, namelie *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Canticum canticorum* tranſlated, *A ſenights ſlumber*, *The hell of lovers*, *his Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies; ſo as it may ſeeme he ment them all to one volume. Beſides ſome other Pamphlets looſelie ſcattered abroad: as *The dying Pellican*,

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[b] *The Printer to the gentle Reader.*] Since the date of the early editions this addreſs by Ponſonby, referring to "The Fairy Queen," and to various other works by Spenſer, either extant or loſt, has never, we believe, been inſerted in connection with the poem to which it properly belongs. C.

The howers of the Lord, The ſacrifice of a ſinner, The ſeven Pſalmes, &c. which when I can, either by himſelfe or otherwiſe, attaine too, I meane likewiſe for your favour ſake to ſet foorth. In the meane time, praying you gentlie to accept of theſe, and graciouſlie to entertaine the new Poet,[c] I take leave.

---

[c] *The new Poet.*] So Spenſer was ſtill conſidered and ſpoken of, although his "Shepherd's Calendar" had now been printed twelve years, but always anonymouſly, viz. in 1579, 1581, 1586, and 1591. So little was it generally known that Spenſer was the author of thoſe Paſtorals, that G. Whetſtone, alſo a poet, whom we might have ſuppoſed better informed, in 1587 attributed them to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom, in fact, they were dedicated. For further particulars regarding this point, and reſpecting the productions mentioned by Ponſonby, ſee the "Life of Spenſer," prefixed to vol. i. C.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL

LADIE,

THE LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breſt the ſeede of moſt entire love and humble affection unto that moſt brave Knight, your noble brother deceaſed; which, taking roote, began in his life time ſome what to bud forth, and to ſhew themſelves to him, as then in the weaknes of their firſt ſpring; and would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection. But ſince God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes, togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, ſithens my late cumming into England, ſome frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe ſtraight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as alſo bound unto that noble houſe, (of which the chiefe hope then reſted in him) have

ſought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not ſhewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. Whome chieflie to ſatisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulneſſe, I have conceived this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *the worlds Ruines;* yet ſpeciallie intended to the renowming of that noble Race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it moſt ſpeciallie concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden by manie ſingular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happineſſe; and ſo humblie kiſſe your handes.[a]

Your Ladiſhips ever

humblie at commaund.

E. S.

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[a] *handes.*] Haudes in the original, by the mere accidental turning of the letter; but when, in the ſecond line of this dedication, Todd printed *ſeedes* for "ſeede," it was an error that a careful editor ought to have avoided. C.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me on day[a] beſide the ſhore
Of ſilver ſtreaming Thameſis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore,[b]
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to ſee,
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
"This once was ſhe," may warned be to ſay.

There, on the other ſide, I did behold
A Woman ſitting, ſorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold
About her ſhoulders careleſlie downe trailing,

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[a] *It chaunced me on day.*] The adjective *on* for *one* is frequent in Chaucer. See Tyrwhitt's Gloſſary: "They were at *on*," Cant. T. 4195, and many other inſtances. The ſame ſpelling is found in the works of various writers contemporary with and ſubſequent to Spenſer. Todd. Todd's inſtance from "K. John," A. iii. Sc. 3. is diſputable. C.

[b] *Nigh where the goodly Verlame ſtood of yore*, &c.] See Selden's note on Drayton's "Polyolbion," Song xvi. "Thou ſaw'ſt when Verlam once her head aloft did beare." Todd. Selden adverts to the ſack and deſtruction of Verulam and Maldon by the Iceni under Boadicea, or Bunduca, when 70,000 or 80,000 of their oppreſſors were ſlain. He expreſsly mentions "the ever-famous Spenſer in his poem, 'The Ruins of Time,'" in illuſtration of his note; but the poet tells us that Boadicea was "foiled" in her attempt upon Verulam, and that the city was not taken till the time of the Saxons. C.

And ſtreames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing :[c]
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heaven ſhee ſeemd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that Rivers Nymphes,
Which did the loſſe of ſome dere love lament,
I doubt; or one of thoſe three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent:
But ſeeing her ſo piteouſlie perplexed,
I (to her calling) aſkt what her ſo vexed.

" Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whoſe happines the heavens envying,
From higheſt ſtaire to loweſt ſtep me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and fortunes ſcorne."

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint;
That, ſhedding teares a while, I ſtill did reſt,
And after did her name of her requeſt.
" Name have I none (quoth ſhe) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates unjuſt decreeing.

" I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,

[c] *from her faire eyes forth railing.*] To "rail" in the ſenſe of to *pour down*, to *flow*, &c. is a common word with Spenſer: ſee vol. i. p. 279; vol. ii. pp. 229, 424, &c.

And lye in mine owne aſhes, as ye ſee,
Verlame I was: what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and waſtfull gras?

" O vaine worlds glorie! and unſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that lives on face of ſinfull earth!
Which, from their firſt untill their utmoſt date,
Taſte no one hower of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate[d] of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing back go to their wofull toomb.

" Why then dooth fleſh, a bubble glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for devouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting paine,
As if his daies for ever ſhould remaine?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decaie.

" Looke backe, who liſt, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become:
Where be thoſe learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wiſedome knew the perfect ſomme?
Where thoſe great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conqueſt of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine?

" What nowe is of th' Aſſyrian Lyoneſſe,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Perſian Beares outragiouſneſſe,
Whoſe memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,

---

[d] *at the ingate.*] *Entrance,* as in F. Q. iv. x. 12 [vol iii. p. 254], " The *ingate* of the yeare." Todd.

That overran the Eaſt with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

" And where is that ſame great ſeven headded beaſt,
That made all nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her owne weight downe preſſed now ſhee lies,
And by her heaps her hugeneſſe teſtifies.

" O Rome! thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heavens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhew:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was princeſſe.

" To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with pureſt golde and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeve,
And with rehearſing would me more agreeve.

" High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large ſtreetes, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweete gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All thoſe (O pitie!) now are turnd to duſt,
And overgrowne with black oblivions ruſt.

" Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full ſore;
Ne Troynovant, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces might compared bee:
That ſtout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeaven yeres about me dwelt.

" But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonneſſe,
Her mightie hoaſt[e] againſt my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conquereſſe,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice prevailed;
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

" And though at laſt by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall,
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full deere,
And prizde with ſlaughter of their Generall;
The moniment of whoſe ſad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
But now to nought through ſpoyle of time is waſted.

" Waſted it is, as if it never were;
And all the reſt, that me ſo honord made
And of the world admired ev'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,
But greiſlie ſhades, ſuch as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

" Where my high ſteeples whilom uſde to ſtand,

---

[e] *Her mightie hoaſt.*] Todd miſprinted " hoaſt " *boaſt*, but he has fortunately had no followers. C.

On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and ſand
For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her reſtles plaints, to comfort wakefull Lovers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining Plovers.

" And where the chriſtall Thamis[f] wont to ſlide
In ſilver channell, downe along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie bankes on either ſide
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull jollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
There now no rivers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes ever greene.

" Seemes, that that gentle River for great griefe
Of my miſhaps, which oft I to him plained,
Or for to ſhunne the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltles blood oft ſtained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his ſweete waters away with him led.

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[f] *And where the chriſtall Thamis*, &c.] Selden, noticing a ſimilar aſſertion made by Drayton, in his " Polyoblion," ſays: " Lay not here vnlikelihoods to the author's charge: he tells you more judicially towards the end of the Song. But the cauſe why ſome haue thought ſo, is, for that Gildas, ſpeaking of S. Albon's martyrdome and his miraculous paſſing through the Riuer at Verlamceſtre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thameſis fluvij alveum:* ſo by collection they gueſt that THAMES *had* THEN *his full courſe this way*, being thereto further mou'd by anchors and ſuch like here digd vp. This conjecture hath been followed by Spenſer's noble muſe in the perſon of Verlam: *And where the chriſtall Thamis*, &c. But, for this matter of the Thames, thoſe two great antiquaries, Leland and Camden, haue joind in judgement againſt it." TODD. Todd miſprints Selden's adverb " judicially " *judiciouſly*, and omits the following words, which are clearly material:—" And for the anchors they may be ſuppoſed of fiſh-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name." C.

" There alſo, where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fiſh, which they with baits uſde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fiſhers ſtore,
Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſaile there anie more.

" They all are gone, and all with them is gone;
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kinde,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the minde.

" But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eie;
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſteritie,
Save one that, maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

" Cambden, the nourice of antiquitie,[g]
And lanterne unto late ſucceding age,
To ſee the light of ſimple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all moniments obſcure,
Yet thy juſt labours ever ſhall endure.

[g] *Cambden, the nourice of antiquitie.*] See his " Britannia," which had come out in 1586, dedicated to Lord Burghley: it was reprinted in 1587, and again in 1590, the year before this poem was publiſhed. It may juſt be worth while to note that Camden did not ſpell his name with a *b*—*Cambden*, but Camden. C.

" But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of poſteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie ſee things higheſt placed,
So ſoone as fates their vitall thred have ſhorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

" It is not long, ſince theſe two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince,[h] of moſt renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greateſt ones did ſue to gaine his grace;
Of greateſt ones he greateſt in his place,
Sate in the boſome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and loyall*[i] did his word maintaine.

" I ſaw him die, I ſaw him die,[k] as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;
I ſaw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:

[h] *A mightie Prince*, &c.] Robert Dudley, Earl of Leiceſter. OLDYS.
[i] *Right and loyall.*] Leiceſter's motto. OLDYS.
[k] *I ſaw him die*, &c.] If Verulam ſpeaks this in her own perſon, Ralph Brook muſt be wrong, to ſay his Lordſhip died at Cornbury Lodge in Oxfordſhire; and ſo is Mr. Arthur Collins, who likewiſe ſays that the Earl died there, in his way to Killingworth Caſtle, 4th Sept. 1588. Spenſer could not ſay it in his own perſon, for he was then in Ireland. OLDYS. Sir Robert Naunton, in his "Fragmenta Regalia," or obſervations on the late Queen Elizabeth, her times and favourites, publiſhed in 1641, confirms the account that the Earl died at Cornbury; and relates that his death was believed to be occaſioned "by that poiſon which he prepared for others, wherein they report him a rare artiſt." Abraham Darcie, in his "Hiſtory and Annals of Elizabeth," [1625,] relates that he died "of a continuall burning feaver; as hee was *on his way* to goe to Killingworth." And Camden mentions the circumſtance of his dying *on his journey*. TODD. The words "I ſaw him die" are not to be taken literally: Verulam is ſuppoſed to have ſeen Leiceſter die, only in the ſame way as the whole nation may be ſuppoſed to have ſeen it. Todd and others have needleſsly puzzled themſelves as to the preciſe locality. C.

Scarſe anie left to cloſe his eylids neare;
Scarſe anie left upon his lips to laie
The ſacred ſod, or Requiem to ſaie.

"O! truſtleſſe ſtate of miſerable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your ſelves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praiſes ſing;
And, when the courting maſker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and truſtie to you trow.

"All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie ſhower will waſh and wipe away;
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendſhip doth decaie:
Therefore, what ever man bearſt worldlie ſway,
Living, on God and on thy ſelfe relie;
For, when thou dieſt, all ſhall with thee die.

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens ſtorehouſe he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to paſſe his dread,
And evill men, now dead, his deedes upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger ſwept.

"He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glaſſe upon the water ſhone,
Which vaniſht quite, ſo ſoone as it was ſought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet ſeekes him to revive,

Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.[1]

" Ne doth his Colin,[m] careleſſe Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raiſe,
Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
Of ſhepherd groomes, which wont his ſongs to praiſe:
Praiſe who ſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame.
Wake, ſhepheards boy, at length awake for ſhame!

" And who ſo els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who ſo els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he ſhepheard be, or ſhepheards ſwaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whileſt you mourne for his deceaſe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increaſe.

[1] *Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.*] In a publication, entitled " Leyceſters Ghoſt," printed in 1641, this nobleman is repreſented as having particularly countenanced the poets:—

" To learned Schollers I was ſomething franck,
" Not for the love that I to learning bore,
" But either to get praiſe or pick a thank
" Of *ſuch as could the Muſes aide implore:*
" For hee is bleſt, that ſo be-friended dies,
" Whoſe praiſe the *Muſes* will immortalize.

" You mortals that would have your fame ſurvive,
" When you within your grave entomb'd ſhall lie,
" Cheriſh thoſe *ſacred Siſters* while you live;
" For they be daughters of Dame Memory:
" They have the guift to regiſter with penne
" Th' eternall fame or infamy of men." TODD.

This abuſive production was written very ſoon after the deceaſe of Leiceſter, and it was long handed about in manuſcript before it came from the preſs. C.

[m] *Ne doth his Colin.*] Spenſer in this and the ſubſequent ſtanza reproaches himſelf, under the name of Colin Clout, for allowing his patron Leiceſter to expire without any memorial in verſe. The words in the fifth line, " yet I will *him* diſpraiſe," apply alſo to our poet, who is cenſured by Verulam. C.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,[n]
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilſte he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee[o] moſt deare, O deareſt Dame!
His noble Spouſe, and Paragon of Fame.

" He, whileſt he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunſt with thee to bee,
And dead, becauſe him dead thou doſt adore
As living, and thy loſt deare love deplore.
So whilſt that thou, faire flower of chaſtitie,
Doſt live, by thee thy Lord ſhall never die.

" Thy Lord ſhall never die, the whiles this verſe
Shall live, and ſurely it ſhall live for ever:
For ever it ſhall live, and ſhall rehearſe
His worthie praiſe, and vertues dying never,
Though death his ſoule doo from his bodie ſever;
And thou thy ſelfe herein ſhalt alſo live:
Such grace the heavens doo to my verſes give.

" Ne ſhall his Siſter,[p] ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle[q] of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whoſe great good deeds, in countrey and in towne,
Have purchaſt him in heaven an happie crowne,

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[n] *and after him his brother dyde.*] Ambroſe Dudley, Earl of Warwick, died without iſſue, Feb. 20, 1589. OLDYS.

[o] *But unto thee,* &c.] Anne, the eldeſt daughter of Francis Lord Ruſſell, Earl of Bedford, was his laſt wife. OLDYS.

[p] *his Siſter.*] Lady Mary Sidney. OLDYS.

[q] *that good Earle,* &c.] This Earl of Bedford died in 1585. TODD.

Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his ſonne t' enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

" He, noble bud,[r] his Grandfires livelie hayre,
Under the ſhadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to ſhoote up faſt, and flouriſh fayre
In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce,
That him to higheſt honour ſhall advaunce.
Brave Impe of Bedford! grow apace in bountie,
And count of wiſedome more than of thy countie.

" Ne may I let thy huſbands ſiſter die,
That goodly Ladie,[s] ſith ſhe eke did ſpring
Out of his ſtocke and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doo ſing;
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

" Moſt gentle ſpirite, breathed from above
Out of the boſome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his[t]
With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heaven it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

" His bleſſed ſpirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,

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[r] *He, noble bud,* &c.] Edward Lord Ruſſell, grandſon of Francis, Earl of Bedford, ſucceeded in the Earldom; his father Francis having been ſlain by the Scots. OLDYS.

[s] *That goodly Ladie,* &c.] The mother of Sir Philip Sidney, and of the Counteſs of Pembroke. OLDYS.

[t] *that noble breaſt of his.*] Sir Philip Sidney. OLDYS.

Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthlie ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone unto his native place;
Too ſoone for all that did his love embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

" Yet, ere his happie ſoule to heaven went
Out of this fleſhlie gaole, he did deviſe
Unto his heavenlie maker to preſent
His bodie, as a ſpotles ſacrifiſe;
And choſe that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

" O noble ſpirite! live there ever bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy!
But, where thou doſt that happines enjoy,
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies ſee.

" Yet, whileſt the fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble ſpirite raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt perfect and entire.

" Then will I ſing; but who can better ſing
Than thine owne ſiſter,[u] peerles Ladie bright,

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[u] *Than thine owne ſiſter,* &c.] Mary, Counteſs of Pembroke. She tranſlated, from the French, Philip Mornay's "Diſcourſe of Life and Death" [4to. 1587]; and alſo "The Tragedie of Antonie" [4to. 1592,

Which to thee ſings with deep harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with joy:
O ſad joy, made of mourning and anoy!

" Yet will I ſing; but who can better ſing
Than thou thy ſelfe,[x] thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That, whilſt thou livedſt, madeſt the forreſts ring,
And fields reſownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And ſhepheards leave their lambs unto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
O, happie were thoſe dayes, thrice happie were!

" But now, more happie thou, and wretched wee
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou, now in Elyſian fields ſo free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoice,
Converſeſt, and dooſt heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praiſe.

" So there thou liveſt, ſinging evermore,

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but dated at the end, 1590]. But her greateſt work, ſays Granger, (" Biog. Hiſt. James I." Claſs ix.) was a Tranſlation of the Pſalms, which is ſaid to be preſerved in manuſcript in the library at Wilton, and in which ſhe is ſuppoſed to have been aſſiſted by Dr. Babington, afterwards Biſhop of Worceſter, who was chaplain in her family. Todd. Several MS. copies have been preſerved, and Sir Philip Sidney is ſaid by Anthony Wood to have had a hand in the work. C.

[x] *Yet will I ſing; but who can better ſing*
Than thou thy ſelfe, &c.] Two 4to. editions of Sidney's " Aſtrophel and Stella" appeared in 1591, one of them ſurreptitious, and edited by the celebrated Thomas Naſh. Sidney's " Arcadia," dedicated to his ſiſter the Counteſs of Pembroke, firſt came out in 4to. 1590. It was probably recalled, and a more authentic impreſſion in folio was ſubſtituted in 1593, which fact may account for the extreme ſcarcity of copies of the earlieſt edition. Only one or two perfect exemplars are known. C.

And here thou liveſt, being ever ſong
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worſhip mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heavenlie Poets and Heroes ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent deſart.

" But ſuch as neither of themſelves can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentiond be with infamie.

" What booteth it to have beene rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſurvive
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt, dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt whoſe breath but in his noſtrels is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or blis.

" How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſlie did floriſh;
Of whome no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſponge do periſhe,
Becauſe they living cared not to cheriſhe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,[y]
Which might their names for ever memorize.

" Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye live,

[y] *or covetize.*] The old edition reads *covertize*; but *covetize* is the true reading. Todd. Todd's almoſt needleſs remark applies only to the firſt edition, where *covertize* was merely a miſprint: it is " covetize " in ſubſequent impreſſions. C.

That of the Muſes ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Jove, the father of eternitie,
And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie do choſe.

"The ſevenfold yron gates of griſlie Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad Proſerpina,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkeneſſe to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which els would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameles lie.

"So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the duſt, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirite,
To higheſt heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happineſſe in Hebes ſilver bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

"So raiſde they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when th' one dies, th' other then beginnes
To ſhew in heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the ſad wayment[z]
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

---

[z] *of the ſad wayment.*] Spenſer elſewhere uſes the antiquated form of "wayment" for *lament:* ſee vol. ii. pp. 91, 416. Five lines lower he repeats the word "impacable," which we have had in F. Q. iv. C. 9. St. 22; vol. iii. p. 241. C.

" So happie are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the Pierian ſacred ſiſters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove;
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia do feede.

" For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themſelves decay;
But wiſe wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, live for ay;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor envie, ſhall them ever waſt.

" In vaine doo earthly Princes, then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aſpired,
Or huge Coloſſes built with coſtlie paine,
Or braſen Pillours never to be fired,
Or Shrines made of the mettall moſt deſired,
To make their memories for ever live;
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

" Such one Mauſolus made,[a] the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
Such one Liſippus, but is worne with raine:
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo paſſe.

[a] *Such one Mauſolus made.*] "Mauſolus" did not make his own monument: his wife erected it for him. The poet ſhould have ſaid,—
"Such one Mauſolus *had*." JORTIN.

" But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure ſkie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then, who ſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heaven on Pegaſus muſt ride,
And with ſweete Poets verſe be glorifide.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could ſave the ſonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verſes, dipt in deaw of Caſtalie:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man,[b] whoſe vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound!

" Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got[c]
To ſing his living praiſes being dead,
Deſerving never here to be forgot,
In ſpight of envie that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe,[d] learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

[b] *O fortunate yong-man*, &c.] " Alexander Achillem prædicabat felicem, quod tantum virtutis ſuæ præconem inveniſſet." Freinſhemius, " Supp. in Q. Curtium," i. 4. JORTIN. Spenſer more probably drew this from Tully *pro Archiâ:* " Atque is [Alexander] tamen cùm in Sigeo ad Achillis tumulum adſtitiſſet, O fortunate, inquit, adoleſcens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris." T. WARTON. Very poſſibly Spenſer referred to Petrarch's famous ſonnet, " *Giunto Aleſſandro*," &c. where he employs the very words *chiara tromba*. C.

[c] *Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got.*] Sir Francis Walſingham, who died April 6, 1590, is *Melibæ*. The *Poet* is Thomas Watſon, who publiſhed his " Meliboeus, ſive Ecloga in Obitum Honoratiſſimi viri Dom. Fr. Walſinghami, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to. 1590." OLDYS. In the ſame year Watſon tranſlated it into Engliſh, ſtating that he had firſt written it in Latin. C.

[d] *Since whoſe deceaſe*, &c.] See Spenſer's poem [ſonnet] to him, before the " Faerie Queene " [vol. i. p. 168]. OLDYS.

" Thoſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble ſpright
Of Salomon with great indignities,
Who whilome was alive the wiſeſt wight:
But now his wiſedome is diſprooved quite;
For he, that now[e] welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper ſkill.

" O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To ſee that vertue ſhould diſpiſed bee
Of him, that firſt was raiſde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad ſpreading like an aged tree,
Lets none ſhoot up that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muſe adorned!

" O vile worlds truſt! that with ſuch vaine illuſion
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and overkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion.
O vaineſſe! to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

" And who ſo els that ſits in higheſt ſeate

---

[e] *For he, that now,* &c.] Lord Burghley. See the " Life of the Poet." The line is thus altered in the firſt folio:—

" For ſuch as now have moſt the world at will, &c."

And, in the next ſtanza the ſingular *him,* &c. is altered to the plural *ſuch,* &c. Todd. " The firſt folio " of theſe minor poems is that of 1611, Spenſer, perhaps, having ſeen reaſon to alter the direct attack upon the Lord Treaſurer, to whom, however, he has a ſonnet prefixed to the F. Q. vol. i. p. 165. Todd has omitted to notice that the perſonal application of the lines in the text was further ſoftened in the concluding couplet of the next ſtanza; " O, let the man," being altered to " O, let not *thoſe*." The laſt line alſo runs there more euphoniouſly,

" Alive nor dead be of the Muſe adorned."

We adhere as uſual to the language of the firſt edition. C.

Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moov'd to pittie mee."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhee vaniſhed away,
That I, through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure[f] had no word to ſay;
But ſate long time in ſenceleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her have ſight.

Which when I miſſed, having looked long,
My thought returned greeved home againe,
Renewing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans piteous paine;
Whoſe wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble heart,
That froſen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning breſt,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning much I labored foorth to wreſte,
Being above my ſlender reaſons reach;
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,

[f] *For her departure.*] This may be right, and as the old text we reprint it; but it would not ſurpriſe us if Spenſer had written, "*Fore* her departure," i. e. *Before* her departure he could not ſay a word. In Shakeſpeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Act iv. Sc. 9 (Collier's "Shakeſpeare," 1858, vol. vi. p. 222), we have an inſtance of the ſame error, where "Was never yet 'fore ſleep" has been always miſprinted "Was never yet *for* ſleep." Enobarbus had not prayed "*for* ſleep," but *before* he laid down to ſleep. C.

Before mine eies ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants[g] ſeeming to appeare.

I.

I saw an Image, all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the ſame from farre beholde,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th' Aſſyrian Tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falſlie to have praid.

But th' Altare, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (O great pitie!) built of brickle clay,[h]
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowres of heaven and tempeſts worne away;
Then downe it fell, and low in aſhes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
That I, it ſeeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a ſtatelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richeſt ſtone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of ſandie ground:

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[g] *Like tragicke Pageants,* &c.] Spenſer, as E. K. informs us, wrote a poem on theſe allegorical repreſentations. See the Gloſſe on June, "Shep. Cal." [vol. i. p. 79.] Poſſibly the following *Emblems* made *a part* of his labour on the ſubject. They repreſent the overthrow of Empire, of the Works of Art, of Pleaſure, of Strength, and of Beauty, beſides their manifeſt alluſion to the hiſtory of Sir Philip Sidney. *Pageants* were a faſhionable exhibtion in Spenſer's time. Todd.

[h] *built of brickle clay.*] So the poet's own edition reads. The reſt have altered it to *brittle*. But I conceive *brickle* to be the word intended by Spenſer. It occurs in Cotgrave's old Fr. Dict. "Brickle, full of brickes, fit for brickes, *briqueux*." Todd. Todd forgot the beſt authority for "brickle," viz. that of Spenſer himſelf, who uſes it in the F. Q. vol. iii. p. 263. See alſo the note upon the word. C.

Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renownd
For tongues confuſion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

But O vaine labours of terreſtriall wit,
That buildes ſo ſtronglie on ſo frayle a ſoyle,
As with each ſtorme does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes ſpoyle!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſodainelie to duſt,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was bruſt.

III.

Then did I ſee a pleaſant Paradize,
Full of ſweete flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devize,
With pleaſures choyce to feed his cheerefull ſprights:
Not that, which Merlin[i] by his magicke ſlights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphœbe, could this gardine ſtaine.

But O ſhort pleaſure, bought with laſting paine!
Why will hereafter anie fleſh delight
In earthlie blis, and joy in pleaſures vaine,
Since that I ſawe this gardine waſted quite,
That where it was ſcarce ſeemed anie ſight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding ſtature,

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[i] *Not that, which Merlin,* &c.] See F. Q. iii. vi. 29, &c. [vol. ii. p. 454]. T. Warton.

That none durſt vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of ſpeach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Jewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boaſt;

For from the one he could to th' other coaſt
Stretch his ſtrong thighes, and th' Occæan overſtride,[k]
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pompe and fleſhlie pride!
One of his feete unwares from him did ſlide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abiſſe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie bliſſe.

V.

Then did I ſee a Bridge, made all of golde,
Over the ſea from one to other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche,[l] which Trajan edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to ſee earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not faſtned well,
Gan faile, and all the reſt downe ſhortlie fell,
Ne of ſo brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my ſpirite greatly pained.

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[k] *and th' Occæan overſtride.*] So ſpelt in the earlieſt impreſſion, but clearly intended for *Ocean*, as it ſtands in the folios. The miſſpelling ſeems almoſt like a caprice of the old compoſitor. C.

[l] *Not that great Arche*, &c.] Trajan's ſtone bridge over the Danube. See Lipſius, "De Magn. Roman." iii. 13. JORTIN. Todd printed "*with* Trajan edifide." C.

VI.

I ſaw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aſpect, and haire as ſoft as ſilke,
That ſalvage nature ſeemed not to have,
Nor after greedie ſpoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſwhere be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In ſtate of blis, or ſtedfaſt happineſſe?
The cave, in which theſe Beares lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her owne weightineſſe,[m]
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppreſſe;
That for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie ſpright,
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught twixt feare and pitie; when at laſt
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the ſuddein ſhrill I was appalled.

Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

[m] *and with her owne weightineſſe.*] "Owne" was left out in impreſſions after the firſt, and by Todd; but, read as the line no doubt was by its author, the ſyllable was not redundant, and it is clearly neceſſary for the full meaning of the paſſage. C.

I.

Upon that famous Rivers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde as ever Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white Strimonian brood[n] might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly ſigne:
There now the joy is his, here ſorrow mine.

II.

Whileſt thus I looked, loe! adowne the Lee
I ſaw an Harpe ſtroong all with ſilver twyne,
And made of golde and coſtlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to have been
The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was ſeene
Wylde beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philiſides[o] now dead.

At length out of the River it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noyſe was heard[p]

---

[n] *Of white Strimonian brood.*] The river Strymon, between Thrace and Macedonia, was famous for its cranes rather than for its ſwans. C.

[o] *th' Harpe of Philiſides.*] Of Sir Philip Sidney. Todd.

[p] *Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noyſe was heard.*] What Spenſer's imagination here beautifully feigns is actually brought into execu-

Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I ſaw, on th' other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much griev'd my penſive thought.

At length, when moſt in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtreame it lightly caught,
And twixt their bleſſed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtarre,
In which all heavenly treaſures locked are.

IV.

Looking aſide I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it ſhold
Be for ſome Bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw never ſummers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,

---

tion in the Æolian harp; the effect of whoſe muſic is exactly what our poet deſcribes, "That wrought both joy and ſorrow in my mind." See Thomſon's Ode on *Æolus's Harp*. T. WARTON.

And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and ſeeke her loves delight.
With that ſhe ſtarted up with cherefull ſight,
When ſuddeinly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

v.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged ſteed;
The ſame that was bred of Meduſaes blood,
On which Dan Perſeus, borne of heavenly ſeed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,[q]
That ſtreames of blood foorth flowed on the gras:

Yet was he deckt (ſmall joy to him, alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atcheivements from his enemies:
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

vi.

Laſtly I ſaw an Arke of pureſt golde
Upon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th' aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Encloſde therein for endles memorie

---

[q] *Full mortally this Knight ywounded was.*] Here again we have an evident alluſion to Sir Philip Sidney; and it is afterwards carried on by the mention of his aſhes, his body having been brought to England and buried in St. Pauls: ſee G. Whetſtone's "Account of the Funeral," &c. on 16th Feb. 1586-7. The original MS. of this poem is preſerved in the State Paper Office, being, no doubt, the very copy ſent by the author to the Earl of Warwick, then at the head of the Ordnance. C.

Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with the earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.

At laſt me ſeem'd wing footed Mercurie,
From heaven deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him above the ſkie,
And to thoſe aſhes gave a ſecond life,
To live in heaven where happines is rife:
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L' Envoy.[r]

Immortall ſpirite of Philiſides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worldes chiefſt riches,
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His loſſe, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to decke thy ſable Herſe!

And ye, faire Ladie, th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world your high thoughts ſcorne,
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe
With ſome few ſilver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-ſpring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aſpire,
And loath this droſſe of ſinfull worlds deſire!

---

[r] *L'Envoy.*] *L'Envoy* was a ſort of poſtſcript, *ſent with* poetical compoſitions, and ſerving either to recommend them to the attention of ſome particular perſon, or to enforce what we call the *moral* of them. See the ſtanzas at the end of Chaucer's "Clerkes Tale," and of the "Complaint of the Black Knight," and of Chaucer's "Dreme." TYRWHITT. The "Shepherd's Calendar" has alſo its Envoy, though not there ſo called: ſee vol. i. p. 144. C.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

LONDON
Imprinted for William Ponſonbie,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the ſigne of the
Biſhops head.
1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Ladie, the things, that make ye ſo much honored of the world as ye bee, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that moſt honourable Lord, the very Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the cauſes for which ye have thus deſerved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my ſelfe in no part woorthie, I deviſed this laſt ſlender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, and alſo to make the ſame univerſallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchſafe, noble Lady, to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelf, yet ſuch as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.[a]

REHEARSE to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine,[b]
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Thoſe piteous plaints and ſorrowfull ſad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſilver Springs of Helicone,
Making your muſick of hart-breaking mone.

For ſince the time that Phœbus fooliſh ſonne
Ythundered, through Joves avengefull wrath,

---

[a] *The Teares of the Muſes.*] This title had been before adopted by Spenſer's friend, Gabriel Harvey, as appears by the Gloſſe of E. K. on September in the "Shepheard's Calender;" which ſee. The old commentator, I ſuppoſe, means "Gabrielis Harveii Valdinatis SMITHUS; vel MUSARUM LACHRYMÆ; *pro obitu* honoratiſſimi viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clariſſimi, *Thomæ Smithi*, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to. Lond. 1578." TODD. Todd need not have *ſuppoſed* it, becauſe E. K. ſays ſo expreſsly, almoſt in ſo many words: ſee vol. i. p. 113. C.

[b] *Rehearſe to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine*, &c.] This poem puts me in mind of theſe lines in Shakeſpeare's "Midſummer Night's Dream:" [Act v. Sc. 1.]—

"The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
"Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
"This is ſome ſatire, &c." JORTIN.

It has been conjectured that the two firſt lines cited by Jortin apply to the death of Spenſer; but if ſo, they muſt have been a ſubſequent inſertion, in order to commemorate the event, becauſe it is known that Shakeſpeare's "Midſummer Night's Dream" was in exiſtence before the deceaſe of Spenſer. C.

For traverſing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compaſſe of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Siſters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never ſince invented.

Nor ſince that faire Calliope did loſe
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici,[c] whom her unkindly foes,
The fatall Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewaile long ſpace,
Was ever heard ſuch wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyſes
Of their ſweete inſtruments were wont to ſound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their ſilver voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling ſhrieks throwne up into the ſkies.

The trembling ſtreames, which wont in channels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Baſes part amongſt their conſorts oft,
Now, forſt to overflowe with brackiſh teares,
With troublous noyſe did dull their daintie eares.

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble ſhifting feete,
Now, hearing them ſo heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

---

[c] *Her Palici.*] The Palici were alſo ſaid to have been the twins of Thaleia (daughter of Hephæſtius) by Jupiter. C.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infuſion of their ſkill,
And all that els ſeemd faire and freſh in ſight,
So made by nature for to ſerve their will,
Was turned now to diſmall heavineſſe,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglineſſe.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds
Hath ſtirred up ſo miſchievous deſpight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breaſts with mortall ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Gan rightfully aread[d] ſo dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldeſt Siſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſew.

CLIO.

HEARE, thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou our Sire, that raignſt in Caſtalie
And mount Parnaſſe, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare, and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of us, thy daughters, dolefull deſolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open ſhame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought

[d] *Gan rightfully aread.*] i. e. *Can* rightfully aread; "Gan" for *Can*, the two words having of old ſometimes been uſed interchangeably. Todd, abandoning the oldeſt authority, printed "*Can* rightfully aread;" and "Gan" may have been an error of the preſs. C.

By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themſelves to ſcorne,
Doo ſeeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce,
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doome unjuſt
Didſt to the type of honour earſt advaunce;
They now, puft up with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall ſkill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote up ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their ſpreading armes
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoves the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine;
Or rather learnd themſelves behoves to bee,
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doo eſteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdomes influence,
And to be learned it a baſe thing deeme:
Baſe minded they that want intelligence;
For God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt raiſed.

But they doo onely ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie:

In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Aunceſtrie;
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Armes firſt give
To their Grandſyres, they care not to atchive.

So I, that doo all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told;
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages have no light
Of things forepaſt, nor moniments of time;
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourne with deep harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble have to ſing.

With that ſhe raynd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could have made a ſtonie heart to weep;
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhee; and then the next anew,[e]
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMINE.

O! WHO ſhall powre into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that never may be dryde,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayer wide,
And yron ſides that ſighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

[e] *the next anew.*] Perhaps a miſprint for *in rew*, the words uſed in all ſubſequent caſes: ſee the laſt line but one on p. 333, &c. C.

Ah, wretched world! the den of wickedneſſe,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah, wretched world! the houſe of heavineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah, wretched world! and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaves to ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature under ſky
Man without underſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wiſely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely joy ſhee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the breſt with conſtant patience
Againſt the bitter throwes of dolours darts:
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldlie ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reaſons ſkill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to ſway:
Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.[f]

Why then doo fooliſh men ſo much deſpize
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?

[f] *the man that wants intendiment.*] Here "intendiment" appears to mean *attention* or *thought*, as Todd ſtates. Such, too, is the caſe in F. Q. vol. ii. p. 77, where no note ſeemed required; but on p. 436 of the ſame vol. "intendiment" is to be taken as *underſtanding* or *knowledge*. Such, indeed, may be the caſe in the inſtance before us. Shakeſpeare and other poets often uſe "intend" for *attend*. C.

Why doo they baniſh us, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not ſee their owne unhappineſs.

My part it is and my profeſſed ſkill
The Stage with Tragick buſkin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons to misfortune borne;
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Then this, of men depriv'd of ſenſe and minde.

For all mans life me ſeemes a Tragedy,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull ſpectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Perſephone;
But I, that in true Tragedies am ſkild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe;
And all her Siſters, thereto anſwering,
Threw forth lowd ſhrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So reſted ſhe; and then the next in rew[g]
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

---

[g] *then the next in rew.*] Here and elſewhere Spenſer uſes "rew" for *row:* ſee vol. ii. p. 450; vol. iii. p. 380, &c. C.

THALIA.

WHERE be the ſweete delights of learnings treaſure
That wont with Comick ſock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maſke in mirth with Graces well beſeene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her roome unſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow browes and greiſly countenaunce,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beſide ſits ugly Barbariſme,
And brutiſh Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abyſme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule diſguize.

All places they with follie have poſſeſt,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me have baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfeſaunce,[h] and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that els the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graced,
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;

[h] *Fine Counterfeſaunce.*] "Counterfeſaunce," both here and where Spenſer uſes it in the F. Q., means *counterfeiting* or *imitation.* C.

And thoſe ſweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant Willy,[i] ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taſke upon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreames of honnie and ſweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhlie throwe,
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelfe to mockerie to ſell.

---

[i] *Our pleaſant Willy.*] This paſſage has led to a good deal of diſcuſſion, but the prevailing opinion ſeems to be that by "our pleaſant Willy" Spenſer meant Shakeſpeare. Todd perſuaded himſelf that Spenſer intended to lament the loſs of Sir Philip Sidney, and that the epithet "gentle," afterwards applied to "ſpirit," peculiarly belonged to the author of the "Arcadia;" but in 1591 Sidney had been killed five years; and the word "dead," employed by Spenſer, is only to be underſtood as referring to the dead ſilence at that date impoſed by circumſtances upon the pen of our great dramatiſt. Malone put in a very abſurd claim for John Lyly, which cannot be ſupported upon any grounds deſerving refutation. The various reaſons on which we are diſpoſed to reſt the right of Shakeſpeare to be conſidered the "pleaſant Willy" of Spenſer, will be found ſtated in the "Life of Shakeſpeare," publiſhed in 1858, vol. i. p. 91, *et ſeq.* C.

So am I made the ſervant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that liſt to ſcorne;
Not honored nor cared for of anie,
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Untill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe lowdly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreames of teares abundantly;
And all her Siſters, with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingulfs did ſupply.
So reſted ſhee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling[j] of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when winters ſtormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite deſpoyled hath,
All comfortleſſe doth hide her chearleſſe head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whileſt favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes[k] at will,
All comfortleſſe, upon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culvers, doo ſit wayling now.

---

[j] *Like as the dearling.*] "Dearling," for *darling*, was uſual among our older writers: ſee alſo p. 326. "Darling" ſeems hardly to have been common until near the time of Shakeſpeare; Spenſer has alſo "darling." For "ſingulfs," above, meaning *ſobs*, ſee vol. iii. p. 396. C.

[k] *to chaunt our charmes.*] i. e. our ſongs; "charm" is, of courſe, from the Lat. *carmen*, and meant an *incantation*, becauſe it was ſung or chanted. C.

For far more bitter ſtorme than winters ſtowre
The beautie of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted;
And thoſe yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A ſtonie coldneſſe hath benumbd the ſence
And livelie ſpirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darkneſſe their intelligence,
Darkneſſe more than Cymerians daylie night:
And monſtrous error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſemed fayre.

Image of helliſh horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black abyſſe,
And fed with furies milke for ſuſtenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his ſonnes both Syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindneſſe and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſſe and beaſtlie filth had ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure Caſtalion,[1]

---

[1] *And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure Caſtalion.*] He calls the fountain *Caſtalion* for the ſake of rhyme. "*Speaking* ſtreams" is taken from the ancient poets. Statius, "Silv." V. v. 2:—

The famous witneſſe of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleaſant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And arbors ſweet, in which the Shepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleaſaunce mard,
That now no paſtorall is to bee hard.

In ſtead of them, fowle Goblins and Shriekowles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles
The dreadfull accents of their outcries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whileſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I, whoſe joy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmayd, with ſorrow dull,
Doo mone my miſerie with ſilence ſoft:
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heavens affoord me remedy.

Therewith ſhee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her ſiſters, ſeeing her doo ſoe,
With equall plaints her ſorrowe did partake.
So reſted ſhee; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

" Caſtaliæ *vocalibus* undis
" Inviſus—"
And "Silv." I. ii. 6.
" Et de Pieriis *vocalem* fontibus undam." JORTIN.

TERPSICHORE.

WHOSO hath in the lap of ſoft delight
Been long time luld, and fed with pleaſures ſweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes ſpight
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miſerie.

So we, that earſt in joyance did abound,
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands cround
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become moſt wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately ſtood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornefull Follie, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee ſhould have by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies:
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes poſſeſſe,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The ſchooles they fill with fond new fangleneſſe,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude;
Mongſt ſimple ſhepheards they do boaſt their ſkill,
And ſay their muſicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine:
Faire Ladies loves they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights diſtaine;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their uſurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maides, whom they diſpize
And with reprochfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertaine,
Unleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake compaſſion our paine,[m]
And yeeld us ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe;
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call;
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none living pittieth our paine.

With that ſhe wept and wofullie waymented,[n]

[m] *compaſſion our paine.*] We do not now employ "compaſſion" as a verb tranſitive. Biſhop Hall, as Richardſon ſhows, has the participle active, and as late as Dr. Young's time the paſt tenſe *compaſſioned* occurs; but this inſtance from Spenſer (where, of courſe, it is a quadriſyllable) ſeems to have been paſſed over without notice. C.

[n] *and wofullie waymented.*] See vol. ii. p. 416, for the ſubſtantive "wayment." Todd ſays that ſome editions read *lamented;* but all the

That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented
With ſhrikes and groanes and grievous agonie.
So ended ſhee; and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits, breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus ſilver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former heavineſſe;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye uſe your loves to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praiſe
Above the compaſſe of the arched ſkie;
Now change your praiſes into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging love firſt gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace;
Thoſe now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſſion,
And uſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate

---

old copies preſerve the more ancient form of the word. On a ſubſequent page, at the cloſe of the ſpeech of Erato, we meet with "laments," ſo that Spenſer availed himſelf of the words almoſt indifferently. C.

Of Lovers life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie ſkill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be ſchoolmaſter of my ſkill,
And the devicefull matter of my ſong;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotles, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th' Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceipt of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of blindnes cannot geſſe,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire[o]
Unto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maiſt go pack;
For lo! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Dove.

And ye three Twins,[p] to light by Venus brought,
The ſweete companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what ever thing is goodly thought,

[o] *their dunghill thoughts aſpire.*] See T. Warton's note upon the words "vile dunghill mind," this vol. p. 138. C.

[p] *And ye three Twins.*] "Three Twins," it muſt be acknowledged, is an extraordinary expreſſion. Milton's *birth of the three Graces* is thus elegantly and unexceptionably related:—

"*Euphroſyne*—
"Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
"With *two ſiſter* Graces more,
"To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore." TODD.

Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with us, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole;
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He ſings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayſe.

With that ſhe powred foorth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters, ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

To whom ſhall I my evill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell baniſhment?

For they, to whom I uſed to applie
The faithfull ſervice of my learned ſkill,
The goodly off-ſpring of Joves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe living praiſes in heroick ſtyle,
It is my chiefe profeſſion to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the ruſt of time
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,

Or through unnoble ſloth, or ſinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both deſire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo ſcorne.

Ne doo they care to have the aunceſtrie
Of th' old Heroës[q] memorizde anew;
Ne doo they care that late poſteritie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew,
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelves ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,[r]
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or ſtrive in vertue others to excell,
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerved meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chooſe goodnes of his owne freewill.

---

[q] *Of th' old Heroës.*] It is to be noted that Spenſer here purpoſely marked "Heroës" as a triſyllable: he apprehended, perhaps, that his line might be miſread, for had he choſen to make "Heroes" a diſſyllable he might have given the paſſage thus:—

"Of the old Heroes memorizde anew."

We believe that Chapman is the only writer in Engliſh who uſes *heroeſs* for heroine—"heroes and *heroeſſes*." In a ſubſequent ſtanza in this ſpeech Spenſer printed "ſtarris" for *ſtarres*, in order to make more ſure that the meaſure of his line ſhould not be ſpoiled. C.

[r] *What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus*, &c.] Hor. Od. II. iii. 21:—

"Diveſne priſco natus ab *Inacho*
"Nil intereſt, an *pauper* et infima
"De gente ſub divo moreris, &c." T. Warton.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raiſd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongſt the Starris ſeaven.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthie to commend
For prize of value,[s] or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now onely ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great revenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doo ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre;
And all her ſiſters, with compaſſion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe; and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conſpiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous peſtilence,

[s] *For prize of value.*] Another inſtance of the uſe of "value" for *valour:* ſee vol. ii. p. 183, and vol. iii. p. 47. C.

That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindneſſe and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkneſſe without ſovenance?[t]

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie, and deceipt of ſin.

In this wide world in which they, wretches, ſtray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadſtarre, and their day;
But hell, and darkneſſe, and the griſlie grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That mindes of men, borne heavenlie, doth debace.

Through knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formeleſſe mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our ſelves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the ſkie,
And looke into the Chriſtall firmament:
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,

[t] *in darkneſſe without ſovenance.*] Fr. *ſouvenance*, "remembrance." All the editions indeed read *ſoverance*, a word without meaning. I have therefore ventured to print what I ſuppoſe the poet intended; for *ſovenance* conveys a diſtinct and ſolemn ſentiment, "in darkneſs without remembrance, i. e. where all things are forgotten." Todd. There can be no doubt that "ſovenance," or *ſouvenaunce*, was Spenſer's word, and we find it twice in "The Shepherd's Calendar:" ſee vol. i. pp. 58, 124. It is one of our poet's French importations. C.

The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift movement,[u]
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almighties chayre.

And there, with humble minde and high inſight,
Th' eternall Makers majeſtie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can vew.
O ſoveraigne Lord! O ſoveraigne happineſſe,
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe!

Such happines have they that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Have they that ſcorne the ſchoole of arts divine,
And baniſh me, which do profeſſe the ſkill
To make men heavenly wiſe through humbled will.

How ever yet they mee deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feede on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And, pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the ſky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men,
Which want the bliſs that wiſedom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts doo lie in loathſome den
Of ghoſtly darkenes, and of gaſtlie dreed;
For whom I mourne, and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.

---

[u] *the Spheres ſwift movement.*] Todd thought it neceſſary to print "movëment," and the word muſt certainly be pronounced as three ſyllables; but here the poet ſeems to have thought the ear of his reader a ſufficient guide, and we follow his example. C.

With that ſhee wept and waild ſo pityouſlie,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells;
And all the reſt, her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended ſhee; and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFULL caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And ſquallid Fortune, into baſenes flong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapaſe of pleaſures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which have no ſkill to rule them right,
Have now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though having little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poëſie,[x]
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret ſkill;
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,

[x] *of goodly Poëſie.*] Spenſer (perhaps his printer's fault) ſeems hardly conſiſtent with himſelf as regards "Poëtry" and "Poëſie." C.

And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhee held in ſoveraigne dignitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintayne,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers majeſtie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie;
Ne onelie favours them which it profeſſe,
But is herſelfe a peëreles Poëteſſe.

Moſt peereles Prince, moſt peereles Poëteſſe,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliſa, ſacred Empereſſe!
Live ſhe for ever, and her royall P'laces[y]
Be fild with praiſes of divineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beſide this ſacred ſkill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

---

[y] *her royall P'laces.*] That is, *palaces.* The word is printed in the original edition with the eliſion, as I have printed it. Modern editions read *places.* Todd.

But all the reſt, as borne of ſalvage brood,
And having beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit ſavour this celeſtiall food,
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhee forth did powre,
As if ſhee all to water would have gone;
And all her ſiſters, ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did breake:
The reſt untold no living tongue can ſpeake.[z]

[z] *The reſt untold no living tongue can ſpeake.*] This is the emendation of the firſt folio: the original edition reads *loving*. Todd. "Living" is the word not only in the firſt folio, but in all other early impreſſions, excepting the firſt. C.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D yet not daring to expreſſe my paine,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In clowdie teares my caſe I thus complaine
Unto yourſelfe, that onely privie are:
But if that any Oedipus unware
Shall chaunce, through power of ſome divining ſpright,
To reade the ſecrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight,
Let him reſt pleaſed with his owne inſight,
Ne further ſeeke to gloſe upon the text;
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what ſo by my ſelfe may not be ſhowen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be eaſily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have playde[a] (Auguſtus) wantonly,
Tuning our ſong unto a tender Muſe,
And, like a cobweb weaving ſlenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuſe
This Gnats ſmall Poeme, that th' whole hiſtory
Is but a jeſt, though envie it abuſe:

[a] *We now have playde*, &c.] Spenſer ſhould not have undertaken to tranſlate the "Culex." His verſion is in many places wrong, and in ſome ſenſeleſs: nor is it any wonder; for the original is ſo corrupted, that no ſenſe can be made of many lines in it, without having recourſe to conjecture; and, where it is not corrupted, it is often very intricate and obſcure. Scaliger has done much, in his excellent notes, towards ſettling and illuſtrating it; but, after all, the commentary is better than the text; and we may ſay of Scaliger's "Culex," what Scaliger ſaid of Caſaubon's "Perſius:" "La ſauce vaut mieux que le poiſſon." I know not how to believe that Virgil is the author of that poem, though Scaliger is fully perſuaded of it. JORTIN. Spenſer's "Culex" is a vague and arbitrary paraphraſe of a poem not properly belonging to Virgil. From the teſtimony of many early Latin writers it may be juſtly concluded, that Virgil wrote an elegant poem with this title: nor is it improbable that, in the "Culex" at preſent attributed to Virgil, ſome very few of the original phraſes, and even verſes, may remain, under the accumulated incruſtation of critics, imitators, interpolators, and paraphraſts, which corrupts what it conceals. But the texture, the character, and ſubſtance, of the genuine poem is almoſt entirely loſt. T. WARTON. Profeſſor Heyne, in his edition of Virgil, has very ingeniouſly endeavoured to reſtore the violated beauty of this little poem; and has accordingly ſubjoined to the "Culex" uſually attributed to the bard of Mantua, "CULEX *probabiliter reſtitutus, cum*

But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeeme then this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poeſie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Joves progenie,[b]
Phœbus, ſhall be the author of my ſong,
Playing on yvorie harp with ſilver ſtrong.[c]

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide[d]
Faire Xanthus ſprincled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Aſtery abide;
Or whereas mount Parnaſſe, the Muſes brood,

---

notatione interpolationum." In the proemium to this poem, the learned critic makes this remark on Spenſer's tranſlation of it. "Patrio ſermone, octonis verſibus in ſtrophas coëuntibus, redditum eſt hoc carmen a Spenſero, poëta nobili Britanno, in ejus Opp. Nec ſine voluptate illud facile perlegas. Adeo mihi vel hoc exemplo patuit, quanto expeditius eſſet poëtam carmine vernaculo reddere, quam verba ſubtiliter interpretari. Nihil enim vetabat ſententias integras ſummatim efferre ejuſve partes in quemcunque placeret ſenſum deflectere, aut verba corrupta aptis et idoneis permutare." The "Culex," I may add, is neatly tranſlated, or rather copied, in "Poems on Several Occaſions by a Young Gentleman, Lond. 1724." 8vo. This Gentleman notices the tranſlation of Spenſer; but ſays that he can call his own poem neither *paraphraſe* nor *tranſlation*, having to the author's images now and then added ſome of his own, &c. TODD.

[b] *And ornament of great Jove's progenie.*] What is that? the moſt illuſtrious of all Jove's children? That is the beſt ſenſe that can be put upon it; but it is ſomewhat wide of the text:—

"Latonæ, magnique decus Jovis, aurea proles,
"Phœbus erit noſtri princeps, et carminis auctor."

JORTIN.

[c] *with ſilver ſtrong.*] That is, *ſtrung*, having ſilver ſtrings. TODD.

[d] *whether he woon beſide.*] Whether he *dwell* beſide. Spenſer generally ſpells the word *won* or *wonne:* ſee particularly vol. ii. p. 365. Conſiſtently, he ſpells the ſubſtantive either *won* or *wonne*. C.

Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the ſweete waves[e] of ſounding Caſtaly
With liquid foote doth ſlide downe eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters, which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian ſtreames, fayre Naiades,
Go too, and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie Pales,
To whome the honeſt care of huſbandrie
Returneth by continuall ſucceſſe,
Have care for to purſue his footing light
Throgh the wide woods and groves, with green leaves dight.

Profeſſing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forreſt wide and ſtarrie ſky:
And thou, moſt dread (Octavius), which oft
To learned wits giveſt courage worthily,
O come, (thou ſacred childe) come ſliding ſoft,
And favour my beginnings graciouſly;
For not theſe leaves do ſing that dreadfull ſtound,
When Giants bloud did ſtaine Phlegræan ground.

Nor how th' halfe horſy people,[f] Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the Eaſt with tyranous deſpight
Burnt th' Attick towres, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might

---

[e] *And the ſweete waves*, &c.] Perhaps, *wave*:—

"Caſtaliæque ſonans liquido pede labitur *unda*:"

but "WAVES *doth* ſlide" is in Spenſer's manner. JORTIN. We have little doubt that Spenſer wrote *wave*, following his original, and that the want of concord was produced by the blunder of the compoſitor. C.

[f] *Nor how th' halfe horſy people.*] In later impreſſions "halfe" and "horſy" are united by a hyphen, and perhaps properly, but we print the words as in the firſt edition. C.

Was digged downe;[g] nor yron bands abord[h]
The Pontick ſea by their huge Navy caſt,
My volume ſhall renowne, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor Helleſpont trampled with horſes feete,
When flocking Perſians did the Greeks affray;
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feete.
And thou, (dread ſacred child) to thee alway,
Let everlaſting lightſome glory ſtrive,
Through the worlds endles ages to ſurvive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongſt heavenly ranks, where bleſſed ſoules do reſt;
And let long laſting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deſerveſt beſt,
Hereafter many yeares remembered be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft are bleſt;
Live thou for ever in all happineſſe!
But let us turne to our firſt buſineſſe.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden Charet gliſtering light;
And fayre Aurora, with her roſie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;
When as the ſhepheard, ſeeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan drive out of their ſtalls,
To feede abroad where paſture beſt befalls.

---

[g] *Was digged downe.*] Not digged *down*, but digged *through*. "Non *perfoſſus* Athos." JORTIN.

[h] *nor yron bands abord.*] "Abord" here means *acroſs*, from ſhore to ſhore, Fr. *bord*. TODD.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſſe did cloath the open hills:
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,[i]
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelves farre abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft greene graſſe feeding their fills,
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the buſhie ſhrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmoſt boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft Willow, or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a chriſtáll brooke.

O! the great happines, which ſhepheards have,
Who ſo loathes not too much the poor eſtate,
With minde that ill uſe doth before deprave,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe[k] and ſemblants outward brave!
No ſuch ſad cares, as wont to macerate[l]

---

[i] *amongſt the woods and thickets ment.*] Or *meint*, as Spenſer has twice before ſpelt it: it always means *mingled* or *mixed:* the goats diſperſed themſelves amongſt the woods and thickets. For "ment" and *meint*, ſee vol. i. pp. 132, 197, and vol. iii. pp. 54, 377. C.

[k] *Of riotiſe.*] Spenſer, to whom alone it ſeems to belong, uſes "riotize" in his F. Q. vol. ii. p. 349: the meaning is clear even without the epithets "ſuperfluous" and "coſtly," with which he accompanies the ſubſtantive. C.

[l] *as wont to macerate.*] *Tear*, that is, *diſtract*. Virgil's word is *lacerant*. Perhaps Spenſer is the father of the Engliſh word, although our lexicographers have not thought proper to notice his uſage of it. TODD. To "macerate" is properly to *make lean* or *reduce*, as Richardſon ſtates, but not to *tear* or *diſtract*, as Todd gives it. C.

And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the ſhepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian dye;
Ne gliſtering of golde, which underlayes
The ſummer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious ſtones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with Imagery
Of Bœtus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles[m] eſteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian ſeas brought far away;
But with pure breſt from carefull ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſſe his limbs doth oft diſplay,
In ſweete ſpring time, when flowres varietie
With ſundrie colours paints the ſprinckled lay:
There lying, all at eaſe from guile or ſpight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himſelfe, with palme bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pales, and the forreſt greene,
And darkeſome caves in pleaſaunt vallies pight,
Whereas continuall ſhade is to be ſeene,

---

[m] *Ne ought the whelky pearles.*] The *whilk* or *welk* is a ſhell-fiſh. Perhaps the poet introduced this adjective in the ſenſe of *wreathed*, *twiſted*, as that *ſhell-fiſh* appears. Or perhaps it may be conſidered in the ſenſe of *whelked*, that is, *rounded*, or *emboſſed*; from *whelk*, a protuberance, according to Fluellen's deſcription of Bardolph's face, "K. Hen. V." "His face is all bubukles, and *whelks*, and knobs," [A. iii. Sc. 6], &c. Todd. Spenſer has "welked" in the ſenſe of *leſſened* and *decayed* in "Shep. Cal." for Nov. vol. i. p. 125. He has "welk" and "welked" for *to roll* and *rolled* in vol. i. pp. 18, 183. C.

And where freſh ſpringing wells, as chriſtall neate,
Do alwayes flow to quench his thirſtie heate.

O! who can lead, then, a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart ſincere,[n]
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering ſpoyles and treaſure,
Or may abound in riches above meaſure.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſythe,
And not with ſkill of craftſman poliſhed:
He joyes in groves, and makes himſelfe full blythe
With ſundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleaſure buildes her joyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour,
To this his minde and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend;
And how his limbs, reſolv'd through idle leiſour,[o]
Unto ſweete ſleepe he may ſecurely lend
In ſome coole ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

---

[n] *and heart ſincere.*] Miſprinted "*heat* ſincere" in the firſt edition, but afterwards *hart* or *heart* ſincere, which muſt be what the poet intended and wrote. C.

[o] *reſolv'd through idle leiſour.*] *Diſſolved*, or *laid at eaſe*. Lat. *reſolutus*. Todd. So in "Hamlet," Act i. Sc. 2, "*reſolve* itſelf into a dew," for *diſſolve*, &c. This uſe of *reſolve* was common. C.

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleaſaunt Springs
Of Tempe! where the countrey Nymphs are rife,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each ſhepheard ſings
As merrie notes upon his ruſticke Fife,
As that Aſcræan bard,[P] whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In ſuch delights whilſt thus his careleſſe time
This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reedes chaunting his ruſtick rime,
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heaven gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelfe divide.

Then gan the ſhepheard gather into one
His ſtragling Goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whoſe cærule ſtreame, rombling in pible ſtone,
Crept under moſſe as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick ſhadowes, there themſelves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy ſacred wood
(O Delian Goddeſſe!) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance ſore

P *Aſcræan bard.*] So Spenſer wrote, or ſhould have written. He ſpeaks of Heſiod. JORTIN. All the [old] editions erroneouſly read *Aſtræan*. TODD.

Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe halfe frantick, having ſlaine her ſonne,
Did ſhrowd her ſelfe like puniſhment to ſhonne.

Here alſo playing on the graſſy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing ſeene.
Not ſo much did Dan Orpheus repreſſe
The ſtreames of Hebrus with his ſongs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddeſſes
Staied thee, (O Peneus!) powring foorth to thee
From cheereful lookes great mirth and gladſome glee.

The verie nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding
In the freſh ſhadowe did for them prepayre,
To reſt their limbs with wearines redounding.
For firſt the high Palme trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoote up their heads into the ſkyes.

And them amongſt the wicked Lotos[q] grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulyſſes men, whom rapt with ſweetenes new,
Taking to hoſte, it quite from him did ſtay;
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew
The Sunnes ſad daughters waylde the raſh decay
Of Phaeton, whoſe limbs, with lightening rent,
They gathering up with ſweete teares did lament.

---

[q] *the wicked Lotos.*] See Homer, "Odyſſ." ix. 94, &c. And Plato, "De Repub." lib. viii. Opp. edit. Serran. tom. ii. p. 560. TODD.

And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon,[r]
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to ſuch an one;
The Oke, whoſe acornes were our foode, before
That Ceres ſeede of mortall men were knowne,
Which firſt Triptoleme taught how to be ſowne.

Here alſo grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ſhips brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſigne;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the ſtarres divine,
Decks all the forreſt with embelliſhment;
And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale;
And the ſweete Cypreſſe, ſigne of deadly bale.

Emongſt the reſt the clambring Yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happely ſhould rew
Her brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughes ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the ſmall Birds, in their wide boughs embowring,

---

[r] *And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon,* &c.] Strange ſtuff this. But the original is corrupted. See Scaliger. Phyllis, thinking ſhe was forſaken by Demophoon, hanged herſelf, ſay ſome, and was changed into *amygdalum*. She died of grief, ſay others; and, where ſhe was buried, trees ſprung up, which at certain times mourn her death, ſhedding their leaves. See Hyginus, "Fab." lix., Ovid, "Art. Am." iii. 37, "Remed." 55 and 591. Hence may be gueſſed what tree it is that the author of the "Culex" ſpeaks of. JORTIN.

Chaunted their ſundrie tunes with ſweete conſent;
And under them a ſilver Spring, forth powring
His trickling ſtreames, a gentle murmure ſent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowring
Of the moiſt moores, their jarring voyces bent,
And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them around;
All which the ayrie Echo did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place this Shepheards flocke[s]
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to reſt,
On everie buſh, and everie hollow rocke,
Where breathe on them the whiſtling wind mote beſt;
The whiles the Shepheard ſelf, tending his ſtocke,
Sate by the fountaine ſide, in ſhade to reſt,
Where gentle ſlumbring ſleep oppreſſed him
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But, looſlie on the graſſie greene diſpredd,
His deareſt life did truſt to careles ſleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowſie hedd,
In quiet reſt his molten heart did ſteep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falſhedd;
Had not inconſtant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietnes to ſpill.

For at his wonted time in that ſame place
An huge great Serpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelfe in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himſelfe to hide:
He, paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie aire did gride,[t]

---

[s] *this Shepheards flocke.*] Todd, and others after him, deſerting the old copies, printed "*the* Shepheards flocke." C.

[t] *the emptie aire did gride.*] i. e. did *pierce* or *wound*, as often before: ſee vol. i. p. 21; vol. ii. pp. 229, 359, 375, &c. C.

And wrapt his ſcalie boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now, more and more having himſelfe enrolde,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creſte above, ſpotted with purple die,
On everie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did ſeeme to flame out flakes of flaſhing fyre,
And with ſterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelfe diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt he ſpide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie ſide,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full ſtearnly rends that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdaines that anie one ſhould dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent:
Fellie he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his jawes with angrie ſpirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is ſtained,
And all his foldes are now in length outſtrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle nourſling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the ſleepie Shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles which ſight unto him lent,

Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himſelfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd he fiercely gan upſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruzing ſlewe,
As in avengement of his heedles ſmart,
That ſtreight the ſpirite[u] out of his ſenſes flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, ſuddenly caſting aſide his vew,
He ſpide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his deſtruction bent.

All ſuddenly diſmaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching haſtie holde
Of a yong alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan beholde
What God or Fortune would aſſiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him leſſe adrad.[x]

The ſcalie backe of that moſt hideous Snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt front tyre;
And, for he was but ſlowe, did ſlowth off ſhake
And gazing ghaſtly on, (for feare and yre

---

[u] *That ſtreight the ſpirite.*] "Spirite" here, as was not unuſual with poets of that day, muſt be pronounced *ſprite*, as indeed it is now ſpelt. Sometimes of old, and particularly in Spenſer, the orthography is *ſpright*. In l. 437 of this poem "ſpirite" is a diſſyllable. C.

[x] *that made him leſſe adrad.*] Leſs *fearful*, a-dread. This word is, of courſe, not to be confounded with "ydrad," in F. Q. C. 1. St. 2 (vol. i. p. 176), where it means *dreaded*—a ſenſe ſo obvious that we thought no note required. C.

Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlaine himſelfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed ſteedes[y] gan call,
And laeſie Veſper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seing the doubled ſhadowes low to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And unto reſt his wearie joynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entered, and now looſing everie lim
Sweete ſlumbring deaw in careleſneſſe did ſteepe,
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With greiſlie countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good, haſtning his cruell fate.

Said he, "What have I, wretch, deſerv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcaſt,
Whileſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now, in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th' ayre with everie windie blaſt:
Thou, ſafe delivered from ſad decay,
Thy careles limbs in looſe ſleep doſt diſplay.

"So liveſt thou; but my poore wretched ghoſt

---

[y] *her teemed ſteedes.*] *Joined together in a team.* See alſo ver. 465. This participle is probably of Spenſer's coinage. Todd. Richardſon, who inſerts the word in his Dict. and ſpells it with one *e*, affords no other example of its uſe: we know of none. C.

Is forſt to ferrie over Lethes river,
And ſpoyld of Charon too and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie poſt?
Tiſiphone each where doth ſhake and ſhiver
Her flaming fire brond,[z] encountring me,
Whoſe lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

" And Cerberus, whoſe many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe necke, in terrible array,
Ten thouſand ſnakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo gliſter firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

" Ay me! that thankes ſo much ſhould faile of meed;
For that I thee reſtor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed!
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo piteous deed?
The praiſe of pitie vaniſht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Juſtice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

" I ſaw anothers fate[a] approaching faſt,

---

[z] *Her flaming fire brond.*] Todd thought fit to alter " fire " of the firſt edition to *fiër* of the ſecond, and to interpolate two dots over the *e*, in order to ſhow that " fire " is here to be read as two ſyllables. We reprint the old text, leaving the point to the ear and to the diſcretion of the reader, merely obſerving that in the time of Spenſer it was quite as uſual for poets to conſider " fire " two ſyllables, as one. Daniel and Drayton have it both ways, and in the very next ſtanza Spenſer himſelf makes " fire " a monoſyllable. C.

[a] *I ſaw anothers fate*, &c.] This ſtanza is ſufficiently obſcure. The original indeed is in bad caſe. See Scaliger. JORTIN. In the next

And left mine owne his ſafetie to tender;
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhun'd deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not unto him that never hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

"I carried am into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt Cymerian ſhades,
Where endles paines and hideous heavineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades;
For there huge Othos ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with ſerpents that him oft invades;
Far of[f] beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.[b]

"And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O Latona faire!
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre.

---

line "ſafetie" is a triſyllable; but we have had many inſtances of the ſame kind in the F. Q., and it does not any where require Todd's two dots to indicate the fact. C.

[b] *Far of*[*f*] *beholding Ephialtes tide,*
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.]
"Nam vinctus ſedet immanis ſerpentibus Othos,
"Devictum mœſtus procul adſpiciens Ephialten,
"Conati quondam cum ſint incendere mundum."

Spenſer tranſlates *devictum*, "tide," [i. e. *tied*,] as if it were *devinctum*; and *mundum*, the world, which [here] means *heaven*. Perhaps *procul* here is not, *far off*, but *near*, not *far off*. It ſhould be perhaps:—
"Conati quondam cum ſint *inſcendere* mundum:"
to *ſcale* the heavens. Everybody knows the ſtory. Scaliger and Linbenbrogius are ſilent here, and I have no other commentator to conſult. JORTIN. Heyne here reads *devinctum* in Spenſer's ſenſe, and ably defends the reading. TODD. In the firſt line of this ſtanza Todd made nonſenſe of the paſſage by miſprinting "I carried am" "I carried *him*:" not ſo Profeſſor Child. C.

Much do I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black ſhadowes of the Stygian ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing evermore.

" There next the utmoſt brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe threat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,
Againſt a mountaine rolls a mightie ſtone,
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can have none.

" Go ye with them, go, curſed damoſells,
Whoſe bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde;[c]
And Hymen, at your Spouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death and maſſacre unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay.

" There alſo thoſe two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis! evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they ſlew with guiltie blades;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them[d] ſtill does ſore:

---

[c] *foule Erynnis tynde.*] *Kindled* or *lighted.* See alſo F. Q. ii. viii. 11 [vol. ii. p. 219]; iii. vii. 15 [vol. ii. p. 469]. Todd. The word (a common one, in uſe down to the time of Dryden) occurs again in the ſame ſenſe in l. 504 of this poem. C.

[d] *And fluttering round about them.*] Todd takes no notice of the variation of copies here: the 4to. has *flattering*, and the folios " flutter-

There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endles paine.

" But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soveraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

" Ah (weladay!)[e] there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee;
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I ſee,
And muſt paſſe over to th' Eliſian plaine:
There grim Perſephone, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earneſtlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

" There chaſt Alceſte lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her huſbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo! there lives alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankinde, moſt faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes

---

ing:" we adopt the laſt with heſitation; for the firſt may poſſibly be right, in reference to the *flattering* manner in which the lapwing leads people to ſuppoſe they are near its neſt, when they are far from it. C.

[e] *Ah (weladay!)*] Such is the popular interjection, and not *waladay*, as it is miſprinted in the firſt impreſſion, and as Todd would preſerve it, merely becauſe it comes neareſt *walaway;* but he himſelf mentions *welaway*, and if Spenſer had ſo intended, he would probably ſo have written and printed. C.

A ruleſſe rout[f] of yongmen, which her woo'd,
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

" And ſad Eurydice thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthie ſpirite bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeve that anie thing could pleaſe
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appeaſe:

" Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor thoſe ſame mournfull kingdomes, compaſſed
With ruſtie horrour and fowle faſhion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confuſion;
And judgement ſeates, whoſe Judge is deadlie dred,
A judge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults which life hath treſpaſſed before.

" But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde;
For the ſwift running rivers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wilde beaſts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus muſicke through the land:
And th' Okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him underſtand;
And the ſhrill woods,[g] which were of ſenſe bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his ſilver ſound receav'd.

---

[f] *A ruleſſe rout.*] A *lawleſs* rout, as we ſhould now ſay. I conſider *ruleſſe*, i.e. *not ſubject to rule*, as an adjective of Spenſer's coinage. Todd. No other inſtance of its uſe has been yet pointed out. Todd printed "woo'd" *wood*, as if the word ſignified *mad* or a *foreſt*. C.

[g] *And the ſhrill woods.*] The applicability of the epithet "ſhrill" to woods is not very apparent; but it is the text of every old edition, and may mean *whiſtling* woods: we might read, "*ſtill* woods." C.

" And eke the Moone her haſtie ſteedes did ſtay,
Drawing in teemes along the ſtarrie ſkie;
And didſt (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to heare his melodie?
The ſame was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as eaſily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

" She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and ſevere,
Obſerv'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her ey-ſight turne arere,
Ne ever ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſſe her, brok'ſt the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her ever damn'd to be.

" Ah! but ſweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deſerve to have ſmall faults remitted,
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the ſeates of happie ſoules admitted:
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doo in order ſtand.

" There be the two ſtout ſonnes of Aeacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both ſeeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their Syres dreadfull juriſdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

" For th' one was raviſht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy ;
But th' other was with Thetis love aſſaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this ſide them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy ;
That from th' Argolick ſhips with furious yre
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fyre.

" O ! who would not recount the ſtrong divorces
Of that great warre, which Trojanes oft behelde ?
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When Teucrian ſoyle with bloodie rivers ſwelde,
And wide Sigæan ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde ;
Whilſt Hector raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have tynde.

" For Ida ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies ;
And, like a kindly nourſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourſeries
Unto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Navie of their enemies,
And all the Rhetæan ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips which they did ſeeke to burne.

" Gainſt which the noble ſonne of Telamon
Oppoſ'd himſelfe, and, thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Trojan field :
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder which doth ryve
The ratling heavens, and cloudes aſunder dryve.

" So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other ſtrove for to defend[h]
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Aeacide did his fame extend;
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquiſht Hector ſhedd,
He compaſt Troy thrice[i] with his bodie dedd.

" Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris ſent;
And alſo him that falſe Ulyſſes ſlewe,
Drawne into danger through cloſe ambuſhment;
Therefore from him Laertes ſonne his vewe
Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæſus fall,
And efte in Dolons ſubtile ſurpryſall.[k]

" Againe the dreadfull Cycones him diſmay,
And blacke Læſtrigones, a people ſtout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs which her gird about:
Then doo the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:

---

[h] *th' other ſtrove for to defend.*] *Repel.* This is a Latiniſm, and an elegant boldneſs. See alſo F. Q. ii. xii. 63 [vol. ii. p. 325]. JORTIN. This "elegant boldneſs" was common to nearly all the poets of the time: it was by no means peculiar to Spenſer to employ "defend" in the ſenſe of *forbid* or *repel*. C.

[i] *He compaſt Troy thrice.*] "Thrice" is not in the original. Virgil affirms it indeed, Æn. i. 487, contrary to Homer's account of it. JORTIN. Hector fled "thrice about the walls of Troy," but his dead body was not dragged thrice round by Achilles. C.

[k] *ſubtile ſurpryſall.*] The folio of 1611 judiciouſly altered the original word *ſlye* to *ſubtile*, which completes the meaſure. TODD. The emphaſis is of courſe upon the firſt ſyllable of "ſurpryſall." C.

Laſtly the ſqualid lakes of Tartarie,[l]
And grieſly Feends of hell him terrifie.

" There alſo goodly Agamemnon boſts,
The glorie of the ſtock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts;
Under whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The Dorick flames conſum'd the Iliack poſts.
Ah! but the Greekes themſelves more dolorous,
To thee, O Troy! paid penaunce for thy fall;
In th' Helleſpont[m] being nigh drowned all.

" Well may appeare by proofe of their miſchaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens ſlipperie ſtate,
That none whom fortune freely doth advaunce,
Himſelfe therefore to heaven ſhould elevate;
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of envies dart, is downe in duſt proſtrate,
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

" Th' Argolicke power returning home againe,
Enricht with ſpoyles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good ſpeed the ſomie billowes ſcowre:
No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
Which ſoone enſued them with heavie ſtowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the ſurges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,

---

[l] *the ſqualid lakes of Tartarie.*] See vol. i. p. 297, where Tartary alſo occurs for *Tartarus*. Hell has been called "Tartar" in l. 444. C.

[m] *In th' Helleſpont,* &c.] This tranſlation is wide of the text, and the text is corrupted. See Scaliger. The Greeks ſuffered nothing in the Helleſpont. JORTIN.

Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre,
The heavens on everie ſide enclowded bee:
Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
But ſkies and ſeas doo make moſt dreadfull warre;
The billowes ſtriving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens ſtriving them for to impeach.[n]

" And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and ſtarres and all the heavenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
And downe on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The ſkie, in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful ſhowres,
That death on everie ſide to them appeares
In thouſand formes, to worke more ghaſtly feares.

" Some in the greedie flouds are ſunke and drent;[o]
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;
Some on th' Euboick Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some ſcattred on the Hercæan ſhores unknowne;[p]
And manie loſt, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be ſhowne:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the Phrigian pray,
Toſt on ſalt billowes, round about doth ſtray.

" Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,

---

[n] *them for to impeach.*] *Hinder.* Spenſer ſpells it *empeach*, vol. i. p. 313; where ſee the note on the double meaning in Engliſh of the words *empeach* and "impeach." C.

[o] *are ſunke and drent.*] *Drowned.* See F. Q. ii. vi. 49 [vol. ii. p. 191], and "The Teares of the Muſes," ver. 210. TODD. See alſo vol. iii. p. 420. Drent is the old participle: A. S. *drencian.* C.

[p] *on the Hercæan ſhores unknowne.*] "*Heræaque* late litora." See Scaliger, who reads *Gyræa* or *Ægea.* "Hercæan ſhores *unknown*" is pleaſant enough, there being no ſuch ſhores in *rerum natura.* JORTIN.

Whom ye in goodly ſeates may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in ſovereigntie,
And doth all Nations unto her ſubdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

" And here the antique fame of ſtout Camill
Doth ever live; and conſtant Curtius,
Who, ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For Countreyes health, a gulph moſt hideous
Amidſt the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appeaſe the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

" And here wiſe Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles reſt;
And ſtout Flaminius, whoſe devotion
Taught him the fires ſcorn'd furie to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either Scipion
Abides in higheſt place above the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling[q] their forces, ſound their praiſes lowd.

" Live they for ever through their laſting praiſe!
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the ſad lakes that Phœbus ſunnie rayes
Doo never ſee, where ſoules doo alwaies mourne;
And by the wayling ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which juſt Minos righteous ſoules doth ſever
From wicked ones, to live in bliſſe for ever.

---

[q] *Trembling.*] Forſan *trebling:* ſee " Henry VIII." A. i. Sc. 2. C.

" Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,
Girt with long ſnakes, and thouſand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Judge, compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cauſe of my death and juſt complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poore ghoſt complaines
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

" Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde:
But doo thou haunt the ſoft downe rolling river,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful paſtures minde;
And let the flitting aire my vaine words ſever."
Thus having ſaid, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have ſmarted.

Now, when the ſloathfull fit of lifes ſweete reſt
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full ſore oppreſt;
That balefull ſorrow he no longer beares
For that Gnats death, which deeply was impreſt,
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that ſame River lurking under greene,
Eftſoones he gins to faſhion forth a place;
And, ſquaring it in compaſſe well beſeene,
There plotteth out a tombe by meaſured ſpace:
His yron-headed ſpade tho making cleene,
To dig up ſods out of the flowrie graſſe,
His worke he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on everie ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;[r]
And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of ſmootheſt marble ſtone in order ſet,
That never might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweete flowres to growe:
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die;
The Lilly freſh, and Violet belowe;
The Marigolde, and cherefull Roſemarie;
The Spartan Mirtle,[s] whence ſweet gumb does flowe;
The purple Hyacinthe, and freſh Coſtmarie;
And Saffron, ſought for in Cilician ſoyle;
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Freſh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence;
And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre;
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;[t]
Red Amaranthus, luckleſſe Paramour;
Oxeye ſtill greene, and bitter Patience;

---

[r] *of greene turffs edifide.*] *Built.* See the note on this word, F. Q. i. i. 34 [vol. i. p. 187]. Todd.

[s] *The Spartan Mirtle.*] "*Spartica* Myrtus," which, whatever it be, is not *Spartan.* Spenſer adds, "whence ſweet gumb does flowe;" which is an inſertion of his own. Jortin.

[t] *And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence.*] "Et Bocchus Libyæ Regis memor." Thus anything may be made out of anything. Jortin. I may not diſmiſs the learned reader with Dr. Jortin's pleaſantry on Spenſer, without citing alſo the obſervation of Heyne on *Bocchus:* "Quod aliunde non conſtat, ex hoc loco diſcimus, *florem fuiſſe* Bocchi nomine *inſignitum.* Rex ille Mauritaniæ facile hunc honorem conſequi potuit Jubæ Regis beneficio, quem cum de aliis rerum naturis tum de plantis ſcripſiſſe ex Plinio tenemus, &c." Todd.

Ne wants there pale Narciſſe, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatſoever other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other hearb of lovely hew,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her ſelfe in colours freſh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall Gnat, in lieu of his life ſaved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON ÁND MOUNTEGLE.

LONDON.
Imprinted for William Ponſonbie,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the ſigne of the
Biſhops head.
1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE

LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie; having often ſought opportunitie by ſome good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiſhip the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I have alwaies profeſſed, and am bound to beare to that Houſe, from whence yee ſpring, I have at length found occaſion to remember the ſame, by making a ſimple preſent to you of theſe my idle labours; which having long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongſt other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, mooved to ſet them foorth. Simple is the device, and the compoſition meane, yet carrieth ſome delight, even the rather becauſe of the ſimplicitie and meanneſſe thus perſonated. The ſame I beſeech your Ladiſhip take in good part, as a pledge of that profeſſion which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with ſome other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and diſcharge my utmoſt dutie. Till then, wiſhing your Ladiſhip all increaſe of honour and happineſſe, I humblie take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.[a]

IT was the month in which the righteous Maide,
That for diſdaine of ſinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence ſhe was firſt conceived,
Into her ſilver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noyſome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, peſtilence, and death.
Emongſt the reſt a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongſt men, that manie did to die,

[a] *Mother Hubberds Tale.*] In this Poem we have a ſpecimen of Spenſer's genius in Satire, a talent he very ſeldom exerciſed. This Fable is after the old manner of Chaucer, of whom it is an excellent imitation; and perhaps the antiquated ſtyle has no ill effect in improving the humour of the ſtory: the morality of it is admirable. Every one will obſerve that keenneſs of wit, with which he has repreſented the arts of ill courtiers. In the deſcription of a good courtier, which is ſo finely ſet off by the contrary characters, it is believed the author had in his view Sir Philip Sidney, of whom this ſeems to be a very juſt as well as beautiful picture. HUGHES.

Depriv'd of ſenſe and ordinarie reaſon,
That it to Leaches ſeemed ſtrange and geaſon.[b]
My fortune was, mongſt manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie, ſet on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of reſt and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight there came to viſite mee
Some friends, who, ſorie my ſad caſe to ſee,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wiſe,
And meanes of gladſome ſolace to deviſe:
But ſeeing kindly ſleep refuſe to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They ſought my troubled ſenſe how to deceave
With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And ſitting all in ſeates about me round,
With pleaſant tales (fit for that idle ſtound)
They caſt in courſe to waſte the wearie howres.
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their ſtrange attires;
And ſome of Giaunts, hard to be beleeved;[c]
That the delight thereof me much releeved.
Amongſt the reſt a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre ſurpas
The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,

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[b] *ſtrange and geaſon.*] *Uncommon.* See the note on F. Q. vi. iv. 37 [this vol. p. 187], and "Viſions of the Worlds Vanity," ver. 5. Todd. The expreſſion "ſtrange and geaſon" may appear a little tautologous, but it was in frequent uſe; and if Todd's etymology be accepted, viz. that "geaſon" is from the Gothic *geiſn*, we may very fairly underſtand it as *wonderful: geiſn* is to be aſtoniſhed, or amazed. C.

[c] *And ſome of Giaunts, hard to be beleeved.*] R. Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy," edit. 1624, p. 230) ſeems to have had this paſſage in his mind when he wrote—"The ordinary recreations which we have in Winter, &c. are merry Tales of Errant Knights, Kings, Queens, Lovers, Lords, Ladies, Giants, Dwarfs, Thieves, Fairies." Todd.

Tolde of a ſtrange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him miſguided;
The which, for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
All were my ſpirite heavie and deſeaſed,
Ile write in termes as ſhe the ſame did ſay,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muſes aide me needs heretoo to call;
Baſe is the ſtyle, and matter meane withall.
Whilome (ſaid ſhe) before the world was civill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, diſliking of their evill
And hard eſtate, determined to ſeeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke,
For both were craftie and unhappie witted;[d]
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that firſt this cauſe of griefe did finde,
Gan firſt thus plaine his caſe with words unkinde.
" Neighbour Ape, and my Goſhip[e] eke beſide,
(Both two ſure bands in friendſhip to be tide)
To whom may I more truſtely complaine
The evill plight that doth me ſore conſtraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare, then, my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have ſpent and worne
In meane regard, and baſeſt fortunes ſcorne,
Dooing my Countrey ſervice as I might,
No leſſe, I dare ſaie, than the prowdeſt wight;
And ſtill I hoped to be up advaunced,
For my good parts; but ſtill it hath miſchaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I ſee,

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[d] *and unhappie witted.*] i. e. and *wickedly*, or *miſchievouſly* witted: this was a very common ſenſe of the word of old, and it was alſo ſometimes uſed merely for *unlucky:* ſee the note to "All's Well that Ends Well," Act iv. Sc. 5. edit. 1858. C.

[e] *and my Goſhip.*] See the note on F. Q. i. xii. 11. Todd. It is miſſpelt by Todd here "goſſip," and it is "goſſib" in vol. ii. p. 70. The orthography ſtrictly is *godſib;* but Spenſer has it "goſſip" afterwards. C.

But froward fortune ſtill to follow mee,
And loſels lifted up on high, where I did looke,[f]
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke:
Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Goſſip privie firſt to make."
" Ah! my deare Goſſip, (anſwer'd then the Ape)
Deeply doo your ſad words my wits awhape,[g]
Both for becauſe your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke becauſe my ſelfe am touched neare:
For I likewiſe have waſted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whileſt others alwayes have before me ſtept,
And from my beard the fat away have ſwept;
That now unto deſpaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my truſtie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better then one head."
" Certes (ſaid he) I meane me to diſguize
In ſome ſtraunge habit, after uncouth wize;
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,[h]
Or like a Gipſen, or a Juggeler,
And ſo to wander to the worldes ende,[i]
To ſeeke my fortune, where I may it mend:

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[f] *And loſels lifted up on high, where I did looke.*] Todd omitted "up on" becauſe he did not find them in "the firſt folio" [1611]; but Spenſer may have intended the line to be redundant, and we conſiſtently follow the text of the original 4to. 1591. C.

[g] *my wits awhape.*] *Terrify* [*aſtoniſh*]. See the note on F. Q. v. xi. 32 [this vol. p. 12]. TODD. See alſo vol. iii. p. 195, where the ſenſe required is the ſame. C.

[h] *or a Lymiter.*] A Friar licenſed to beg within a certain diſtrict. See "Prol. Cant. T." 209. TYRWHITT.

[i] *And ſo to wander to the worldes ende.*] We have had no heſitation in printing *worlds* of the original 4to. 1591 "worldes," in conformity with Spenſer's frequent practice, in order to indicate that it was to be pronounced as two ſyllables: it ſtands "worldes" in the folios, and Todd's two dots, over the *e* in the laſt ſyllable, are merely ſuperfluous to an ear of any nicety. C.

For worſe than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie ſtreete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures ſtraunge,
Continuallie ſubject unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
" Surely (ſaid th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poore fellowſhip expell,
My ſelfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull jeopardie:
For to wexe olde at home in idleneſſe
Is diſadventrous, and quite fortuneleſſe;
Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee."
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both reſolv'd, the morrow next enſuing,
So ſoone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended journey to proceede;
And over night whatſo theretoo did neede
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as one might ſee
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themſelves (a Gods name) on their way;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' adviſe.
" Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wiſe,
What courſe ye weene is beſt for us to take,
That for our ſelves we may a living make.
Whether ſhall we profeſſe ſome trade or ſkill,
Or ſhall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occaſion appeares?
Or ſhall we tie our ſelves for certaine yeares
To anie ſervice, or to anie place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to reſolve firſt hereupon."

" Now ſurely brother (ſaid the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in ſeaſon;
For everie thing that is begun with reaſon
Will come by readie meanes unto his end,
But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.[k]
Thus therefore I advize upon the caſe,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,
Nor anie man, we ſhould our ſelves applie;
For why ſhould he that is at libertie
Make himſelfe bond? ſith then we are free borne,
Let us all ſervile baſe ſubjection ſcorne;
And as we bee ſonnes of the world ſo wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our ſelves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger[l] in their hand,
And all the reſt doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,

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[k] *But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.*] i. e. muſt needs *go amiſs*. To " wend " ſeems no part of the verb *to go*, nor " miſwend " of the verb *to miſgo: to go* is properly the tranſlation of " to wend." In the F. Q. B. iv. C. 5. St. 30 (vol. iii. p. 169), we have the participle *miſwent;* and in the laſt line of the ſame canto " went " is a noun ſubſtantive, meaning a *way* or *journey*. C.

[l] *now hold in hugger mugger.*] In ſecret, Fr. *en cachette*, Cotgrave. See his Dict. in v. v. *Cachette* and *Hugger mugger*. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, as Mr. Malone alſo has obſerved, renders this expreſſion by *dinaſcoſo*. Shakeſpeare uſes it in " Hamlet " [Act iv. Sc. 5], which Mr. Steevens thinks the poet took from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " Antonius thinking that his body ſhould be honourably buried, and not *in hugger-mugger*." Todd. Shakeſpeare may have met with the expreſſion in many other writers: we quote the following from J. Heywood's " Spider and Fly," 4to. 1556, where it is ſpelt differently (and perhaps derived differently) from any of the citations in our dictionaries:—

" What brute might breede to you more infamie
Then here in *hucker-mucker* me to murder?" Sign. Ciij b. C.

Ne was it ſo by inſtitution
Ordained firſt, ne by the law of Nature,
But that ſhe gave like bleſſing to each creture,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor ſtrife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold;
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhalbe our plot:
We will not be of anie occupation;
Let ſuch vile vaſſalls, borne to baſe vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,[m]
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walke about the world at pleaſure
Like two free men, and make our eaſe a treaſure.
Free men ſome beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them ſo more beggers bee;
For they doo ſwinke and ſweate to feed the other,
Who live like Lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the ſame,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we faſhion both our ſelves to bee,
Lords of the world; and ſo will wander free

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[m] *for their living droyle.*] To "droyle," or *droil*, is to *drudge*, to *labour*. In ſome writers the word is *droy*, both in the verb and ſubſtantive: Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuſes," 1583, F. 8 b, ſpeaks of "any *droye* or puſsle in the countrey;" and Gaſcoigne, in his "Steele Glaſs," edit. 1587, fo. 301, has this line:—

"But he which can in office drudge and *droy;*"

but in "The Remedy againſt Love," by W. A. 1579, Sign. D. b, we have *droil* in perhaps its moſt ancient form:—

"A bond man to his appetites,
A drudge unto a *droyelle.*"

The word is by no means ſo uncommon as might be ſuppoſed from the few inſtances in our dictionaries. C.

Where ſo us liſteth, uncontrol'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongſt ſo manie)
Light not on ſome that may our ſtate amend;
Sildome but ſome good commeth ere the end."
Well ſeemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
Yet well conſidering of the circumſtaunce,
As pauſing in great doubt, awhile he ſtaid,
And afterwards with grave advizement ſaid:
" I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpoſe of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the reſt
Of each degree) that Beggers life is beſt;
And they, that thinke themſelves the beſt of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we ſhall ronne
Into great daunger, like to bee undonne,
Thus wildly to wander[n] in the worlds eye,
Withouten paſport or good warrantye,
For feare leaſt we like rogues ſhould be reputed,
And for eare-marked beaſts abroad be bruted.
Therefore, I read that we our counſells call,
How to prevent this miſchiefe ere it fall,
And how we may, with moſt ſecuritie,
Beg amongſt thoſe that beggers doo defie."
" Right well, deere Goſſip, ye advized have,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will ſave,
For ere we farther paſſe I will deviſe
A paſport for us both in fitteſt wize,
And by the names of Souldiers us protect:
That now is thought a civile begging ſect.

[n] *Thus wildly to wander.*] So the original impreſſion; but Todd and other modern editors (Mr. Child excepted) read, " Wildly to wander thus," &c. following the corruption of the folio 1611, which they ſtrangely prefer as the better text. Even if it were better, it is not the text of Spenſer. The rhythm of the line in the 4to. 1591, was the rhythm of the period, which the folio, printed twenty years afterwards, miſrepreſents. C.

Be you the Souldier, for you likeſt are
For manly ſemblance, and ſmall ſkill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and, as occaſion
Falls out, my ſelfe fit for the ſame will faſhion."
  The paſport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew jacket with a croſſe of redd
And manie ſlits, as if that he had ſhedd
Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the uſe of his right arme bereaved.
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeſe, looſe like an emptie gut;°
And his hoſe broken high above the heeling,
And his ſhooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither ſword nor dagger he did beare;
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare:
In ſtead of them a handſome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through ſo falſe illuſion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuſion,
And that, which is the nobleſt myſterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working ſet;
Yet manie waies they ſought, and manie tryed,

° *looſe like an emptie gut.*] An extravagant heir is thus ludicrouſly deſcribed in a ſimilar dreſs, in "Father Hubburds Tales," 8vo. 1604. "His breeches, a wonder to ſee, were *ful as deep* as the middle of winter, or the roadeway between London and Wincheſter; and ſo *large and wide* withal, that I thinke within a twelve-month he might very well put all his lands in them, &c." TODD. Todd was not aware that there were two impreſſions of Middleton's humorous tract, both dated 1604, the title of the earlieſt being "The Ant and the Nightingale, or Father Hubburd's Tales," varying ſtill more from the title of Spenſer's earlier production. C.

Yet for their purpoſes none fit eſpyed.
At laſt they chaunſt to meet upon the way
A ſimple huſbandman in garments gray;
Yet though his veſture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honeſt place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good is good hearts greateſt loathing.
The Foxe, him ſpying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe! he was in ſight
That (if he er'd not) ſhould them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftſoones the Ape himſelfe gan up to reare,
And on his ſhoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good ſervice he were fit to doo;
But little thrift for him he did it too;
And ſtoutly forward he his ſteps did ſtraine,
That like a handſome ſwaine it him became.
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander looſly, firſt began
T' enquire, of cuſtome, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape: "I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres have ſpent my deereſt blood,
And in long ſervice loſt both limbs and good;
And now, conſtrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to ſeeke ſome meanes to live:
Which might it you in pitie pleaſe t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull ſervice all my dayes.
This yron world (that ſame he weeping ſayes)
Brings downe the ſtowteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate;
For miſerie doth braveſt mindes abate,
And make them ſeeke for that they wont to ſcorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honeſt man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine;

And well diſpos'd him ſome reliefe to ſhowe,
Aſkt if in huſbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thraſh, to thetch, to mowe?
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd,
For huſbands life is labourous and hard?
Whenas the Ape him hard ſo much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have ſlipt the coller handſomly,
And to him ſaid: "Good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie living wight;
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly ſervices as needeth.
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to ſtrong labour can it ſelfe enure;
But if that anie other place you have,
Which aſkes ſmall paines, but thriftines to ſave,
Or care to overlooke, or truſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your owne ghoſtly father."
With that the huſbandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fitteſt exerciſe
Cattell to keep, or grounds to overſee;
And aſked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
"Gladly (ſaid he) what ever ſuch like paine
Ye put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtaine;
But gladlieſt I of your fleecie ſheepe
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me the keep.
For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers ſheepe I uſde to looke,
That yet the ſkill thereof I have not loſte:
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coſte,
(Meaning the Foxe) will ſerve my ſheepe to gather,

And drive to follow after their Belwether."
The Huſbandman was meanly well content[p]
Triall to make of his endevourment;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giving accompt of th' annuall increce
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a ſhepheard ſwaine,
And the falſe Foxe his dog (God give them paine!)
For ere the yeare have halfe his courſe out-run,
And doo returne from whence he firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges ſwift,
Expired had the terme, that theſe two javels[q]
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their maſter, which it of them ſought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwere unto him to frame,
Ne how to ſcape great puniſhment, or ſhame,
For their falſe treaſon and vile theeverie:
For not a lambe of all their flockes ſupply
Had they to ſhew; but ever as they bred,
They ſlue them, and upon their fleſhes fed;
For that diſguiſed Dog lov'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.

[p] *The Huſbandman was meanly well content.*] A rather unuſual application of the adverb, and it is probably to be underſtood in the ſenſe of indifferently well content. If "meanly" were a miſprint for *mainly*, the ſenſe might be, that the huſbandman was *very* well content to make trial of the Ape. C.

[q] *that theſe two javels.*] *Wandering* or *dirty fellows;* perhaps, ſays Dr. Johnſon, from the verb "to *javel*," i. e. to *bemire*, which is ſtill retained in Scotland and the northern counties. See alſo v. 712. TODD. It is a very ordinary old term of abuſe, the etymology of which has not been fixed. In "Prompt. Parv." "javell" is rendered by *gerro*, but it means not merely a babbler, but a talkative raſcal or ſcoundrel of the loweſt deſcription. We may judge of the character of the word from its frequent uſe by Skelton. C.

So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd the old ſheepes lives they reft;
That how t' acquite themſelves unto their Lord
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Foxe then counſel'd th' Ape for to require
Reſpite till morrow t' anſwere his deſire;
For times delay new hope of helpe ſtill breeds.
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all ſhould readie be:
But they more ſubtill meaning had than he;
For the next morrowes meed they cloſely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent;
And that ſame evening, when all ſhrowded were
In careles ſleep, they without care or feare
Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wolde.
Of which whenas they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and tooke their haſtie flight,
Carried in clowdes[r] of all-concealing night.
So was the huſbandman left to his loſſe,
And they unto their fortunes change to toſſe:
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing manie through their cloaked guile,
That at the laſt they gan to be deſcryed
Of everie one, and all their ſleights eſpyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte:[s]

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[r] *Carried in clowdes.*] The emendations in Drayton's copy of the folio 1611 here become comparatively few; but it is fit to notice that for "Carried in clowdes," which is rather an unuſual expreſſion, he reads, "*Cover'd* in clowdes:" the two words might be eaſily miſtaken by the old printer, but we give the old text. C.

[s] *all men would them wyte.*] *Blame.* See the note on "Shep. Cal." May, ver. 159 [vol. i. p. 61]. Todd. See alſo this vol. p. 81, where "wite" is a ſubſtantive, and various other places. C.

Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
But ſeeke ſome other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For manie beg which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a caſſocke ſidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range:
For, ſince their ſouldiers pas no better ſpedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who paſſing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell,
At length chaunſt with a formall Prieſt to meete,
Whom they in civill manner firſt did greete,
And after aſkt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man ſtraight way his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade ſo baſe and vile;
And aſkt what licenſe, or what Pas they had?[t]
"Ah! (ſaid the Ape, as ſighing wondrous ſad)
Its an hard caſe, when men of good deſerving
Muſt either driven be perforce to ſterving,
Or aſked for their pas by everie ſquib,[u]
That liſt at will them to revile or ſnib:[x]

[t] *And aſkt what licenſe, or what Pas they had.*] We have had "their ſouldier's pas" mentioned juſt above, and here we ſee that "clerks book-read" required a licence to enable them lawfully to aſk for alms. It may be noted that poor old John Stow, the chronicler, in his age and poverty had a licence to beg for his ſubſiſtence; and we learn on the ſame authority that this miſerable expedient was of little avail. See the "Continuance" to Warner's "Albion's England," 4to. 1606; —"Addreſs to the Reader." Juſt before, the ſame writer ſpeaks of Spenſer and his dying poverty. C.

[u] *everie ſquib.*] *Any petty fellow.* So in "The Tatler:" "The *ſquibs*, are thoſe who in the common phraſe of the world are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers." JOHNSON. A "ſquib" ſeems properly a *fire-work;* but it is uſed metaphorically. C.

[x] *revile or ſnib.*] See the note on this word, "Shep. Cal." Feb. v.

And yet (God wote) ſmall oddes I often ſee
Twixt them that aſke, and them that aſked bee.
Natheles, becauſe you ſhall not us miſdeeme,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeeme,
Yee ſhall our paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."
Which when the Prieſt beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein ſome text he ſtudying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof ſkill;
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worſe, ne make one better:
Of ſuch deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongſt Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence ariſe diverſitie of ſects,
And hatefull hereſies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controverſies vaine;
All his care was, his ſervice well to ſaine,[y]
And to read Homelies upon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An eaſie life, and fit high God to pleaſe.
He, having overlookt their pas at eaſe,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But loſt their time in wandring looſe abroad;
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,[z]
Had wayes enough for all therein to live;

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126. T. Warton. The word is "ſnebbe" in the "Shep. Cal.;" but it is the ſame as "ſnib," and both are put for what we now uſually write *ſnub:* ſee vol. i. p. 26. C.

[y] *All his care was, his ſervice well to ſaine.*] See the note on "Shep. Cal." May, ver. 311 [vol. i. p. 66]. Todd.

[z] *in which they bootles boad.*] i.e. *bode,* or did *abide*—in which they lived uſeleſsly. C.

Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Foxe: "Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide:
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,[a]
Nor on us taken anie ſtate of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.[b]
Therefore might pleaſe you, which the world have proved,
Us to adviſe, which forth but lately moved,
Of ſome good courſe that we might undertake;
Ye ſhall for ever us your bondmen make."
The Prieſt gan wexe halfe proud to be ſo praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;
"It ſeemes (ſaid he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
How manie honeſt men ſee ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize;
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commiſſaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
All jolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie: yet ſpite bites neare.
Why ſhould ye doubt, then, but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the meane time to live in good eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate;

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[a] *the tract of anie troad.*] *Path.* See alſo "The Shep. Cal." July, ver. 14 [vol. i. p. 81]. Todd. Todd ſeems to miſtake: "troad" is not here a noun, but a verb—"we have not yet *trodden* the tract of any." *Trade* is from the verb "to tread:" ſee Richardſon's Dict. C.

[b] *of anie to make preife.*] Here Spenſer wiſhed "preife" to rhyme with "life," and therefore, adopting the German diphthong, ſpelt it differently from his uſual method, *prief* or *priefe*. Todd refers to Chaucer for *prefe;* but we have often had it before in Spenſer: ſee vol. i. p. 316, &c. The word generally explains itſelf. C.

Being ſome honeſt Curate, or ſome Vicker
Content with little in condition ſicker.[c]
"Ah! but (ſaid th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens ſoules, and hath an heavie threat."
"To feede mens ſoules (quoth he) is not in man;
For they muſt feed themſelves, doo what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that liſt, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
Therefore ſaid he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jewes, *All ſhalbe taught of God.*
That ſame hath Jeſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Prieſt is hee;
We but his ſhepheard ſwaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your ſelfe diſmay;
Ne is the paines ſo great, but beare ye may,
For not ſo great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe ſo ſtreight and ſore.
They whilome uſed duly everie day
Their ſervice and their holie things to ſay,
At morne and even, beſides their Anthemes ſweete,
Their penie Maſſes, and their Complynes meete,[d]
Their Diriges,[e] their Trentals,[f] and their ſhrifts,[g]

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[c] *in condition ſicker.*] *Sure.* Spelt by Chaucer, *ſiker.* Todd. We have already had "ſicker" in vol. i. p. 96; and "ſickerneſs" in vol. ii. p. 473, and in vol. iii. p. 61. C.

[d] *and their Complynes meete.*] Fr. *Complie. Even-ſong;* the laſt ſervice of the day. Chaucer, "Perſ. Tale:"—"By general confeſſion of Confiteor at Maſſe, and at prime, and at *complin*," &c. Tyrwhitt. So called, ſays Richardſon, becauſe it "*completes* and cloſes the offices of the day." C.

[e] *Their Diriges.*] The firſt folio reads *diriges*, and perhaps rightly. The original edition, and ſome others, *dirges;* which deſtroys the metre of the verſe. If Spenſer meant *dirges*, we muſt ſubjoin *and.* But ſee Chaucer's "Lament. of Mary Magdalene," ed. Urr. ver. 641:—

Their memories,[h] their ſingings, and their gifts.
Now all thoſe needleſſe works are laid away;
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our ſmall devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to faſt, but when we liſt;
Ne to weare garments baſe of wollen twiſt,
But with the fineſt ſilkes us to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Reſembling Aarons glorie in his place:
For farre unfit it is, that perſon bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods majeſtie,
Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie;
Or that all men, which anie maſter ſerve,
Good garments for their ſervice ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt place, t' approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent

"To ſinge my *dirige* with great devocion."

The poet might mean the popiſh hymn beginning, "*Dirige* greſſus meos;" and not the lamentation for the dead, entitled a *dirge;* which indeed is not a contraction of *dirige*. See Verſtegan's diſtinction in Johnſon's Dictionary, under *Dirge*. Todd. Richardſon gives it as "Dirge, or *dirige*," and adds that it is ſo called from the pſalm *Dirige nos, domine;* obſerving that "no other plauſible origin has been aſſigned." We are diſpoſed to agree with him. C.

[f] *their Trentals.*] *Un trentel*, French, was a ſervice of thirty Maſſes, which were uſually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead. Du Cange, in V. *Trentale*. Tyrwhitt.

[g] *and their ſhrifts.*] *Confeſſions*. See the notes on *ſhrive*, F. Q. iv. xii. 6. Todd. Todd's reference ſhould have been to St. 26 [vol. iii. p. 301]; and ſurely no farther explanation of ſo common a term is neceſſary. The word and the practice have both been revived. C.

[h] *Their memories.*] By "memories," ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead*, which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*. They are mentioned in King Edward the Sixth's "Injunctions," 1547. "At Even-ſong time the reſponds, with all the *memories*, ſhall be left off," &c. Todd.

Both too and fro, ſhould not deſerve to weare
A garment better than of wooll or heare.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely Laſſes, or bright ſhining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilfull chaſtitie,
But have the Goſpell of free libertie."
By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parſon,
And of the Prieſt eftſoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aſpire?
" Marie, there (ſaid the Prieſt) is arte indeed:
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
Firſt, therefore, when ye have in handſome wiſe
Your ſelfe attyred, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome Noble man your ſelfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his religion.
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou muſt walke in ſober gravitee,
And ſeeme as ſaintlike as Saint Radegund:
Faſt much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curteſie meeke:
Theſe lookes (nought ſaying) doo a benefice ſeeke,
And be thou ſure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way:
For there thou needs muſt learne to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to ſcoffe, to companie,
To crouche to pleaſe, to be a beetle ſtock

Of thy great Maſters will, to ſcorne, or mock.
So maiſt thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Unleſſe thou canſt one conjure by device,
Or caſt a figure for a Biſhoprick;
And if one could, it were but a ſchoole trick.
Theſe be the wayes by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes muſt recompenced bee
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parſonage:
Scarſe can a Biſhoprick[i] forpas them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privitie.
Doo not thou therefore ſeeke a living there,
But of more private perſons ſeeke elſwhere,
Whereas thou maiſt compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of anie.
For ſome good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe;
That if the living yerely doo ariſe
To fortie pound, that then his yongeſt ſonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou haſt wonne:
Thou haſt it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift,

[i] *Scarſe can a Biſhoprick*, &c.] This is probably an alluſion to the frequent alienations of the lands and manors of biſhopricks, in Elizabeth's time; which induced Parker, Cox, and other biſhops, to petition her Majeſty that they might no longer be *compelled* to accept the ſpecious exchanges which were offered. See Bentham's "Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral," Appendix. The pious and learned biſhop Andrews refuſed his elevation to the prelacy in the reign of Elizabeth, becauſe he would not admit any alienation of the epiſcopal revenues. See Granger's "Biographical Hiſtory." Todd. The Biſhop of Saliſbury, in the ſame reign, ſtruggled hard to preſerve Sherborn Abbey to the dioceſe, inſtead of allowing it to be alienated by the crown to Sir Walter Raleigh: inſtances of the ſame kind are numerous. C.

Both that the Biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd.
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning ſake to living them to raiſe;
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven.
How ſaiſt thou (friend) have I not well diſcourſt
Upon this Common-place, (though plaine, not wourſt?)
Better a ſhort tale than a bad long ſhriving:
Needes anie more to learne to get a living?"
" Now ſure, and by my hallidome,[k] (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your diſcipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye ſhall ſhortly heare."
The Prieſt him wiſht good ſpeed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long ſo well them ſped,
Through the Prieſts holeſome counſell lately tought,
And throgh their owne faire handling wiſely wroght,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Prieſt ordained,
And th' Ape his Pariſh Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they revell route and goodly glee;
But ere long time had paſſed they ſo ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their Pariſhners they had conſtraind;

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[k] *and by my hallidome.*] Some have derived "halidom" from *halig*, holy, and *dom*, judgment: others have connected it with the Virgin, holy *dame;* but there is little doubt that the concluſion of "hali*dom*" is merely a ſuffix, like the German *thum*, converting the word into a noun, ſignifying *holyneſs*. See note to "The Two Gent. of Verona," A. iv. Sc. 2, edit. 1858, vol. i. p. 143. The A. S. word *haligdome*, *ſanctitas*, ſeems to be the etymon. C.

Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and hereſies accus'd,
That Purſivants he often for them ſent;
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bolde,
Till at the length he publiſhed to holde
A Viſitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather.
What did they then, but made a compoſition
With their next neighbor Prieſt, for light condition,
To whom their living they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So paſſing through the Countrey in diſguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them ſurprize;
And after that long ſtraied here and there,
Through everie field and forreſt farre and nere,
Yet never found occaſion for their tourne,
But almoſt ſterv'd did much lament and mourne.
At laſt they chaunſt to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and boſſes that full lowdly rung,
And coſtly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him ſaluted in meeke wiſe;
But he through pride and fatnes gan deſpiſe
Their meaneſſe; ſcarce vouchſafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his ſprite,
Said; "Ah! ſir Mule, now bleſſed be the day,
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
In your attyres, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fil'd with round fleſh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull paſtures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you ſecret favour give."
"Fooliſh Foxe! (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſeth the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed:

For well I weene, thou canſt not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miſerie,
That art ſo leane and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarſe thy legs uphold thy feeble gate."
" Ay me! (ſaid then the Foxe) whom evill hap
Unworthy in ſuch wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the ſcorne of other beaſts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps ſome good unweeting beare."
" From royall Court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the braverie that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſſe that heart deſire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,
That hath not ſeene that heavens portracture.
But tidings there is none, I you aſſure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers, as the tide, doo riſe and fall."
" But tell us (ſaid the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greateſt ſway,
That, if ſuch fortune doo to us befall,
We may ſeeke favour of the beſt of all?"
" Marie, (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace
Be the wilde beaſts, that ſwifteſt are in chaſe;
For in their ſpeedie courſe and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the moſt delight;
But chieflie joyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaſte with chaine and circulet of golde.
So wilde a beaſt ſo tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands,[1] is joy to ſee;
So well his golden Circlet him beſeemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege unmeete eſteemeth;

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[1] *And buxome to his bands.*] *Yielding*, or *obedient* to his bands: ſee vol. ii. pp. 370, 415. C.

For ſo brave beaſts ſhe loveth beſt to ſee[m]
In the wilde forreſt raunging freſh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In caſe thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelfe apply;
Els as a thiſtle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly ſhalt thou too and fro be toſt,
And looſe thy labour and thy fruitles coſt.
And yet full few which follow them, I ſee,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for ſome gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle ſoe,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands moe."
" But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may favour ſeeke to win?"
" How els (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth.
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelves theretoo, according to occaſion.
So fare ye well; good Courtiers may ye bee!"
So, proudlie neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
How for the Court themſelves they might aguize;[n]
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſſe,

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[m] *ſhe loveth beſt to ſee.*] So the original edition reads. And Spenſer meant *the Queen*. The firſt folio altered " ſhe " to *hee* [and ſo it continued long afterwards]. TODD.

[n] *they might aguize.*] *Decorate*, ſays Todd; but the true and ſtrict meaning of to "aguize" rather was to *dreſs*, or to *prepare by dreſſing*, not neceſſarily implying decoration. See F. Q. B. ii. C. 6. St. 7 (vol. ii. p. 175). Richardſon, by error, here refers to C. 4 inſtead of C. 6. C.

In hope to finde there happier ſucceſſe.
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the ſlie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in ſeemly ſort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himſelfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,[o]
As if he were ſome great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongſt the boldeſt go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeſaunce,[p]
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie ſide,
And ſtare on him, with big lookes baſen wide,
Wondring what miſter wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with queint deviſes, never ſeene
In Court before, yet there all faſhions beene;
Yet he them in newfangleneſſe did pas.
But his behaviour[q] altogether was

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[o] *Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by.*] Spenſer was ſo diſguſted with this ridiculous affectation of ſuperiority, prevalent perhaps in his time, that he has painted Diſdain in the very ſame ſtyle, F. Q. vi. vii. 42 [this vol. p. 152]. Todd.

[p] *with fine counterfeſaunce.*] *Counterfeiting* [or imitating] as in "The Teares of the Muſes," ver. 197. Todd. Spenſer there applies to it the ſame epithet as here; and "fine counterfeſaunce" is to be underſtood as dexterous imitation. C.

[q] *But his behaviour,* &c.] Thus Barnabie Rich, Spenſer's cotemporary, deſcribes the "ſpruce fellow" whom he calls the Traveller, in his "Faults and nothing but Faults," 1606, fol. 8. He is one "of thoſe whipſters, that, having ſpent the greateſt part of their patrimony in prodigality, wil give out the reſt of their ſtocke, to be paid two or three for one, upon their returne from *Rome*, from *Venice*, from *Conſtantinople*, &c.—If at his returne he hath but ſome few fooliſh phraſes in the French, Spaniſh, or Italian language, with *Baſelos manos*, the *Ducke*, the *Mump*, and the *Shrugge*, it is enough; for they take much travell upon them to ſee *faſhions*," &c. Todd. Of courſe thoſe who came from Conſtantinople were *Alla Turcheſca*, as Spenſer ſays; but Todd, or rather his compoſitor, miſprinted the next line moſt unintelligibly, "much the admmore yr'd." C.

Alla Turcheſca, much the more admyr'd;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aſpyr'd
To dignitie, and ſdeign'd the low degree;
That all which did ſuch ſtrangeneſſe in him ſee
By ſecrete meanes gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was ſure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And ſeene the manners of all beaſts on ground;
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintaine
With gallant ſhowe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts.
Beſides, he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him ſerved to good ſtead;
For he mongſt Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leaſings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well.
But he ſo light was at legier demaine,[r]
That what he toucht came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them that they greatly him miſtooke.
So would he ſcoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with ſharp quips[s] joy'd others to deface,

[r] *But he ſo light was at legier demaine.*] *Sleight of hand.* Spenſer deſcribes Guile, in F. Q. B. v. C. 9. St. 13; vol. iii. p. 447, as ſkilful in "legierdemayne." C.

[s] *And with ſharp quips.*] Quips are *ſneers, taunts,* and *retorts.*

Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace:
So whilſt that other like vaine wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed.
But the right gentle minde[t] woulde bite his lip,
To heare the Javell ſo good men to nip;
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing which they heare ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeaches with ill meaning ſpill,
Yet the brave Courtier, in whoſe beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or deſpite:
He ſtands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconſtant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
But heares, and ſees, the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelfe the beſt.
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curteſie;
But not with kiſſed hand belowe the knee,[u]

Spenſer uſes the verb "to quip" in this vol. p. 153; and beſides the tracts there mentioned in the note, we may refer to a very rare publication in the year 1600, called "*Quips* upon Queſtions," which is ſtated to have been the authorſhip of John Singer, the famous comic actor. A very appoſite extract from it may be ſeen in "Shakeſpeare," by Collier, edit. 1858, vol. ii. p. 271. C.

[t] *But the right gentle minde.*] This deſcription, as well as what follows a few lines farther on, has uſually been applied to Sir Philip Sidney; but it may be that our poet is only giving an abſtract character of a noble courtier. For an explanation of "Javell," *a talkative raſcal*, in the next line, ſee a former note on the word, p. 396. C.

[u] *But not with kiſſed hand belowe the knee*, &c.] This affectation is alſo noticed by B. Rich, "Faults," &c. fol. 6. b:—"You ſhall know them by their ſalutations. For firſt, with the *kiſſe on the hand, the bodie ſhall be bowed downe to the ground*, &c. And theſe *Flowers of*

As that ſame Apiſh crue is wont to doo:
For he diſdaines himſelfe t' embaſe theretoo.
He hates fowle leaſings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;[x]
And lothefull idlenes[y] he doth deteſt,
The canker worme of everie gentle breſt;
The which to baniſh with faire exerciſe
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth deviſe:
Now menaging the mouthes of ſtubborne ſteedes,
Now practiſing the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes aſſaying, now his ſpeare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he caſts to ſew the chace
Of ſwift wilde beaſts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes moſt needfull)
Or els by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedfull,
Or his ſtiffe armes to ſtretch with Eughen bowe,[z]
And manly legs ſtill paſſing too and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide,
A vaine enſample of the Perſian pride;

Courteſie! as they are full of affectation, ſo they are no leſſe formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, &c. and *they are ſo frequent with the kiſſe on the hand*," &c. TODD.

[x] *Two filthie blots in noble gentrie.*] This word muſt here be pronounced as of three ſyllables. TODD. Surely the meaſure ſpeaks for itſelf to any perſon with ears. C.

[y] *And lothefull idlenes.*] Drayton, in his copy of the folio 1611, inſtructs us, by inſerting the letter *s* in the margin, to read *ſlothefull* for "lothefull." The emendation, in connection with "idleneſs," is very plauſible, but although Spenſer is the only known writer who uſes "lothefull," we refrain from adopting the change, on the ground that, taking "lothefull" as meaning *very lotheſome*, the ſenſe of the poet is evident. It is not at all unlikely that the *s* had originally dropped out in the preſs; but all old as well as modern editors are uniform in reprinting "lothefull," and we have it again near the end of this poem. C.

[z] *with Eughen bowe.*] It was ſtill ſpelt *eugh* in Dryden's time. Spenſer has already mentioned the "Eughen bow" in F. Q. vol. ii. p. 53; but he ſometimes, ſomewhat capriciouſly, ſpelt bow *baowe*. C.

Who, after he had wonne th' Aſſyrian foe,
Did ever after ſcorne on foote to goe.
  Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himſelfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his reſt, and there with ſweete delight
Of Muſicks ſkill revives his toyled ſpright;
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle ſports,
The joy of youth, himſelfe he recomforts;
Or laſtly, when the bodie liſt to pauſe,
His minde unto the Muſes he withdrawes:
Sweete Ladie Muſes, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall courſe,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The onely upſhot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purpoſis,
And in his Princes ſervice ſpends his dayes,
Not ſo much for to gaine, or for to raiſe
Himſelfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking[a] to winne worthie place,
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praiſe:
For he is fit to uſe in all aſſayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,[b]

[a] *And in his liking.*] Here Spenſer ſpeaks of the ſovereign in the maſculine, "*his* grace," and, "*his* liking," although at that period Prince was often applied to either ſex. C.

[b] *And warlike amenaunce.*] *Carriage,* or *conduct.* See Mr. Upton's note F. Q. ii. viii. 17 [vol. ii. p. 222]. Todd.

Or elſe for wiſe and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting moſt applie:
To learne the enterdeale[c] of Princes ſtrange,
To marke th' intent of Counſells, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of private men ſomewhile,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerfull wit,
Which through wiſe ſpeaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
  Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde,
But unto ſuch the Ape lent not his minde:
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcrie his lewd conditions;
But the yong luſtie gallants he did choſe
To follow, meete to whom he might diſcloſe
His witleſſe pleaſance, and ill pleaſing vaine.
A thouſand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games that may be found;
With mumming and with maſking[d] all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With ſhuttelcocks, miſſeeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and coſtly riotize,

[c] *To learne the enterdeale.*] In F. Q. B. v. C. 8. St. 21; vol. iii. p. 430, "enterdeale" means *mediation:* here it is to be taken in the general ſenſe of diplomacy with foreign ſtates. C.

[d] *With mumming and with maſking.*] The following appear to have been uſual modes of entertainment, according to the authority of Burton, —"The ordinary recreations which we have in Winter, &c. are *cardes*, tables, and *dice*, ſhouel-board, cheſſe-play, the philoſophers game, ſmall trunkes, *balliards*, muſicke, *maſkes*, ſinging," &c. Spenſer terms the games, which he mentions, *thriftleſs*. Burton acknowledges the miſchief which *cards* and *dice* may produce; but is a warm advocate for *mumming* and *maſking*. See the "Anat. of Mel." edit. 1624, p. 231: —"I know theſe ſports," ſays he, "have many oppugners, &c.—ſome out of prepoſterous zeale, &c. but in my judgment they are too ſterne." Todd.

Whereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize:
Ne, them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorne
A pandares coate (ſo baſely was he borne).
Thereto he could fine loving verſes frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for ſhame,
Let not ſweete Poets praiſe, whoſe onely pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of loſels wit[e] defamed,
Ne let ſuch verſes Poetrie be named!
Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the ſacred Muſes, and it make
A ſervant to the vile affection
Of ſuch, as he depended moſt upon;
And with the ſugrie ſweete thereof allure
Chaſt Ladies eares to fantaſies impure.
To ſuch delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unſound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble ſprights
Deſire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And ſtrong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne ſuffer it to houſe there halfe a day.
And whenſo love of letters did inſpire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wiſe deſire,[f]
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would ſcoffe at learning, and eke ſcorne

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[e] *the worke of loſels wit.*] We have already had "loſel" uſed for a baſe, abandoned perſon, *loſt* to all ſenſe of decency, in vol. iii. p. 347: the meaning is much the ſame here. C.

[f] *and kindle wiſe deſire.*] The undoubted corruption of *kindly* for "kindle" has ſtrangely been preſerved in the text of every ancient and modern impreſſion; but not only does the ſenſe of the paſſage correct it, but "kindle" for *kindly* is one of the few emendations made by Drayton in his copy of this poem in the edit. of 1611. We have no heſitation in preferring "kindle," becauſe *kindly* affords no tolerable meaning. C.

The Sectaries thereof, as people baſe
And ſimple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them ſhewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde ſpeach
Againſt Gods holie Miniſters oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profeſſion.
What elſe then did he by progreſſion,
But mocke high God himſelfe, whom they profeſſe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlineſſe?
All his care was himſelfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deviſe:
Were it by honeſt wayes, or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choyce; yet ſure his honeſtie
Got him ſmall gaines, but ſhameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and unſeemly ſhifts,
And borowe baſe,[g] and ſome good Ladies gifts:
But the beſt helpe, which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchaſe[h] which he gain'd.
For he was ſchool'd by kinde in all the ſkill
Of cloſe conveyance, and each practiſe ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his maſters braverie.
Beſides, he uſde another ſlipprie ſlight,
In taking on himſelfe, in common ſight,

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[g] *And borowe baſe.*] That is, baſe *pledges* or *uſury*. See the note on *borrow*, "Shep. Cal." May, ver. 131 [vol. i. p. 60]. Todd. Becauſe a *pledge*, or *ſecurity*, was anciently given when money was lent, the word "borrow" became in time applied to the act of obtaining a temporary loan. C.

[h] *Was his man Raynolds purchaſe.*] Another out of many inſtances where "purchaſe" means *booty*, and not, as now, anything fairly bought and paid for. C.

Falſe perſonages fit for everie ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
In gage for his gay Maſters hopeleſſe dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his Maſters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the ſame.
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he ſeeme a Farmer, that would ſell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
Thereby to cooſin men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a ſecret fee,
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
  Beſides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore ſuters, that in Court did haunt ſome while;
For he would learne their buſines ſecretly,
And then informe his Maſter haſtely,
That he by meanes might caſt them to prevent,
And beg the ſute the which the other ment.
Or otherwiſe falſe Reynold would abuſe
The ſimple Suter, and wiſh him to chuſe
His Maſter, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie ſute not hard,
In caſe his paines were recompenſt with reaſon.
So would he worke the ſilly man by treaſon
To buy his Maſters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is Suters ſtate!
Moſt miſerable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to ſue for had ywiſt,[1]

[1] *to ſue for had ywiſt.*] A proverbial expreſſion of which innume-

That few have found, and manie one hath miſt!
Full little knoweſt thou, that haſt not tride,[k]
What hell it is in ſuing long to bide:
To looſe good dayes, that might be better ſpent;
To waſt long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and ſorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;[l]
To have thy aſking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy ſoule with croſſes and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortleſſe diſpaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to deſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend!
  Who ever leaves ſweete home, where meane eſtate
In ſafe aſſurance, without ſtrife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
And will to Court for ſhadowes vaine to ſeeke,
Or hope to gaine, himſelfe will a daw trie:
That curſe God ſend unto mine enemie!
For none but ſuch as this bold Ape, unbleſt,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie queſt;
Or ſuch as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his ſhifts his Maſter furniſh can.

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rable inſtances might be cited: it ought ſtrictly to have been printed "had I wiſt," i.e. had I *known*. It is uſually employed to indicate repentance for the paſt. C.

[k] *Full little knoweſt thou, that haſt not tride*, &c.] Spenſer is believed to relate his own caſe, in the eleven following lines. Todd. They read with all the reality of perſonal experience and ſuffering. C.

[l] *To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres.*] This line is reaſonably ſuppoſed to refer to the hoſtility of Lord Burghley to Spenſer, which interpoſed between the Queen's bounty and the poet's deſert. Here we ſee "Prince" uſed in the feminine; although on a former page, 413, it is maſculine. C.

But yet this Foxe could not ſo cloſely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were deſcride
At length by ſuch as ſate in juſtice ſeate,
Who for the ſame him fowlie did entreate;
And having worthily him puniſhed,
Out of the Court for ever baniſhed.
And now the Ape wanting his huckſter man,[m]
That wont provide his neceſſaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenaunce in thoſe his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he eaſily provide,
Though all men him uncaſed gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whoſe part once paſt all men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great diſtreſſe,
And ſhortly brought to hopeleſſe wretchedneſſe.
Then, cloſely as he might, he caſt to leave
The Court, not aſking any paſſe or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever ſtayd in place, ne ſpake to wight,
Till that the Foxe, his copeſmate[n] he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy ſtound,
At laſt againe with him in travell joynd,
And with him far'd ſome better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardneſſe ſuffered;
That them repented much ſo fooliſhly

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[m] *wanting his huckſter man.*] i. e. his man who endeavoured to *hook* or to draw in profit or advantage. "*Huckſter*" is derived by Junius from *hook;* but others give it the ſame etymology as *hawker* and *auction:* ſee Richardſon. Spenſer's application of the word ſupports Junius. "In huckſter's handling" was a common phraſe. C.

[n] *the Foxe, his copeſmate.*] "Copeſmate" means fellow-dealer or chapman. Johnſon's etymology, as cited by Todd, is quite a miſtake. "Copeſmate" has nothing to do with *drinking* or with *houſe:* "copeſmate" is chapmate, from A. S. *cyppan,* and *mate.* C.

To come ſo farre to ſeeke for miſery,
And leave the ſweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry ſome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilſt through the foreſt rechleſſe[o] they did goe,
Lo! where they ſpide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon ſleeping lay in ſecret ſhade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beſide,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they ſawe, the Ape was ſore afrayde,
And would have fled with terror all diſmayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did ſtay,
And bad him put all cowardize away;
For now was time (if ever they would hope)[p]
To ayme their counſels to the faireſt ſcope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In caſe the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wiſely take.
Scarſe could the Ape yet ſpeake, ſo did he quake;
Yet, as he could, he aſkt how good might growe
Where nought but dread and death do ſeeme in ſhow?
"Now, (ſayd he) whiles the Lyon ſleepeth ſound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his ſkinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our ſelves (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beaſts, and Lords of foreſts all
Subject unto that powre imperiall."
"Ah! but (ſayd the Ape) who is ſo bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to thoſe outſtretch,

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[o] *rechleſſe they did goe.*] "Rechleſſe" is the ſame word as *reckleſſe*, meaning *careleſs*, perhaps here "not having anything to care for." Lord Surrey ſpelt it *retchleſſe*, and Sidney *rekkeleſſe*, and we ſometimes meet with it in the forms of *wreakleſſe* and *wretchleſſe*. C.

[p] *if ever they would hope.*] So every old copy; but Todd printed *ſhould* for "would," and has been followed, excepting by Profeſſor Child in his edit. Boſton, 1855. C.

When as he knowes his meede, if he be ſpide,
To be a thouſand deathes, and ſhame beſide?"
"Fond Ape! (ſayd then the Foxe) into whoſe breſt
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave geſt,[q]
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in ſoveraign ſee,[r]
Than dwell in duſt inglorious and bace,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One joyous houre in blisfull happines,
I choſe before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counſelled herein by me,
And ſhake off this vile harted cowardree.[s]
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with ſome pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuſe the cryme:
Elſe we may flye; thou to a tree mayſt clyme,
And I creepe under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan ſome courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterpriſe,
Tickled with glorie and raſh covetiſe:
But firſt gan queſtion, whether ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royall ornaments to ſteale away?
"Marie, that ſhall your ſelfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beaſts, which in the forreſts bee,

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[q] *nor brave geſt.*] Nor brave *exploit* or *undertaking:* ſee vol. ii. pp. 27, 114, &c. See alſo "Ant. and Cleop." A. iv. Sc. 8. edit. 1858. "Geſts" there has been uſually miſprinted *gueſts.*

[r] *and raigne in ſoveraign ſee.*] In F. Q. B. iv. C. 10. St. 30 (vol. iii. p. 260) Spenſer ſpeaks of "th' Almighties ſee," or *ſeat;* and ſuch, of courſe, is the ſenſe of "ſee" in this place: Lat. *ſedes;* Fr. *ſiège.* C.

[s] *vile harted cowardree.*] *Cowardice;* coined by the poet for the ſake of the rhyme. Todd. Nevertheleſs, though employed by Spenſer, the word has not found its way into our Engliſh dictionaries. C.

Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a Kingdome is your part."
Loath was the Ape, though praiſed, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that ſtir'd him by,
And everie ſtick that underneath did ly.
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyſe, and ſtill his eare he lent
To everie ſound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now ſtept,[t] now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to have eyde:
Yet at the laſt, (ſo well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all thoſe royall ſignes had ſtolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aſide
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide.
Whether whenas they came[u] they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the Lord of Lords:
For th' Ape was ſtryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and moſt covetous;
That neither pleaſed was to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone;
For Love and Lordſhip bide no paragone.
"I am moſt worthie, (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in jeopardie:

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[t] *Now went, now ſtept.*] We feel ſatisfied that "ſtept" here ought to be *ſtopt:* firſt the Ape went, then *ſtopt* afraid, and again crept on, but drew backward in apprehenſion. Drayton altered "ſtept" to *ſtopt* in his folio 1611; but as "ſtept" may poſſibly have been Spenſer's text, we, of courſe, leave it. C.

[u] *Whether whenas they came.*] So the firſt edition, the next line beginning "Whether of them," &c., affording a curious inſtance of the old confuſion between *whither* and "whether." Todd, without remark, altered the firſt "whether" to *whither*. C.

Thereto I am in perſon and in ſtature
Moſt like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly ſoveraigne."
" Nay (ſaid the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are aſtray:
For though to ſteale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit:
For which alſo I claime my ſelfe more fit
Than you to rule; for government of ſtate
Will without wiſedome ſoone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your ſelfe for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and ſpirite;
But I therein moſt like to him doo merite,
For my ſlie wyles and ſubtill craftineſſe,
The title of the Kingdome to poſſeſſe.
Nath'les (my brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our jarre;
And I with reaſon meete will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both crowne and government,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counſelled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."
The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And thereto ſwore; for who would not oft ſweare,
And oft unſweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely up thoſe royall ſpoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons ſkin he inly quooke;
But it diſſembled, and upon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the ſkin he did,
And the falſe Foxe him helped to array.

Then, when he was all dight, he tooke his way
Into the foreſt, that he might be ſeene
Of the wilde beaſts in his new glory ſheene.[x]
There the two firſt whome he encountred were
The Sheepe and th' Aſſe, who, ſtriken both with feare
At ſight of him, gan faſt away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to ſtay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly, naythles, were they reſtrayned ſo,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there diſſwaded them from needleſſe feare,
For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte,
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte[y]
There or abroad; ne would his majeſtye
Uſe them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both faſt and true.
So he perſwaded them, with homage due
Themſelves to humble to the Ape proſtrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He ſhortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the ſimple Camell raged ſore
In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion
Upon his fleſhly corpſe to make invaſion:
But ſoone as they this mock-King did eſpy,

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[x] *in his new glory ſheene.*] In his new glory *bright* or *glittering*. We have often before had "ſheene" in this ſenſe: ſee "ſcepter ſheene," vol. ii. p. 122; "daughters ſhene," vol. ii. p. 263, &c., where we have thought notes needleſs. Later in the poem before us Spenſer uſes "ſhinie," which alſo occurs in the F. Q. vol. ii. p. 447, where the poet ſpeaks of "a ſommers *ſhinie* day." C.

[y] *ſhould do them any torte.*] *Injury* or *wrong*. See the note, F. Q. i. xii. 4 [vol. ii. p. 68]. Todd.

Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,[z]
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was.
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, ſent the Foxe to them ſtreight way,
Commaunding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray;
And if that wrong on eyther ſide there were,
That he ſhould warne the wronger[a] to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time upon the King t' attend.
The ſubtile Foxe ſo well his meſſage ſayd,
That the proud beaſts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous ſtomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himſelfe he ſhortly thought,
And all the Beaſts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palaice hye;
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared ſight which late they ſawe.
The Ape, thus ſeized of the Regall throne,
Eftſones by counſell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his rule might lenger have endurance.
Firſt to his Gate he pointed a ſtrong gard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard:

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[z] *they ſtinted by and by.*] *Left off.* So in F. Q. ii. iv. 12 [vol. ii. p. 146]. "Yet n'ould ſhe *ſtent* her bitter rayling." See alſo the Gloſſ. G. Douglas's "Virgil," in V. "*Stent*, to ſtint, ſtop, ceaſe, &c." And Chaucer, "Kn. Tale," edit. Tyrwhitt, 907. "And of this crie ne wolde they never *ſtenten*." In Shakeſpeare *ſtint* is often uſed. Todd. The very phraſe "ſtints their ſtrife" occurs in "Troil. and Creſſ." A. iv. Sc. 5. "By and by" of old meant *preſently*, or *immediately:* it is met with again a little farther on, where it reads rather equivocally. C.

[a] *That he ſhould warne the wronger.*] To "warn" is to *ſummon:* the wronger was to be ſummoned to appear on the morrow at court. Shakeſpeare and other writers ſo uſe "warn" repeatedly: ſee "Julius Cæſar," Act v. Sc. 1; "King John," Act ii. Sc. 1; "Richard III." Act i. Sc. 3, &c. A. S. *wearnian.* C.

Then, for the ſafegard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beaſts, not in the foreſt bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with ſtrange ayde[b] ſupported.
Then unto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With thoſe himſelfe he ſtrengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles ſkill;
And all wylde beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoyles enlarg'd his private treaſures.
No care of juſtice, nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance, nor no regard of ſeaſon,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But crueltie, the ſigne of curriſh kinde,
And ſdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce:
Such followes thoſe whom fortune doth advaunce.
But the falſe Foxe moſt kindly plaid his part;[c]
For whatſoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practiſe ſlie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.
Nought ſuffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand muſt paſſe the Fiaunt.[d]

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[b] *with ſtrange ayde.*] Meaning here, with the aid of ſtrangers—a ſatire upon the employment of foreign mercenaries. C.

[c] *moſt kindly plaid his part.*] "Kindly" is here, as in many other places, after his *kind* or nature. The more modern uſe of "kindly" implies that gentleneſs and affection properly belong to man*kind*. "Kindleſs villain" in "Hamlet," A. ii. Sc. 2. means *unnatural* villain, villain beyond the ordinary powers of nature. C.

[d] *muſt paſſe the Fiaunt.*] *Commiſſion* or *warrant*. The modern

All offices, all leaſes by him lept,
And of them all whatſo he likte he kept.
Juſtice he ſolde injuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchaſe for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper that ill gotten was;
But, ſo he got it, little did he pas.[e]
He fed his cubs with fat of all the ſoyle,
And with the ſweete of others ſweating toyle;
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices:[f]
He cloathed them with all colours, ſave white,
And loded them with lordſhips and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffred Chayres[g] in which Churchmen were ſet,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No ſtatute ſo eſtabliſhed might bee,
Nor ordinaunce ſo needfull, but that hee

---

word, employed inſtead of *fiaunt*, is *fiat*; which is the title of the *commiſſion* or *warrant* directed by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury to his Vicar General for the purpoſes of eccleſiaſtical buſineſs. Todd. Spenſer probably altered *fiat* to *fiant*, or "fiaunt," for the ſake of the rhyme; but it may juſt be mentioned that about this time a court-ſpy of the name of Faunt or Fiaunt, was in the employ of Lord Burghley: letters from him are in Lambeth library. C.

[e] *little did he pas.*] i. e. Little did he *care*. This idiomatic uſe of "paſs" is common, and has therefore received little attention. So Shakeſpeare in "2 Henry VI." Act iv. Sc. 2, Cade ſays, "As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not." May not "I *paſs* not" have been originally "I *pauſe* not," and ſuch often is its meaning. C.

[f] *with meeds of malefices.*] *With rewards of evil deeds.* Chaucer uſes the word, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation, for *enchantment*, "Perſ. Tale:" "But if he were refreined by ſikeneſſe, or *malefice* of ſorcerie, or cold drinkes." Todd.

[g] *He chaffred Chayres.*] To "chaffer" is to *buy* or *ſell*, to *bargain*. What is meant is, that the Fox ſold the ſees or *ſeats* of biſhops, &c. It ſeems difficult to ſuppoſe that in theſe imputations the poet had not ſome perſonal alluſion, moſt likely to his enemy Lord Treaſurer Burghley: ſee alſo, farther on, about "long experience," &c. C.

Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner ſtone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleaſing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and huſbandry,
For to encreaſe the common treaſures ſtore;
But his owne treaſure he encreaſed more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour ſky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell faſt
To ruine (for what thing can ever laſt?)
And whileſt the other Peeres, for povertie,
Were forſt their auncient houſes to let lie,
And their olde Caſtles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment:
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beaſts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe ſtrength and girlond of the crowne.
All theſe through fained crimes he thruſt adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of diſgrace;
For none, but whom he liſt, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but ſmall regard,
But kept them lowe, and ſtreigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he eſteemed;
His wiſdome he above their learning deemed.
As for the raſcall Commons leaſt he cared,
For not ſo common was his bountie ſhared:
Let God, (ſaid he) if pleaſe, care for the manie,
I for my ſelfe muſt care before els anie.
So did he good to none, to manie ill,

So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durſt ſpeake, ne none durſt of him plaine,
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to have acceſſe
Unto the Prince, but by his owne addreſſe,
For all that els did come were ſure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for availe;
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promiſed of friendſhip ſtore,
What time the Ape the kingdome firſt did gaine,
Came to the Court, her caſe there to complaine;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
Hath ſithence ſlaine her Lambe moſt cruellie,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
"Soft, Gooddie Sheepe, (then ſaid the Foxe) not ſoe:
Unto the King ſo raſh ye may not goe;[h]
He is with greater matter buſied
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my couſin Wolfe ſo fowly thwart,
And ſeeke with ſlaunder his good name to blot;
For there was cauſe, els doo it he would not:
Therefore ſurceaſe, good Dame, and hence depart."
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart:
So manie moe, ſo everie one was uſed,
That to give largely to the boxe refuſed.
Now when high Jove, in whoſe almightie hand
The care of Kings and power of Empires ſtand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his blacklidded eye,[i]

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[h] *ſo raſh ye may not goe.*] So *ſpeedily* you may not go—a ſenſe of the word by no means uncommon. Lord Burghley, like Wolſey before him and Buckingham after him, was accuſed of preventing acceſs to the throne, excepting through his mediation. C.

[i] *with his blacklidded eye.*] Homer, Il. ά. 528. κυανέῃσιν ὀφρύσι.

Whatſo the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepeſt earth remaines,
And troubled kingdome of wilde beaſts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,
But an uſurping Ape, with guile ſuborn'd,
Had all ſubverſt, he ſdeignfully it ſcorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him ſlaine,
And driven downe to hell, his deweſt meed:
But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather choſe with ſcornfull ſhame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutiſh name
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
And his falſe counſellor, the cauſe of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never ſhould be quit, nor ſtal'd.[k]
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never reſting ſpeed
Unto the forreſt, where wilde beaſts doo breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce happen to the Lyon ſtearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought?
And whence were all thoſe plaints unto him brought
Of wronges, and ſpoyles, by ſalvage beaſts committed?
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted

T. Warton. Chapman renders it, perhaps more correctly, "black eyebrows"—"He ſaid; and his black eyebrows bent," &c. l. 511. C.

[k] *he never ſhould be quit, nor ſtal'd.*] Or *ſtall'd*, as the modern editions read: that is, perhaps, *ſtolen*. So *ſtall* and *ſtalit* are uſed in the Scottiſh language. See the Gloſſary to G. Douglas's "Virgil" by Ruddiman, in V. *Stal.* The ſenſe here requires ſuch an interpretation: "From whence none ſhould by any means be able to releaſe him." Todd. When Todd ſtates that "modern editions" read *ſtall'd*, he could not be aware that ſuch is the text of the folio 1611. Wiclif and Chaucer have *ſtaal* and *ſtale* as the paſt tenſe of *ſteal*. C.

Into his ſeate, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
  The Sonne of Maia, ſoone as he receiv'd
That word, ſtreight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne ſtaid, till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Unto the place where his preſcript did ſhowe.
There ſtouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with eaſie paine,
Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himſelfe new ſhape to frame;
And that faire face, and that Ambroſiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the Gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the ſhinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So, ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He gan enquire of ſome in ſecret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his falſe blandiſhment:
And evermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuſes both in realme and raine;
Which yet to prove more true he meant to ſee,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible in ſight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a viſion.
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies ſwerds;
Through power of that, he paſſeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected ſpoyle;
Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
He wonts to worke, that none the ſame eſpies;

And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What ſhape he liſt in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus, his ſnakie wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And feare the hearts of all his enemyes;
And, when him liſt, an univerſall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;
As when his Syre with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which never him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him never ſpide:
Thenceforth he paſt into each ſecrete part,
Whereas he ſaw, that ſorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle injuries,
And fild with treaſure rackt with robberies;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beaſts,
Which had been ſlaine to ſerve the Apes beheaſts:
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawleſnes raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,[1]
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeeke the Lion where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this ſhame
On thoſe two caytives, which had bred him blame.
And, ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,

[1] *with lothfull eyes beholde.*] Here again we have "lothfull" for *loathſome* or *loathly*, which Spenſer elſewhere uſes, unleſs the earlier part of this poem be an exception: ſee p. 412. It ſeems, however, that "lothfull" was a word he liked to employ. C.

At laſt he found, where ſleeping he did ly.
The wicked weed,[m] which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forc'd up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him; for fantaſie is ſtrong.
" Ariſe, (ſaid Mercurie) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſeles, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whilſte thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with diſhonour blent:[n]
Ariſe, and doo thy ſelfe redeeme from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame."
Thereat enraged, ſoone he gan upſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
And, rouzing up himſelfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach, but no where it eſpide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right ſore:
But when his Crowne and ſcepter both he wanted,
Lord! how he fum'd, and ſweld, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, and thouſand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
With that in haſt, diſroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein

---

[m] *The wicked weed.*] This is the firſt time we have heard of "the wicked weed" laid by the Fox under the Lion's head in order to produce, or prolong ſleep: ſee p. 420. C.

[n] *with diſhonour blent.*] *Blemiſhed, diſgraced.* See F. Q. i. vi. 42; ii. v. 5, &c. Todd. Todd is miſtaken: "blent" means only *blended; blemiſhed* being only a conſequential ſenſe; *blemiſhed*, becauſe *blended* or "blent with diſhonour." So alſo in the paſſages he refers to, vol. i. p. 279; vol. ii. p. 160. C.

Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadfull din.
At laſt he came unto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them ſtood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th' Ape himſelfe, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner ſought,
To hide himſelfe from his owne feared thought.
But the falſe Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtreightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T' excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
And turning all unto the Apes confuſion.
Nath'les the royall Beaſt forbore beleeving,
But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further preeving.°
Then, when he ſaw no entraunce to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Upon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly ſlewe
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that els he met.
But th' Ape ſtill flying he no where might get:
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almoſt ded;
Yet him at laſt the Lyon ſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame unto his judgement brought.
Then all the beaſts he caus'd aſſembled bee,

° *till further preeving.*] *Prooving*, i. e. as it ſhould turn out upon trial. So Chaucer uſes *preve*, "Clerk. Tale," edit. Tyrwhitt, 8876.

"Your dome is fals, your conſtance evil *preveth*,
"A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth." TODD.

In the ſame way we have had "prief" for *proof*, vol. i. p. 316, &c. C.

To heare their doome, and ſad enſample ſee.
The Foxe, firſt Author of that treacherie,
He did uncaſe,[P] and then away let flie:
But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.
So Mother Hubberd her diſcourſe did end,
Which pardon me, if I amiſſe have pend;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly tolde.

[P] *He did uncaſe.*] i. e. he did *ſkin*, uſing "uncaſe" in a double ſenſe. The "caſe" of an animal is its ſkin. C.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.[a]

1.

YE heavenly ſpirites, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall never die
Through your faire verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep Abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhreiking yell.
Thrice having ſeene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compaſſe over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glorie, faireſt of all earthly thing!

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[a] *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*] Entitled, in the edition of Bellay's Poems publiſhed at Rouen in 1597, "Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome, contenant une generale deſcription de ſa grandeur, & comme une deploration de ſa ruine." At the end follow the fifteen "Songes" of Bellay, which Spenſer has tranſlated; omitting the concluding Sonnets "Au Roy" and "A la Royne." Todd.

2.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in ayre;
Greece will the olde Epheſian buildings blaze,
And Nylus nurſlings their Pyramides faire;
The ſame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtorie
Of Joves great Image in Olympus placed;
Mauſolus worke[b] will be the Carians glorie;
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth, now raced:
The antique Rhodian will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſſe, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie:
But I will ſing above all moniments
Seven Romane Hils, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

3.

Thou ſtranger, which for Rome in Rome here ſeekeſt,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivſt at all,
Theſe ſame olde walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herſelfe at laſt;
The pray of time, which all things doth devowre!
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought ſave Tyber haſtning to his fall
Remaines of all. O worlds inconſtancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and ſtay.

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[b] *Mauſolus worke.*] It is "Manſolus worke" in the firſt impreſſion; and this miſprint, not elſewhere uncorrected, Todd ſtrangely preſerved. We need hardly ſay that Mauſolus, ſon of Hacatomnus, was king of Caria. C.

4.

She, whoſe high top above the ſtarres did ſore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſſe compaſſing;
Jove fearing, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater growe,
The old Giants[c] ſhould once againe upriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe ſeven hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the ſkies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her ſtomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noyſome Eſquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feete
Mount Viminall and Aventine doo meete.

5.

Who liſts to ſee what ever nature, arte,
And heaven could doo, O Rome! thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatnes he can geſſe in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the ſhade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a ſeeming ſight,
It's like a corſe drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke ſkill out of eternall night.
The corpes of Rome in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirite, rejoyned to the ſpirite
Of this great maſſe, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
In ſpight of time out of the duſt doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

[c] *The old Giants.*] So the original edition, the emphaſis being then, according to Spenſer, upon the laſt ſyllable of "Giants:" afterwards, in the folio 1611, the order of the words was reverſed, and ſo Todd reprinted them; but we give them as, it may be preſumed, the poet wrote them. See, however, p. 441. l. 149. C.

6.

Such as the Berecynthian Goddeſſe bright,
In her ſwifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that ſo manie Gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whoſe greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her ſelfe, her equall match could ſee.
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:
So did the Gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earths puiſaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

7.

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes doo maintaine;
Triumphant Arcks, ſpyres, neighbours to the ſkie,
That you to ſee doth th' heaven it ſelfe appall;
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainſt time, yet time in time ſhall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your laſt reliques marre.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate;
For if that time make ende of things ſo ſure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8.

Through armes and vaſſals Rome the world ſubdu'd,
That one would weene that one ſole Cities ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundnes had ſurvew'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:

This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes,[d] that poſteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to paſſe,
The loweſt earth join'd to the heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight;
And that though time doth Commonwealths devowre,
Yet no time ſhould ſo low embaſe their hight,
That her head, earth'd in her foundations deep,
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

9.

Ye cruell ſtarres, and eke ye Gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long ſithence traveiled
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces[e]
Made of ſome matter no leſſe firme and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voyce doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moone have being
Are temporall, and ſubject to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome that weene the contrarie in thought,
That all this whole ſhall one day come to nought.

10.

As that brave ſonne of Aeſon, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, ſowne in the ſacred ſand;

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[d] *Of vertuous nephewes.*] *Of valiant deſcendants.* Lat. *nepotes.* T. WARTON.

[e] *theſe Romane palaces.*] The want of rhyme to "traveiled," two lines above, ſeems to ſhow ſome defect here which it is not poſſible to ſet right. All the old copies preſent the ſame text. C.

So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nourſlings praiſe
The firie ſunnes both one and other hous:
But they at laſt, there being then not living
An Hercules ſo ranke ſeed to repreſſe,
Emongſt themſelves with cruell furie ſtriving,
Mow'd downe themſelves with ſlaughter mercileſſe;
Renewing in themſelves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did thoſe earthborn brethren blinde.

11.

Mars, ſhaming to have given ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortall puiſſaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd above heavens powre it ſelfe to advaunce;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage inſtil'd.
Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And beating downe theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mothers boſome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his ſire,
Should boaſt himſelfe of the Romane Empire,

12.

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils to ſcale the ſtarrie ſkie,
And fight againſt the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let flie,
All ſuddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious ſquadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was

On theſe ſeven Romane hils, it ſelfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Againſt the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now theſe ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods ſecure feare not her force at all.

13.

Nor the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthleſſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee, (Rome) their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men unſtable,
Nor thou oppos'd againſt thine owne puiſſance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that God ſnakie-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride ſo much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

14.

As men in Summer fearles paſſe the foord
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope and ſhepheards labour vaine;
And as the coward beaſts uſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardiſe
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy moſt daſtards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde;
So thoſe, which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſſe vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

15.

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoaſts,
Which, joying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth thoſe ſignes of your preſumptuous boaſts
Which now their duſty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye ſpirits, (ſith the darkſome river
Of Styx, not paſſable to ſoules returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not reſtraine your images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then, (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet here above him ſecretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old Romane works, built with your hands,
Now to become[f] nought els but heaped ſands?

16.

Like as ye ſee the wrathfull Sea from farre
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoones of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre,[g]
Againſt a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell Boreas with ſharpe blaſt
Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled ſkie,
Eftſoones having his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his wearie cariere ſuddenly:
And as ye ſee huge flames ſpred diverſlie,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to ſpyre,
Eftſoones conſum'd to fall downe feebily,
So whilom did this Monarchie aſpyre,
As waves, as winde, as fire, ſpred over all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

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[f] *Now to become*, &c.] *Now*, added by the folio 1611. TODD.

[g] *of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre.*] *Nearer*, as in the "Shep. Cal." July, ver. 97 [vol. i. p. 82].

"To Kerke the *narre*, from God more farre." TODD.

17.

So long as Joves great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not feare of that preſumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods aſſay;
But all ſo ſoone as ſcortching Sunne had brent
His wings which wont the earth to overſpredd,
The earth out of her maſſie wombe forth ſent
That antique horror, which made heaven adredd.
Then was the Germane Raven in diſguiſe
That Romane Eagle ſeene to cleave aſunder,
And towards heaven freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountaines, now conſum'd to pouder;
In which the foule, that ſerves to beare the lightning,
Is now no more ſeen flying, nor alighting.

18.

Theſe heapes of ſtones, theſe old wals, which ye ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſalvage ſoyle;
And theſe brave Pallaces, which mayſtred bee
Of time, were ſhepheards cottages ſomewhile.
Then tooke the ſhepheards Kingly ornament,
And the ſtout hynde arm'd his right hand with ſteele:
Eftſoones their rule of yearely Preſidents
Grew great, and ſixe months greater a great deele;
Which, made perpetuall, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' heaven it ſelfe, oppoſing gainſt her might,
Her power to Peters ſucceſſor betooke;
Who, ſhepheardlike, (as fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew that all things turne to their firſt being.

19.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our ſpirits and our eies,
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoone;

All the miſhap the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldeſt times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in ſtore.
But deſtinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evill was encloſed,
Their heavenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heaven, from ſinfull bondage loſed;
But their great ſinnes, the cauſers of their paine,
Under theſe antique ruines yet remaine.

20.

No otherwiſe than raynie cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftſoones in compas arch't, to ſteepe his hed,
Doth plonge himſelfe in Tethis boſome faire;[h]
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bellie ſpreds the dimned world,
Till at the laſt, diſſolving his moiſt frame,
In raine, or ſnowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was firſt but ſhepheards ſhade,
Upriſing by degrees, grewe to ſuch height,
That Queene of land and ſea her ſelfe ſhe made.
At laſt, not able to beare ſo great weight,
Her power, diſperſt through all the world, did vade;
To ſhew that all in th' end to nought ſhall fade.

21.

The ſame, which Pyrrhus and the puiſſaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that ſame brave Citie,
Which, with ſtout courage arm'd againſt miſchaunce,
Suſtein'd the ſhocke of common enmitie;

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[h] *in Tethis boſome faire.*] So the firſt edition; but later impreſſions, perhaps rightly, have *Thetys*. The difference has not hitherto attracted attention. For "came" in the next line the oldeſt copy corruptly reads *come;* and juſt afterwards for "dimned" *dimmed*. C.

Long as her ſhip, toſt with ſo manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was never ſeene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her courſe begun with brave intent.
But, when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempeſt ſailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great winde againſt the port him drive,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell rive.

22.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd[i] her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day arize;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous uprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe her conquer'd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compaſt courſe of the univerſe
In ſixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements ſhall backe reverſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite undonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

23.

O! warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people ſhould
With cancring laiſure not be overworne:
He well foreſaw, how that the Romane courage,

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[i] *Which mear'd.*] *Divided.* See the note on *meare*, F. Q. iii. ix. 46 [vol. iii. p. 17]. Todd. "Meare, or *meere*," rather means *boundary*, and "which mear'd" ought to be rendered which *bounded*. C.

Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her ſelfe the matter of her fires;
For, in a people given all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As, in a vicious bodie, groſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie.
That came to paſſe, when, ſwolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

24.

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts,
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard deſtinie,
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe unappeaſed guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25.

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique Cæſars, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions inſtrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie joynts of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th' Auſonian light might be reſtor'd!
Or that at leaſt I could, with pencill fine,
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe Palacis,

By paterne of great Virgils ſpirit divine!
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To builde, with levell of my loftie ſtyle,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

26.

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeeke for uſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquaire, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compaſſe round
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely ſtarre doth ſcortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter ſtormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and ſea comprize:
For th' auncient Plot of Rome, diſplayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27.

Thou that at Rome aſtoniſht doſt behold
The antique pride which menaced the ſkie,
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of olde,
Theſe wals, theſe arcks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;
Judge, by theſe ample ruines vew, the reſt
The which injurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning beſt;
Yet theſe olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then alſo marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would judge, that the Romaine Dæmon[k]

[k] *the Romaine Dæmon.*] *Demon* is Platonic. So Milton's Attendant Spirit in "Comus" was called, in his manuſcript, *Dæmon*. See my note on the opening of "Comus." T. Warton.

Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28.

He that hath ſeene a great Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe diſbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke, all rotten and unſound,
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meate of wormes;
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants ſpring out of her rinde:
Who ſuch an Oke hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29.

All that which Aegypt whilome did deviſe,
All that which Greece their temples to embrave
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guiſe;
Or Corinth ſkil'd in curious workes to grave;
All that Lyſippus practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or Phidias his ſkill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heaven it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill;
All that which Athens ever brought forth wiſe;
All that which Afrike ever brought forth ſtrange;
All that which Aſie ever had of priſe,
Was here to ſee. O mervelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And, dead, is now the worlds ſole moniment.

30.

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,

And from a ſtalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the huſband mowes
The waving lockes of thoſe faire yeollow heares,
Which bound in ſheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
Upon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:[1]
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe olde markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doo ſomewhat pill:
As they which gleane the reliques uſe to gather,
Which th' huſbandman behind him chanſt to ſcatter.

31.

That ſame is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoever doſt abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne Souldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, O Civill furie! art,
Which, ſowing in th' Aemathian fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight,
To greatnes growne through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horriblie.

32.

Hope ye, my verſes, that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you ever read?

---

[1] *in ſtackes he reares.*] Todd made nonſenſe of the paſſage by printing "ſtackes" *ſtalkes:* it is certainly *ſtalkes* in the firſt impreſſion; but ſo unqueſtionably wrong that we do not heſitate to change it. Drayton made no note on this part of his folio, 1611, nor was any required, ſince the word there is "ſtackes," and not *ſtalkes*. C.

Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deignd to give,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe olde antiquities;
For if that time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maiſt thou boaſt, how ever baſe thou bee,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay,[m] firſt garland of free Poëſie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long haſt traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her aſhes to revive,
And give a ſecond life to dead decayes!
Needes muſt he all eternitie ſurvive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayſe
Excelling all that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas[n] hie to rayſe

---

[m] *Bellay*, &c.] Joachim Bellay obtained the appellation of the French Ovid. He was alſo called *Pater elegantiarum*, *Pater omnium leporum*. See the Article, BELLAY (*Joachim du*) in the Nouv. Dict. Hiſtorique, à Caen. He [was born in 1492, and] died in 1560. TODD.

[n] *Bartas*.] William de Salluſte du Bartas, a Frenchman of high rank, was highly celebrated, in his own time, on account of his elaborate poem *on the Creation*. Hofman ſays of him, "Gul. Sal. Du Bartas, poemate Gallico *de Creatione Mundi* edito, tantum ſibi gloriæ conſcivit, ut intra quinque et ſex annos tricies editio redintegrari neceſſe haberet." The French critics, not ſo partial to the fame of their

His heavenly Muſe, th' Almightie to adore.
Live, happie ſpirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

---

countryman, acknowledge however the multiplicity of editions of the poem, and mention tranſlations of it into Italian, Spaniſh, Dutch, and Engliſh. The complete Engliſh tranſlation is by Joſhua Sylveſter; the tedioufneſs of which is ſometimes ſmoothed by phraſes adopted from Spenſer. Parts of Du Bartas have been tranſlated by others of this country, by Winter, Liſle, &c. King James the Firſt has alſo joined the band of partial tranſlators; and Milton is believed to have been indebted to Sylveſter's tranſlation. So faſhionable appears to have been the ſtudy of Du Bartas. The French critics of modern times may ſeem ſevere upon their countryman; but they are, I think, very juſt in regard to his ſtyle: "Le ſtyle de *du Bartas* eſt bas, lâche, incorrect, impropre; il peint tout ſous des images dégoûtantes." Nouv. Dict. ut ſupr. Todd. It need hardly be ſtated that this "Envoy" muſt have been contributed by Spenſer; and that it is better than all that precedes it. Du Bartas was born in 1544, and died in 1590. C.

MUIOPOTMOS,

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND

VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LADIE CAREY.

LONDON.
Imprinted for William Ponſonbie,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard
at the ſigne of the
Biſhops head.
1590.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;

THE LA: CAREY.

MOST brave and bountifull La: for ſo excellent favours as I have received at your ſweet handes, to offer theſe fewe leaves, as in recompence, ſhould be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my ſelfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelfe, and abſolutely vowed to your ſervices: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the perſon yeelded. My perſon I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I beare unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and uſe the poore ſervice therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelfe in honouring you: not ſo much for your great bounty to my ſelf, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deſerts purchaſt to your ſelf, and ſpred in the mouths of al men: with which I have alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and under your name to commend to the world this ſmall Poëme, the which beſeeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humbly;

E. S.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemeſis deſpight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great eſtate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hartſwelling hate,
Whileſt neither could the others greater might
And ſdeignfull ſcorne endure; that from ſmall jarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchſafe, O thou the mournfulſt Muſe of nyne!
That wontſt the tragick ſtage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,[a]
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which ſad Clarion did at laſt decline

---

[a] *and waylfull tyne.*] i. e. wailful *ſorrow* or *grief*, as frequently in the F. Q. (vol. ii. p. 439; vol. iii. pp. 131. 300. 304. 314; vol. iv. p. 167. &c.) and elſewhere. C.

To loweſt wretchednes: And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies
Which doo poſſeſſe the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure ſkies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilſt heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldeſt ſonne and haire
Of Muſcaroll; and in his fathers ſight
Of all alive did ſeeme the faireſt wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed,
Above th' enſample of his equall peares,
Did largely promiſe, and to him forered,
(Whilſt oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would ſure prove ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthie of his fathers throne.

The freſh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtfull yongth[b] began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdaine to ſubject his deſire
To loathſome ſloth, or houres in eaſe to waſt,
But joy'd to range abroad in freſh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coaſt;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed ſire.

---

[b] *Of luſtfull yongth.*] *Yongth* is *youth*. The original edition reads *yonght*. The folio of 1611 reads *youth*, to which all ſubſequent editions have conformed; but *yongth* is the true reading. See *youngth* in the "Shep. Cal." November, ver. 20 [vol. i. p. 125]. Todd. Still, in the penultimate Stanza of this poem we have "yo*u*thly;" and poſſibly, after all, the turning of the letter *u* is mainly in fault. C.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to ſtie[c]
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the Criſtall ſkie,
To view the workmanſhip of heavens hight:
Whence down deſcending he along would flie
Upon the ſtreaming rivers, ſport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when ſeaſon milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fierie childe
Aſcending did his beames abroad diſpred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures ſmilde,
Yong Clarion, with vauntfull luſtie head,
After his guize did caſt abroad to fare;
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſtplate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from yron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound;
For it by arte was framed to endure
The bit of balefull ſteele and bitter ſtownd,
No leſſe then that which Vulcane made to ſheild
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of ſome wilde beaſt, whom hee
In ſalvage forreſt by adventure ſlew,
And reft the ſpoyle his ornament to bee;

---

[c] *he dar'd to ſtie.*] *Aſcend.* See the note on *ſtie*, F. Q. ii. vii. 46 [vol. ii. p. 209]. T. Warton. See alſo the note on the ſame word in the preliminary Sonnet addreſſed by Spenſer to the Earl of Eſſex, vol. i. p. 161. The word was common. C.

Which, ſpredding all his backe, with dreadfull view
Made all, that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons ſkin,
When the Næmean Conqueſt he did win.

Upon his head his gliſtering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The metall was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Bilbo ſteele,[d] nor braſſe from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly Oricalche[e] from ſtrange Phœnice,
But ſuch as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharpe ſpeares his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore
The engines which in them ſad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outſtretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adornes.

Laſtly his ſhinie wings as ſilver bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſſing farre
All Painters ſkill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe ſo manie ſundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with manie a twinckling ſtarre;

---

[d] *Not Bilbo ſteele.*] Bilbo, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biſcay, where the beſt blades were made. STEEVENS.

[e] *Nor coſtly orichalche.*] Ὀρείχαλκον, *orichalchum*, the moſt ſonorous of metals for *tubæ* and *tibiæ*. Suidas, in that word, cites from the old poets, Κώδωνας ὀρειχάλκου, *bells of orichalc*; Ὀρειχάλκου λάλα κύμβαλα, *ſounding cymbals of orichalc*. BENTLEY.

Nor Junoes Bird in her ey-ſpotted traine[f]
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill ſpoken?)
The Archer God, the ſonne of Cytheree,
That joyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,[g]
And heaped ſpoyles of bleeding harts to ſee,
Beares in his wings ſo manie a changefull token.[h]
Ah, my liege Lord! forgive it unto mee,
If ought againſt thine honour I have tolde;
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly envide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fannes, ſo ſilken ſoft
And golden faire, her Love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteale them privily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a pray.

Report is, that dame Venus, on a day
In ſpring, when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,

---

[f] *in her ey-ſpotted traine.*] This expreſſion is plainly the "occhiute piume" of Taſſo, xvi. 24. T. Warton.

[g] *on wretched lovers to be wroken.*] *Revenged.* So, in the "Shep. Cal." March, ver. 108 [vol. i. p. 39]:—

"Whereof he will be *wroken.*"

Todd. It ſo often occurs in the ſame form in the F. Q., that it is needleſs to indicate the particular paſſages. C.

[h] *Beares in his wings ſo manie a changefull token.*] Cupid was repreſented by the ancients with particoloured wings, as we learn, among others, from the following paſſage of an epigram aſcribed to Virgil, "Virg. Catalect." Burman. edit. vol. iv. p. 143, "Ad Venerem:"—

"Marmoreuſque tibi *diverſicoloribus* alis
"In morem picta ſtabit Amor pharetra."

So the ſtatue of Cupid is deſcribed, F. Q. iii. xi. 47 [vol. iii. p. 59]. T. Warton. It is "Beares in *her* wings" in the folio 1611. C.

Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels, flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres her forhead to array:
Emongſt the reſt a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Aſtery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous uſage and unſtained hewe;

Who beeing nimbler joynted than the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the fields honour than the others beſt;
Which they in ſecret harts envying ſore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthieſt
She praiſd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the ſpring.

Whereof the Goddeſſe gathering jealous feare,
Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe
Her ſonne to Pſyche ſecrete love did beare,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof aroſe, and manie a rufull teare,
Reaſon with ſudden rage did overgoe;
And giving haſtie credit to th' accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoones that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plenteouſlie
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the freſh Clarion, being readie dight,

Unto his journey did himſelfe addreſſe,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight.
Over the fields, in his franke luſtineſſe,
And all the champion o're he ſoared light;[1]
And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſſe,
Feeding upon their pleaſures bounteouſlie,
That none gainſaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unſeene,
Nor the ranke graſſie fennes delights untride.
But none of theſe, how ever ſweete they beene,
Mote pleaſe his fancie, nor him cauſe t' abide:
His choicefull ſenſe with every change doth flit.
No common things may pleaſe a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unſtaid deſire
Him wholly caried, to refreſh his ſprights:
There laviſh Nature, in her beſt attire,
Powres forth ſweete odors and alluring ſights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aſpire
T' excell the naturall with made delights;
And all that faire or pleaſant may be found,
In riotous exceſſe doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes ſurvey, with curious buſie eye,

---

[1] *And all the champion o're he ſoared light.*] This is the emendation of the folio in 1611. The original edition omits *o're*. Todd. We are by no means convinced of the neceſſity for "o're," ſeeing that "champion" (ſo ſpelt in the earlieſt copy, and not *champaine* as in the folio 1611) is a word of three ſyllables; and Spenſer might mean to treat "to ſoar" as a verb tranſitive: we ſtill ſay that a bird "ſoars the air." C.

Of every flowre and herbe there ſet in order:
Now this, now that, he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feete their ſilken leaves deface,
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And evermore, with moſt varietie
And change of ſweetneſſe, (for all change is ſweete)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbe moſt meete,
Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feete;
And then he pearcheth on ſome braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyſt wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To ſpoyle the pleaſures of that Paradiſe;
The wholeſome Saulge, and Lavender ſtill gray,
Ranke ſmelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Iſope good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees-alluring Thime,
Sweet Marjoram, and Dayſies decking prime:

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull[k] Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Verven, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Savorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

[k] *Dull.*] Added [neceſſarily] by the folio of 1611. Todd.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.
Then, when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himſelfe embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to higheſt ſkie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth pleaſe the eie?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happines,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchednes.[1]

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate,
Or who can him aſſure of happie day,
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſſe alter may?
For thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatſo heavens in their ſecret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Forecaſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,

[1] *Well worthy he to taſte of wretchednes.*] It may deſerve a note that, in his copy of the folio 1611, Drayton has eſpecially marked this ſtanza by a line and a croſs in the margin; probably, becauſe he thought it well deſerving admiration. C.

And th' armies of their creatures all and ſome[m]
Do ſerve to them, and with importune might
Warre againſt us, the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can ſave what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though faireſt thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
Whoſe cruell fate is woven even now
Of Joves owne hand, to worke thy miſerie.
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with ſacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſave from heavens avengement.

It fortuned (as heavens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlave of ſpight,
Had lately built his hatefull manſion;
And, lurking cloſely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the joyous Butterflie
In this faire plot diſplacing too and fro,[n]
Feareles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to beſtirre him tho,

---

[m] *their creatures all and ſome.*] A very common, but illogical expreſſion, meant to include the whole, which has been already embraced by "all." We have before had it in vol. iii. p. 72, where it ſeemed to require no note; and perhaps it might be omitted here. The phraſe is to be found in moſt authors of the time. C.

[n] *diſplacing too and fro.*] i. e. going to and fro from place to place. All the old copies read "diſplacing;" but Todd, quite needleſsly, amended Spenſer's language (ſuch as we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it to have been) to *diſpacing*, which he explains *ranging about*; exactly the meaning of "diſplacing to and fro." C.

And to his wicked worke each part applie.
His heart did earne againſt his hated foe,
And bowels ſo with ranckling poyſon ſwelde,
That ſcarce the ſkin the ſtrong contagion helde.

The cauſe why he this Flie ſo maliced
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Aracline, by his meanes was vanquiſhed
Of Pallas, and in her owne ſkill confound,[o]
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddeſſe, having hard
Her blazed fame which all the world had fil'd,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
For her prais-worthie workmanſhip to yeild;
But the preſumptuous Damzell raſhly dar'd
The Goddeſſe ſelfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious ſkill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the chalenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtorie ſhe will for her tapet take.[p]
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuſe
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe

---

[o] *in her owne ſkill confound.*] For *confounded;* as in the "Shep. Cal." June, ver. 63 [vol. i. p. 75]:—

"as halfe with ſhame *confound.*" TODD.

[p] *ſhe will for her tapet take.*] "Tapet" ſeems uſed here for *tapeſtry*, or embroidered work—work covered with a pattern of figures, flowers, &c. Chaucer has it in the plural, *tapites*. C.

Her through the ſea did beare; ſo lively ſeene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would weene.

Shee ſeem'd ſtill backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The daſhing of the waves, that up ſhe tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare;
But (Lord!) how ſhe in everie member ſhooke,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan ſhe greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his bowe and ſhafts, the other Spring[q]
A burning Teade[r] about his head did move,
As in their Syres new love both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie Tritons which their hornes did ſound.

And, round about her worke ſhe did empale
With a faire border wrought of ſundrie flowres,
Enwoven with an Yvie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
Such as Dame Pallas, ſuch as Envie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth devowres,
Could not accuſe. Then gan the Goddeſſe bright
Her ſelfe likewiſe unto her worke to dight.

---

[q] *the other Spring.*] Or *Springal*, a young perſon. See F. Q. v. x. 6 [vol. iii. p. 65]. T. Warton. *Springal* ſeems properly to mean a *ſpray* or *ſhoot*. C.

[r] *A burning Teade.*] *Torch*. The ſame word is uſed, F. Q. i. xii. 37 [vol. ii. p. 80], and in the poet's "Epithalamion:" Lat. *teda*. Todd.

She made the ſtorie of the olde debate
Which ſhe with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve Gods doo ſit around in royall ſtate,
And Jove in midſt with awfull Maieſtie,
To judge the ſtrife betweene them ſtirred late:
Each of the Gods, by his like viſnomie[s]
Eathe to be knowen; but Jove above them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them ſtands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that ſea-coaſt Citie as his right,
And ſtrikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſigne by which he chalengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deeme the victorie his due:
But ſeldome ſeene, forejudgement proveth true.

Then to her ſelfe ſhe gives her Aegide ſhield,
And ſteelhed ſpeare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeene in warlike field:
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dredd
She ſmote the ground, the which ſtreight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyve tree, with berries ſpredd,
That all the Gods admir'd: then, all the ſtorie
She compaſt with a wreathe of Olyves hoarie.

Emongſt theſe leaves ſhe made a Butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,

---

[s] *by his like viſnomie.*] *Countenance* [*phyſiognomy*]. See this word, F. Q. v. iv. 11 [vol. iii. p. 358]. I find the word alſo in Chaucer's Works, edit. Urr. "Merch. Second Tale," ver. 2461:

"I know wele by thy *ſiſnamy* thy kind wer to ſtele." TODD.

That ſeem'd to live, ſo like it was in ſight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outſtretched hornes, his hayrie thies,[t]
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eies.

Which when Arachne ſaw, as overlaid
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gaineſaid;
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſigne of one diſmaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her ſhare:
Yet did ſhe inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poyſonous rancor turne:

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when Pallas ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftſoones her white ſtreight legs were altered
To crooked crawling ſhankes, of marrowe empted;
And her faire face to fowle and loathſome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This curſed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfeſted grudge,[u] the which his mother felt,
So ſoone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly ſwelt;

---

[t] *his hayrie thies.*] This is the original reading, and is correct. The folio of 1611 altered it to *airie*, which all other editions have injudiciouſly followed. Todd. Drayton allowed it to remain *ayrie* in his copy of the folio 1611, but he made few notes upon this poem: he even left "his" *her* in a previous ſtanza, p. 262. C.

[u] *Enfeſted grudge.*] May we not ſuppoſe that *enfeſterd* was the poet's word, the *r* having accidentally dropped out? C.

And weaving ſtraight a net with manie a fold
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſponne that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth moſt
In ſkilfull knitting of ſoft ſilken twyne,
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boaſt
In dieper, in damaſke, or in lyne,
Nor anie ſkil'd in workmanſhip emboſt,
Nor anie ſkil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this ſo curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that ſame ſubtil gin,
The which the Lemnian God framde craftily,[x]
Mars ſleeping with his wife to compaſſe in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and ſcorne their ſhamefull ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpition.

Suſpition of friend, nor feare of foe
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wiſt he his fatall future woe,
But was ſecure; the liker he to fall.

---

[x] *the Lemnian God framde craftily.*] Nobody ſeems to have obſerved upon an important variation here in the old copies: the firſt edition reads, *did ſlily frame;* while "framde craftily" is the emendation of the folio 1611: the rhyme ſhows the laſt to be right, but the difference, of courſe, requires notice. C.

He likeſt is to fall into miſchaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet ſtill Aragnoll (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to ſurpriſe;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deviſe.
At length, the fooliſh Flie, without foreſight,
As he that did all daunger quite deſpiſe,
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.[y]

Who, ſeeing him, with ſecret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his falſe hart, fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fil'd with hope his purpoſe to obtaine:
Himſelfe he cloſe upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyſe, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that having ſpide
Where on a ſunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lyes in ambuſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limbe; till, ſeeing readie tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now ſhall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?

---

[y] *his hatefull enemie.*] The firſt folio altered this original reading to "*fatall* enemy." Todd.

Or where ſhall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to ſhow?
Helpe, O thou Tragick Muſe! me to deviſe
Notes ſad enough t' expreſſe this bitter throw:[z]
For loe! the drerie ſtownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him miſled,
Or ſome ungracious blaſt, out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine,[a] perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O ſad hap, and howre unfortunate!)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine:
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathleſſe did remaine,
And, all his yougthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greiſly tyrant did eſpie,
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with fierce might

---

[z] *t' expreſſe this bitter throw.*] "Throw" is here uſed for *time*—this bitter time; but in general it means only a ſhort time, a moment, a "throw" of the eye: ſee vol. ii. pp. 36. 422, &c. C.

[a] *Or ſome ungracious blaſt, out of the gate*
Of Aeoles raine.] That is, out of the gate of Æolus's dominion. The folio of 1611 has ſtrangely corrupted this paſſage. Todd. The only corruption is that, "Or" and "Of," which begin two conſecutive lines, are miſplaced in the folio 1611. C.

Out of his den, he ſeized greedelie
On the reſiſtles pray; and, with fell ſpight,
Under the left wing ſtroke his weapon ſlie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning ſpright
In bloodie ſtreames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

END OF VOL. IV.

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